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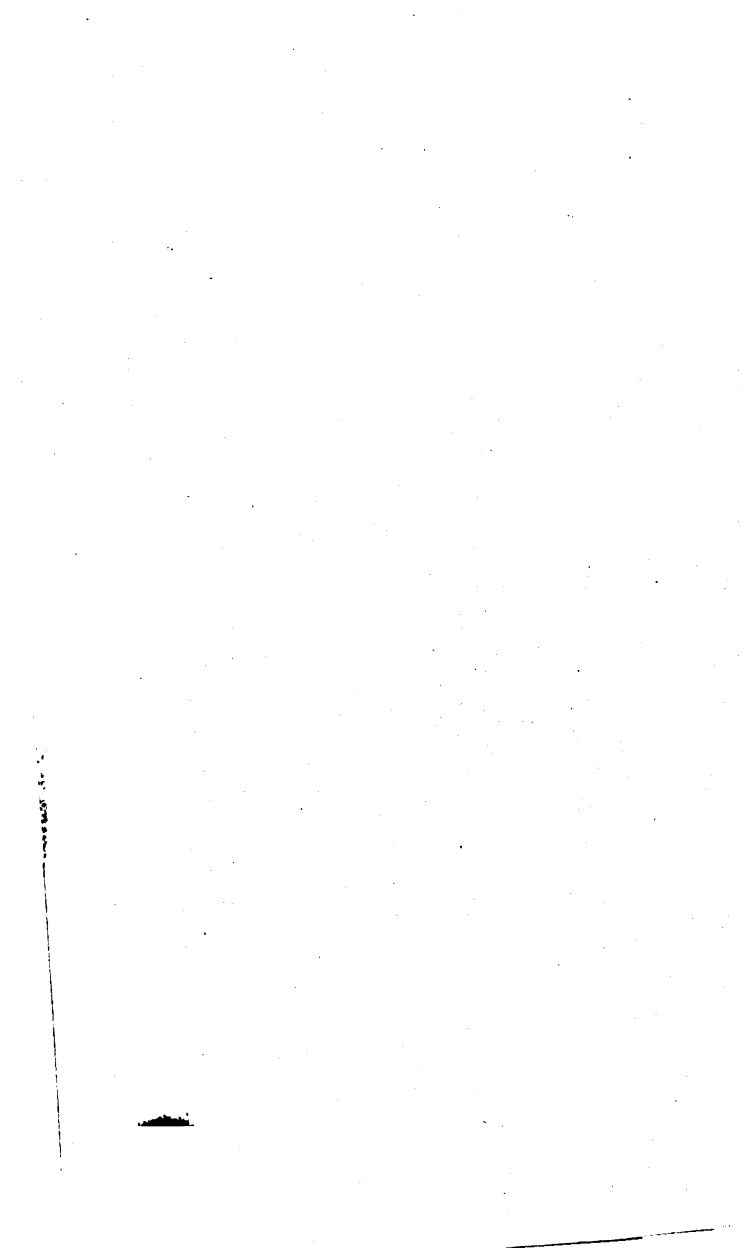
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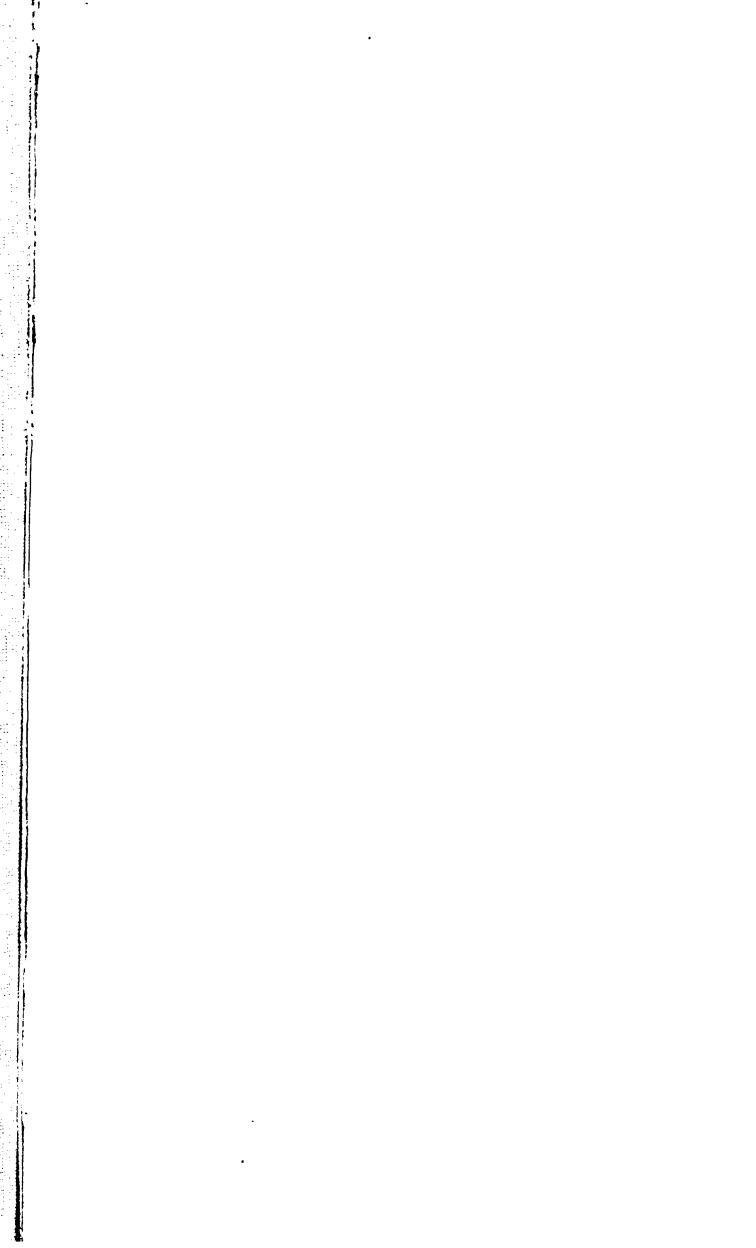
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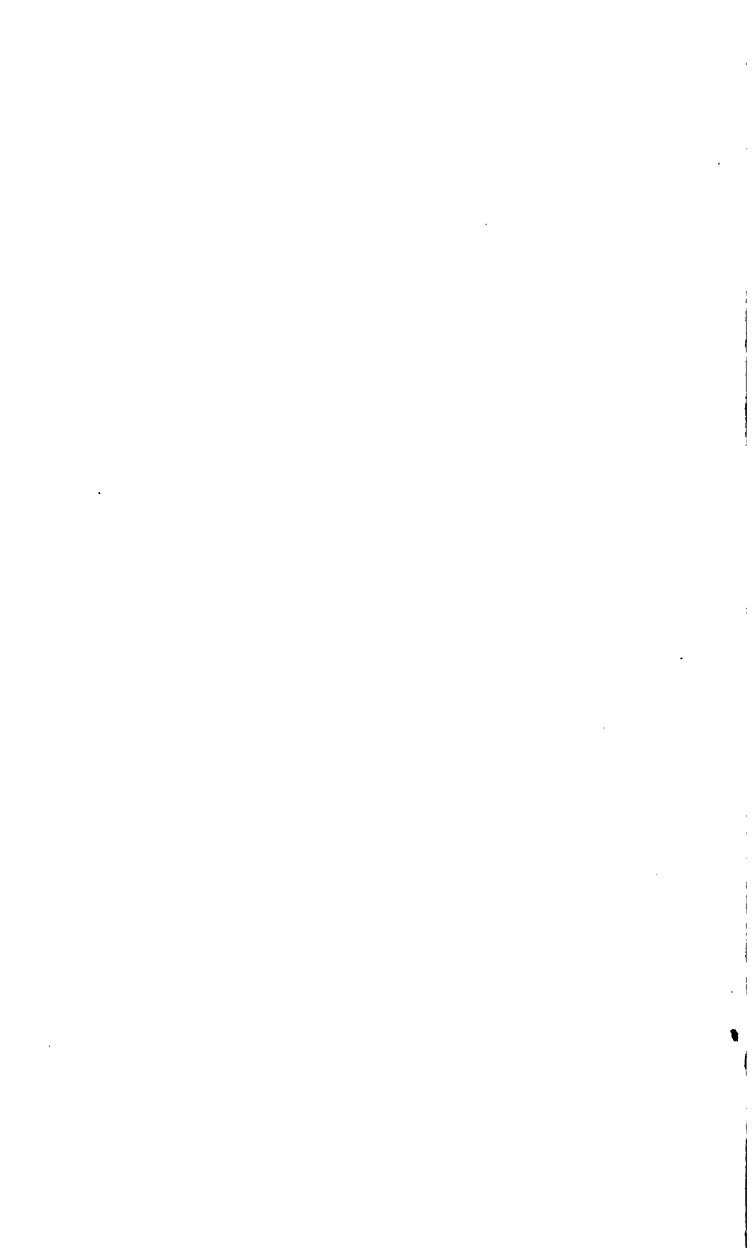
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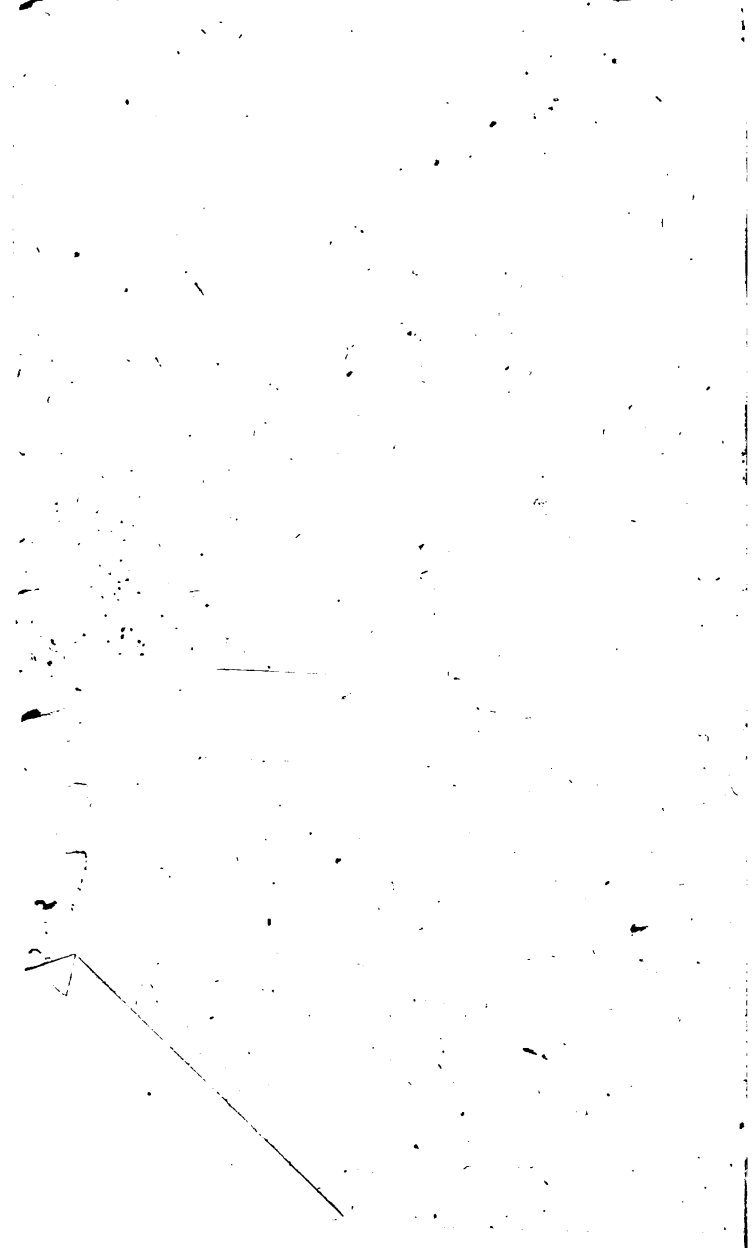






Wichita Falls

May 1888



AN
AMERICAN SELECTION
OF
LESSONS,

IN
READING AND SPEAKING,

CALCULATED
TO IMPROVE THE MINDS AND REFINES THE TASTE OF
YOUTH;

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

Rules in Elocution,

AND DIRECTIONS FOR EXPRESSING THE PRINCIPAL PASSIONS OF
THE MIND.

BEING
THE THIRD PART

OF A
GRAMMATICAL INSTITUTE
OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY NOAH WEBSTER, JUN.

Author of "Dissertations on the English Language," "Collection of
Essays and Fugitive Writings," "The Prompter," &c.

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PREFACE.

THE design of this Third Part of the Grammatical Institute of the English Language is to furnish Schools with a variety of exercises for Reading and Speaking. Colleges and Academies are already supplied with many excellent collections for this purpose: among which, the Art of Speaking, Enfield's Speaker, Enfield's Exercises, the Preceptor, the Young Gentleman and Lady's Monitor, and Scott's Lessons, are used with great reputation. But none of these, however judicious the selections, is calculated particularly for American schools. The essays, respect distant nations or ages; or contain general ideas of morality. In America, it will be useful to furnish schools with additional essays, containing the history, geography, and transactions of the United States. Information on these subjects is necessary for youth, both in forming their habits and improving their minds. A love of our country and an acquaintance with its true state, are indispensable—they should be acquired in early life.

In the following work, I have endeavored to make such a collection of essays as should form the morals as well as improve the knowledge of youth.

In the choice of pieces, I have been attentive to the political interest of America. I consider it as a capital fault in all our schools, that the books generally used contain subjects wholly uninteresting to our youth; while the writings that marked the revolution, which are not inferior in any respect to the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes, and which are calculated to impress interesting truths upon young minds, lie neglected and forgotten. Several of those masterly addresses of Congress, written at the commencement of the late revolution, contains such noble sentiments of liberty and patriotism, that I cannot help wishing to transfuse them into the breasts of the rising generation.

RULES FOR READING AND SPEAKING.

RULE I.

Let your articulation be clear and distinct.

A GOOD articulation consists in giving every letter and syllable its proper pronunciation of sound.

Let each syllable and the letters which compose it, be pronounced with a clear voice, without whining, drawling, hisping, stammering, mumbling in the throat, or speaking through the nose. Avoid equally a dull drawling habit, and too much rapidity of pronunciation; for each of these faults destroys a distinct articulation.

RULE II.

Observe the stops, and mark the proper pauses, but make no pause where the sense requires none.

The characters we use as stops are extremely arbitrary and do not always mark a suspension of the voice. On the contrary, they are often employed to separate the several members of a period, and show the grammatical construction. Nor when they are designed to make pauses, do they always determine the length of those pauses; for this depends much on the sense and nature of the subject. A semicolon, for example, requires a longer pause in a grave discourse, than in a lively and spirited declamation. However, as children are incapable of nice distinctions, it may be best to adopt at first some general rule with respect to the pauses,* and teach them to pay the same attention to these characters as they do to the words. They should be cautioned likewise against pausing in the midst of a member of a sentence, where the sense requires the words to be closely connected in pronunciation.

RULE III.

Pay the strictest attention to accent, emphasis, and cadence.

Let the accented syllables be pronounced with a proper stress of voice; the unaccented with little stress of voice but distinctly.

The important words of a sentence, which I call naturally emphatical, have a claim to a considerable force of voice; but particles, such as, *of, to, as, and, &c.* require no force of utter-

* See the first part of the Institute, where the proportion of the comma, semicolon, colon and period, is fixed at one, two, four, six.

ance, unless they happen to be emphatical, which is rarely the case. No person can read or speak well, unless he understands what he reads; and the sense will always determine what words are emphatical. It is a matter of the highest consequence, therefore that a speaker should clearly comprehend the meaning of what he delivers, that he may know where to lay the emphasis. This may be illustrated by a single example. This short question, *Will you ride to town to-day?* is capable of four different meanings, and consequently of four different answers, according to the placing of the emphasis. If the emphasis is laid upon *you*, the question is, whether *you* will ride to town, or *another person*. If the emphasis is laid on *ride*, the question is, whether you will *ride*, or go on *foot*. If the emphasis is laid on *town*, the question is, whether you will ride to *town* or to *another place*. If the emphasis is laid on *to-day*, the question is, whether you will ride *to-day* or some *other day*. Thus the whole meaning of a phrase often depends on the emphasis; and it is absolutely necessary that it should be laid on the proper words.

Cadence is a falling of the voice in pronouncing the closing syllable of a period.* This ought not to be uniform; but different at the close of different sentences.

But in interrogative sentences, the sense often requires the closing word or syllable to be pronounced with an elevated voice. This, however, is only when the last word is emphatical, as in this question: "Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a *kiss*?" Here the subject of enquiry is, whether the common token of love and benevolence is prostituted to the purpose of treachery; the force of the question depends on the last word, which is therefore to be pronounced with an elevation of voice. But in this question, "Where is *boasting* then?" the emphatical word is *boasting*, which of course requires an elevation of the voice.

* We may observe that good speakers always pronounce upon a certain key: for although they modulate the voice according to the various ideas they express, yet they retain the same pitch of voice. Accent and emphasis require no elevation of the voice, but a more forcible expression on the same key. Cadence respects the last syllable only of a sentence; which syllable is actually pronounced with a lower tone of voice; but when words of several syllables close a period, all the syllables but the last are pronounced in the same key as the rest of the sentence.

The most natural pitch of voice is that in which we speak in ordinary conversation. Whenever the voice is raised above this key, pronunciation is difficult and fatiguing. There is a difference between a *loud* and an *high* voice. A person may speak much louder than he does in ordinary discourse, without an elevation of voice; and may be heard distinctly upon the same key, either in a private room or in a large assembly.

RULE IV.

Let the sentiments you express be accompanied with proper tones, looks and gestures.

By *tones* are meant the various modulations of voice by which we naturally express the emotions and passions. By *looks* we mean the expression of the emotions and passions in the countenance.

Gestures are the various motions of the hands or body, which correspond to the several sentiments and passions which the speaker designs to express.

All these should be perfectly natural. They should be the same which we use in common conversation. A speaker should endeavor to feel what he speaks; for the perfection of reading and speaking is, to pronounce the words as if the sentiments were our own.

If a person is rehearsing the words of an angry man, he should assume the same furious looks, his eyes should flash with rage, his gestures should be violent, and the tone of his voice threatening. If kindness is to be expressed, the countenance should be calm and placid, and wear a smile—the tone should be mild, and the motion of the hand inviting. An example of the first, we have in these words: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Of the last in these words: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." A man who should repeat these different passages with the same *looks, tones and gestures*, would pass with his hearers for a very injudicious speaker.

The whole art of reading and speaking, all the rules of eloquence may be comprised in this concise direction: *Let a reader or a speaker express every word as if the sentiments were his own.*

General directions for expressing certain passions or sentiments.

[From the ART OF SPEAKING.]

Mirth or laughter opens the mouth, crimps the nose, lessens the aperture of the eyes, and shakes the whole frame.

Perplexity draws down the eye-brows, hangs the head, casts down the eyes, closes the eye-lids, shuts the mouth, and pinches the lips—then suddenly the whole body is agitated, the person walks about busily, stops abruptly, talks to himself, &c.

Vexation adds to the foregoing complaint, fretting and lamenting.—*Pity* draws down the eye-brows, opens the mouth and draws together the features.

Grief is expressed by weeping, stamping with the feet, lifting up the eyes to heaven, &c.

Melancholy is gloomy and motionless, the lower jaw falls, the eyes are cast down and half shut, words few and interrupted with sighs.

Fear opens the eyes and mouth, shortens the nose, draws down the eye-brows, gives the countenance an air of wildness; the face becomes pale, the elbows are drawn back parallel with the sides, one foot is drawn back, the heart beats violently, the breath is quick, the voice weak and trembling. Sometimes it produces shrieks and fainting.

Shame turns away the face from the beholders; covers it with blushes, casts down the head and eyes, draws down the eye-brows, makes the tongue to falter, or strikes the person dumb.

Remorse casts down the countenance and clouds it with anxiety. Sometimes the teeth gnash and the right hand beats the breast.

Courage, steady and cool, opens the countenance, gives the whole form an erect and graceful air. The voice is firm, and the accent strong and articulate.

Boasting is loud and blustering. The eyes stare, the face is red and bloated, the mouth pouts, the voice is hollow, the arms akimbo, the head nods in a threatening manner, the right fist sometimes clenched and brandished.

Pride assumes a lofty look, the eyes open, the mouth pouting, the lips pinched, the words slow and stiff, with an air of importance, the arms akimbo, and the legs at a distance, or taking large strides.

Authority opens the countenance, but draws down the eye-brows a little, so as to give the person an air of gravity.

Commanding requires a peremptory tone of voice and a severe look.

Inviting is expressed with a smile of complacency, the hand with the palm upwards, drawn gently towards the body.

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Hope brightens the countenance, arches the eye-brows, gives the eyes an eager wishful look, opens the mouth to half a smile, bends the body a little forward.

Love lights up a smile upon the countenance; the forehead is smoothed, the eye-brows arched, the mouth a little open and smiling, the eyes languishing, the countenance assumes an eager wishful look, mixed with an air of satisfaction. The accents are soft and winning, the tone of the voice flattering.

Wonder opens the eyes, and makes them appear prominent; the body is fixed in a contracted stooping posture, the mouth is open, the hands often raised. Wonder at first strikes a person dumb; then breaks forth into exclamations.

Curiosity opens the eyes and mouth, lengthens the neck, bends the body forward, and fixes it in one posture, &c.

Anger is expressed by rapidity, interruption, noise and trepidation, the neck is stretched out, the head nodding in a threatening manner. The eyes red, staring, rolling, sparkling; the eye-brows drawn down over them, the forehead wrinkled, the nostrils stretched, every vein swelled, every muscle strained. When anger is violent, the mouth is opened and drawn towards the ears, shewing the teeth in a gnashing posture; the feet stamping, the right hand thrown out, threatening with a clenched fist, and the whole frame agitated.

Peevishness is expressed in nearly the same manner, but with more moderation, the eyes a squint upon the object of displeasure; the upper lip drawn up disdainfully.

Malice sets the jaws, or gnashes with the teeth; sends flashes from the eyes, draws the mouth towards the ears, clenches the fist, and bends the elbows.

Envy is expressed in the same manner, but more moderately. *Aversion* turns the face from the object; the hands spread out to keep it off.

Jealousy shews itself by restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, absence of mind. It is a mixture of a variety of passions, and assumes a variety of appearances.

Contempt assumes a haughty air; the lips closed and pouting. *Modesty* or *humility* bends the body forward, casts down the eyes. The voice is low, the words few, and tone of utterance submissive.

EXAMPLES FOR ILLUSTRATION.

INTERROGATING OR QUESTIONING.

One day when the moon was under an eclipse, she complained thus to the sun of the discontinuance of his favors:

My dearest friend, said she, why do you not shine upon me as you used to do? Do I not shine upon thee? said the sun; I am very sure that I intend it. O no! replies the moon; but I now perceive the reason. I see that dirty planet the earth has got between us.

Dodsley's Fables.

Life is short and uncertain; we have not a moment to lose. Is it prudent to throw away any of our time in tormenting ourselves or others, when we have little for honest pleasures? Forgetting our weakness, we stir up mighty enmities, and fly to wound as if we were invulnerable. Wherefore all this bustle and noise? The best use of a short life is to make it agreeable to ourselves and to others. Have you cause of quarrel with your servant, your master, your king, your neighbor? forbear a moment: death is at hand, which makes all equal.

What has a man to do with wars, tumults, ambushes? You would destroy your enemy? You lose your trouble; death will do your business whilst you are at rest. And after all, when you have got your revenge, how short will be your joy or his pain! While we are among men let us cultivate humanity; let us not be the cause of fear or pain to one another.—Let us despise injury, malice and detraction; and bear with an equal mind such transitory evils. While we speak, while we think, death comes up and closes the scene.

Art of Thinking.

WONDER.

Then let us haste towards those piles of wonder
That scorn to bow beneath the weight of years—
Lo! to my view the awful mansions rise,
The pride of art, the sleeping place of death!

Frenau.

YOR.

Let this auspicious day be ever sacred;
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;
Let it be mark'd for triumph and rejoicing;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes and crown their wishes:
This happy day that gives me my Calista.

Fair Penitent.

Then is Orestes blest! My griefs are fled!
Fled like a dream! Methinks I tread in air!
Surprising happiness! unlook'd for joy!
Never let love despair! The prize is mine!
Be smooth, ye seas, and ye propitious winds,
Flow from Epirus to the Spartan coast!

Distract Mother.

AMERICAN SELECTION.

GRIEF.

All dark, and comfortless !
Where are those various objects that but now,
Employ'd my busy eye? Where those eyes?
Dead are their piercing rays, that lately shon'
O'er flow'ry vales to distant sunny hills,
And drew with joy the vast horizon in.
These grouping hands are now my only guides,
And feeling all my sight.
O misery ! What words can sound my grief?
Shut from the living whilst among the living ;
Dark as the grave amidst the bustling world,
No more to view the beauty of the spring,
Or see the face of kindred or of friend. *Trag. of Lear.*

COURAGE.

A generous few, the vet'ran hardy gleanings
Of many a hapless fight, with a fierce
Heroic fire inspir'd each other ;
Resolv'd on death, disdaining to survive
Their dearest country :—" If we fall," I cry'd,
" Let us not tamely fall like passive cowards !
No—let us live, or let us die like men !
Come on my friends. To Alfred we will cut
Our glorious way ; or, as we nobly perish,
Will offer to the genius of our country
Whole hecatombs of Danes."—As if one soul
Had mov'd them all, around their heads they flash'd
Their flaming falchions :—" Lead us to those Danes ;
Our country ! vengeance !" was the general cry. *Mas. of Alfr.*

FEAR.

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition ?
It comes upon me—Art thou any thing ?
Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil ?
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stand ?
Speak to me, what art thou ?

LOVE.

Who can behold such beauty, and be silent ?
Oh ! I could talk of thee forever ;

Forever fix and gaze on those dear eyes ;
For every glance they send darts thro' my soul.

Orphan.

ANGER.

Hear me, rash man ; on thy allegiance hear me.
Since thou hast striven to make us break our vow,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)
We banish thee forever from our sight
And kingdom. If, when three days are expired,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death.—Away !
By Jupiter this shall not be revok'd.

Trag. of Lear.

CONTEMPT.

Away !—no woman could descend so low.
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are,
Fit only for yourselves, you herd together ;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures which you never knew.

Fair Penitent.

PITY.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard. No man cry'd, God save him !
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
Which with such gentle sorrow, he shook off,
(His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,)
That had not God for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must have melted,
And barbarism itself have pity'd him.

Richard II.

HATRED.

How like a fawning publican he looks !
I hate him for he is a Christian :
But more for that in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice :
If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
E'en there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift,
Which he calls usury. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him.

Merch. of Venice.

PRIDE.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use—Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine.
For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;
Annual, for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectarious and the balmy dew ;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs :
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

Essay on Man.

HUMILITY.

I know not how to thank you. Rude I am,
In speech and manners ; never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence ; yet, my Lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favor,

Douglas

MELANCHOLY.

There is a stupid weight upon my senses,
A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Love was the informing active fire within ;
Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.

Fair Penitent.

COMMANDING.

—Silence, ye winds
That make outrageous war upon the ocean ;
And thou old ocean still thy boisterous waves ;
Ye warring elements be hush'd as death,
While I impose my dread commands on hell.
And thou profoundest hell whose dreadful sway
Is given to me by fate and demogorgon—
Hear, hear my powerful voice through all thy regions :
And, from thy gloomy caverns—thunder thy reply.

Rinaldo and Armida.

HOPE.

O hope ! sweet flatterer, whose delusive touch
Shedst on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,

Relieves the load of poverty, sustains
 The captive bending with the weight of bonds,
 And smooths the pillow of disease and pain :
 Send back th' exploring messenger with joy,
 And let me hail thee from that friendly grove.

Boadicea.

BOASTING.

My arm a nobler victory ne'er gain'd :
 And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream,
 Than that I drove a million o'er the plain. *Lee's Alexander.*

PERPLEXITY.

Go, fellow, get thee home—provide some carts,
 And bring away the armour that is there.
 Gentlemen, will you go and muster men ?
 If I know how to order these affairs,
 Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,
 Never believe me.—All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

Richard II.

REVENGE.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? If you tickle us do we not laugh ? If you poison us, do we not die ? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example ? why, revenge. 'Tis my villainy you teach me, I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better by the instruction.

Merch. of Venice.

REMORSE.

I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains ! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into

beasts?—I will ask him for my place again—he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man and by a fool, and presently a beast! Every inordinate unblest, and the ingredient is a devil. *Trag. of Ot*

In the following Lessons, there are many examples of a or opposition in the sense. For the benefit of the learner, of these examples are distinguished by Italic letters; and words so marked are emphatical.

SELECT SENTENCES.

TEACHING.

CHAP. I.

TO be very active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself has its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to *revenge* it afterwards.

It is much better to *reprove*, than to be angry *secretly*.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy, by doing good.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to *fear who dares to die*.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of the mind; and that is by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

CHAP. II.

THOUGHT a friend the world is but a wilderness.

And a man may have a thousand *intimate acquaintances*, and *friends* amongst them all. If you have *one friend*, think happy.

When once you profess yourself a *friend*, endeavor to be always such. He can never have any true friends who is always changing them.

Prosperity *gains* friends, and adversity *tries* them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shows *want* of breeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Few things are impossible to industry and skill.

Diligence is never wholly lost.

There cannot be a greater treachery than first to *raise* a confidence, and then *deceive* it.

By *others* faults *wise* men correct their *own*.

No man hath a thorough taste of *prosperity*, to whom *adversity* never happened.

When our vices *leave us*, we flatter ourselves that *we leave* them.

It is as great a point of wisdom to *hide* ignorance as to *discover* knowledge.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

CHAP. III.

CUSTOM is the *plague* of wise men, and the *idol* of fools.

As to be *perfectly* just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the *utmost* of our abilities is the *glory* of man.

No man was ever cast down with the *injuries* of fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be *deceived* by her favors.

Anger may *glance* into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

None more impatiently *suffer* injuries than those that are most forward in *doing* them.

By taking revenge, a man is but *even* with his enemy ; but in *passing* it over, he is *superior*.

To *err*, is *human* ; to *forgive*, *divine*.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the *injury* began on his part, the *kindness* should begin on ours.

The *prodigal* robs his *heir*, the miser robs himself.

We should take a prudent care for the *future*, but so as to enjoy the *present*. It is no part of wisdom, to be miserable *to-day*, because we may happen to be more so *to-morrow*.

To mourn *without measure*, is *folly* ; not to mourn *at all*, *insensibility*.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments ; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become *learned* by *another's* learning, he can never become *wise* but by his *own* wisdom.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning ; for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own *ignorance* in *one* thing, who perhaps may *excel* us in *many*.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged ; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that *owns* you for his benefactor.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery ; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are *not*, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The character of the person who commends you, is to be considered, before you set a value on his esteem. The wise man applauds *him* whom he thinks most *virtuous* ; the rest of the world, *him* who is most *wealthy*.

The temperate man's pleasures are *durable*, because they are *regular* ; and all his life is *calm* and *serene*, because it is *innocent*.

A good man will love *himself* too well to *lose*, and his neighbor too well to win, an estate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

CHAP. IV.

AN angry man who *suppresses* his passions, *thinks* worse than he *speaks* : and an angry man that will *chide*, *speaks* than he *thinks*.

A good word is an *easy* obligation ; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us *nothing*.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part ; she has sometimes made a *fool*, but a *coxcomb* is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of *little* minds to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with *every* thing that sparkles ; but *great* minds have but *little* admiration, because *few* things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning as to ears of corn ; they shoot up and raise their heads high, while they are empty ; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation ; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds, and one fault of a deserving man will meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praise. Such is the force of ill will and ill nature.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause ; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age ; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered : The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings. Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers that Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander, I would except them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

An old age unsupported with matter for discourse and meditation, is much to be dreaded. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasure of the mind.

Such is the condition of life, that something is always wanted to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence ; and great designs, which are defeated by experience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them. We are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to

help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavors here, with happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls; without this, the highest state of life is insipid, and with it, the lowest is a paradise.

CHAP. V.

HONORABLE age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor which is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and an unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth evil things; for fear is nothing else, but a betraying of the succors which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth small things, shall fall by little and little.

A rich man, beginning to fall, is held up by his friends; but a poor man, being down, is thrust away by his friends. When a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him; the poor man slipt, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and lo! what he sayeth they extol to the clouds; but if a poor man speak, they say, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound to her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words, when thou givest any thing. Shall not the dew assuage the heat? so is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift, but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first; and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of trouble.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he hath, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he hath, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honor thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother. How canst thou recompence them the things which they have done for thee?

There is nothing of so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labor, and to be contented with what a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be not confident, even in a plain way.

Be in peace with *many*; nevertheless, have but *one* counsellor of a thousand.

Let reason go before every enterprize, and counsel before every action.

CHAP. VI.

THE latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Censure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

He who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing; for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

Whilst an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by the worst performance. When he is dead, we rate them by his best.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

Young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honor covers all their faults, as that of passion all their follies.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little, than out-living a great deal.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

To endeavor all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armor, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labor under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favor.

The difference there is betwixt honor and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honor does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meaning in discourse, as we should puns, bad language or false grammar.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

CHAP. VII.

DEFERENCE is the most complicated, the most indirect, and most elegant of all compliments.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense : and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands ; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong ; which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he was a rich man.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers ; as we usually find that to be the best fruit that the birds have been picking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

Honor is but a fictitious kind of honesty : a mean but a necessary substitute for it, in societies which have none. It is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth : There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination ; and this thro' a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in schemes which it does not pursue.

CHAP. VIII.

WHAT a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god !

If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes'.

palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in brass : their virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together ; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon, •
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

How far the little candle throws his beam,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

————— Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy,
Rather in power than in use : keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
But never task'd for speech.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail : and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just.
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve ;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind ! We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

————— So it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it : but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we wreak the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whilst it was ours.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out,
 For our bad neighbors make us early stirrers :
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry ;
 Besides they are our outward consciences,
 And preaches to us all ; admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
 Who builds his hope in the air of men's fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 Ready with every nod to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

—————Who shall go about
 To cozen fortune and be honorable
 Without the stamp of merit : let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O that estates, degrees and offices
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honor
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover, that stand bare !
 How many be commanded, that command !

—————'Tis slander !
 Whose edge is sharper than a sword ; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world. Kings, queens and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
 This viperous slander enters.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle ;
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more ! It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

He that would pass the latter part of his life with honor and decency, must when he is *young*, consider that he shall one day be *old*, and remember when he is *old*, that he had once been *young*.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault.

The maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence was, "Be master of your anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life; the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquillity, and thought he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

The universal axiom, in which all complaisance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilized nations is, "That no man should give any preference to himself:" a rule so comprehensive and certain, that perhaps it is not easy for the mind to imagine an incivility without supposing it to be broken.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply griefs which he purposes to remove.

No rank in life precludes the efficacy of a well timed compliment. When Queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how he liked her ladies, he replied, "It was hard to judge of stars in presence of the sun."

The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance.

The great disturbers of our happiness in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these the *consideration of mortality* is a certain and adequate remedy. "Think (says Epictetus) frequently on poverty, banishment and death, and thou wilt never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentences."

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true that no diligence can ascertain success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honor of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he did not see the victory.

Where we act according to our duty, we commit the event to Him by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. But when in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed to us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves.

Employment is the great instrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from its object into total vacancy, or turn aside from one object, but by passing to another.

Without frugality, none can be rich; and with it, very few would be poor.

Though in every age, there are some, who by bold adventures or by favorable accidents, rise suddenly into riches; the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expences must be resolutely reduced.

A man's voluntary expences should not exceed his income.

Let not a man anticipate uncertain profits.

The happiness of the generality of the people is nothing if it is not known, and very little if it is not envied.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are suffered which might have once been supplied, and much time is lost in regretting the time which has been lost before.

One of the golden precepts of *Pythagoras* directs us, "That a friend should not be hated for little faults."

NARRATION.

STORY OF THE COBLER AND HIS SON.

1. **A** YOUNG man, son of a cobbler in a small village near Madrid, having pushed his fortune in the Indies, returned to his native country with a considerable stock, and set up as a banker in Madrid. In his absence, his parents frequently talked of him, praying fervently that Heaven would take him under its protection; and the vicar being their friend, gave them frequently the public prayers of the congregation for him.

2. The banker was not less dutiful on his part; for so soon as he was settled, he mounted on horseback, and went alone to the village. It was ten at night before he got there; and the honest cobbler was a-bed with his wife, in a sound sleep, when he knocked at the door. Open the door, says the bank-

— 'tis your son Francillo.

3. Make others believe that if you can, cried the old man starting from his sleep ; go about your business, you thieving rogues, here is nothing for you : Francillo, if not dead, is now in the Indies. He is no longer there, replied the banker ; he is returned home, and it is he who now speaks to you ; open your door and receive him.

4. Jacobo, said the woman, let us rise then ; I really believe 'tis Francillo—I think I know his voice. The father, starting from bed, lighted a candle ; and the mother, putting on her gown in a hurry, opened the door. Looking earnestly on Francillo, she flung her arms about his neck and hugged him with the utmost affection. Jacobo embraced his son in his turn, and all three, transported with joy after so long absence, had no end in expressing their tenderness.

5. After these pleasing transports, the banker put his horse into the stable, where he found an old milch cow, nurse to the whole family. He then gave the old folks an account of his voyage, and of all the riches he had brought from Peru. They listened greedily, and every the least particular of his relation made on them a sensible impression of grief or joy. Having finished his story, he offered them a part of his estate, and entreated his father not to work any more.

6. No, my son, said Jacobo, I love my trade, and will not leave it off. Why, replied the banker, is it not now high time to take your ease ? I do not propose your living with me at Madrid : I know well that a city life will not please you ; enjoy your own way of living ; but give over your hard labor, and pass the remainder of your days in ease and plenty.

7. The mother seconded the son ; and Jacobo yielded. To please you, Francillo, said he, I will not work any more for the public, but will only mend my own shoes, and those of my good friend the vicar. The agreement being concluded, the banker ate a couple of eggs and went to his bed, enjoying that pleasing satisfaction which none but dutiful children can feel or understand.

8. The next morning the banker, leaving his parents a purse of three hundred ducats, returned to Madrid ; but was surprised to see Jacobo at his house a few days thereafter. My father,

said he, what brings you here ? Francillo, answered the honest cobbler, I have brought your purse ; take it again ; for I will live by my trade, and have been ready to die with business ever since I left off working.

HONESTY REWARDED.

1. **P**ERRIN lost both parents, before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity house for his education. At the age of fifteen he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd, in the neighborhood of Lucetta, who kept her father's sheep. They often met, and were fond of being together.

2. Five years thus passed, when their sensations became more serious. Perrin proposed to Lucetta to demand her from her father: She blushed, and confessed her willingness. As she had an errand to town next day, the opportunity of her absence was chosen for making the proposal. You want to marry my daughter, said the old man. Have you a house to cover her, of money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both.

3. It won't do, Perrin, it won't do. But, replied Perrin, I have hands to work. I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages which will defray the expense of the wedding. I'll work harder, and lay up more. Well, said the old man, you are young, and may wait a little. Get rich and my daughter is at your service. Perrin waited for Lucetta's return in the evening. Has my father given you a refusal? cried Lucetta. Ah Lucetta! replied Perrin, how unhappy am I for being poor; but I have not lost all hopes. My circumstances may change for the better.

4. As they were never tired of conversing together, the night drew on, and it became dark: Perrin, making a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing towards a light in the neighborhood, he found that it was filled with gold. I thank heaven, cries Perrin, in a transport, for being favorable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy.

5. In their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin: This money is not ours; it belongs to some stranger; and perhaps this moment he is lamenting the loss of it. Let us go to the vicar for advice—he has always been kind to me. Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, that at first he looked upon it as a providential present, to remove the only staple to their marriage; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it. The vicar eyed the lovers with attention.

6. He admired their honesty, which appeared etc.

their affection. Perrin, said he, cherish these sentiments, heaven will bless you. We will endeavor to find out the owner; he will reward thy honesty; I will add what I can spare; you shall have Lucetta. The bag was advertised in the newspapers, and cried in the neighboring parishes. Some time having elapsed, and the money not demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin:

7. "These twelve thousand livres bear at present no profit; you may reap the interest at least; and lay them out in such a manner as to ensure the sum itself to the owner, if he shall appear." A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality, and two children endeared them still more to each other. Perrin, one evening, returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned with two gentlemen in it.

8. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accommodation his small house could afford. This spot, cried one of the gentlemen, is very fatal to me. Ten years ago, I lost here twelve thousand livres. Perrin listened with attention. What search made you for them? said he. It was not in my power, replied the stranger, to make any search. I was hurrying to Port L'Orient to embark to the Indies, for the vessel was ready to sail.

9. Next morning Perrin showed to his guests his house, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields.—"All these are your property," addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag; "the money fell into my hands; I purchased this farm with it; the farm is yours. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you." The stranger read the instrument with emotion. He looked on Perrin, Lucetta, and the children.

10. Where am I, cried he, and what do I hear? What virtue in people so low! Have you any other land but this farm? No, replied Perrin; but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here. Your honesty deserves a better recompense, answered the stranger. My success in trade has been great, and I have forgot my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune; keep it as your own.

11. What man in the world would have acted like Perrin? Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. "My dear children," said he, "kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, this farm belongs to us, and we can now enjoy it without

anxiety or remorse." Thus was honesty rewarded. Let those who desire the reward practise it.

CHARACTER OF A YOUNG LADY.

1. **S**OPHIA is not a beauty, but in her presence beauties are discontented with themselves. At first she scarcely appears pretty; but the more she is beheld, the more agreeable she appears. She gains when others lose, and what she gains she never loses. She is equalled by none in a sweet expression of countenance; and without dazzling beholders she interests them.

2. She loves dress, and is a good judge of it; despises finery, but dresses with peculiar grace, mixing simplicity with elegance. Ignorant she is of what colors are in fashion; but knows well what suits her complexion. She covers her beauties; but so slightly, or rather artfully, as to give play to the imagination. She prepares herself for managing a family of her own, by managing that of her father.

3. Cookery is familiar to her, with the price and quality of provisions; and she is a ready accountant. Her chief view, however, is to serve her mother, and lighten her cares. She holds cleanliness, and neatness to be indispensable in a woman; and that a slattern is disgusting, especially if beautiful.

4. The attention given to external, does not make her overlook her more material duties. Sophia's understanding is solid, without being profound. Her sensibility is too great for a perfect equality of temper; but her sweetness renders that inequality harmless. A harsh word does not make her angry; but her heart swells, and she retires to disburden it by weeping.

5. Recalled by her father and mother, she comes at the instant, wiping her eyes and appearing cheerful. She suffers with patience any wrong done her; but is impatient to repair any wrong she has done, and does it so cordially, as to make it appear meritorious. If she happens to disoblige a companion, her joy and her caresses, when restored to favor, shew the burden that lay upon her good heart.

6. The love of virtue is Sophia's ruling passion. She loves it, because no other thing is so lovely: She loves it, because it is the glory of the female sex: She loves it, as the only road to happiness, misery being the sure attendant of a woman without virtue: She loves it, as dear to her respectable father and mother. These sentiments inspire her with a degree

enthusiasm, that elevates her soul, and subdues every irregular appetite.

7. Of the absent she never talks but with circumspection, her female acquaintance especially. She has remarked, that what renders women prone to detraction, is talking of their own sex; and that they are more equitable with respect to the men. Sophia therefore never talks of women, but to express the good she knows of them: of others she says nothing.

8. Without much knowledge of the world, she is attentive, obliging, and graceful in all she does. A good disposition does much more for her than art does for others. She possesses a degree of politeness, which, void of ceremony, proceeds from a desire to please, and which, consequently, never fails to please.

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MODESTY, DOUBT AND TENDER AFFECTION.

AGATHOCLES AND CALISTA.

1. **C**ALISTA was young and beautiful, endowed with a great share of wit and solid sense. Agathocles, whose age very little exceeded hers, was well made, brave and prudent. He had the good fortune to be introduced to Calista; where his looks, wandering indifferently over a numerous circle, soon distinguished and fixed upon her.

2. But recovering from the short ecstasy occasioned by the first sight, he immediately reproached himself, as being guilty of rudeness to the rest of the company; a fault which he had endeavored to correct, by looking round on other objects. Vain attempts! They were attracted by a powerful charm, and turned again towards Calista. He blushed as well as she, while a sweet emotion, till then unfelt, produced a kind of fluttering in his heart, and confusion in his countenance.

3. They both became at the same time more timid and more curious. He was pleased with gazing at Calista, which he could not do without trembling; while Calista, secretly satisfied with this flattering preference, cast her eyes on him by stealth. They were both under an apprehension, but especially Calista, of being caught by the other in the fact—and yet caught they were almost every moment.

4. The hour of separation came, which to them appeared too sudden: melancholy were the reflections they made on the rapidity of time. Imagination, however, did not permit them to be entirely absent from each other; for the image of Calista was deeply engraven on the mind of Agathocles, and his of

tures were strongly impressed on that of Calista. They both appeared less cheerful the rest of the day. A lively sentiment, which they did not well comprehend themselves, entirely employed their minds, in spite of every attempt to divert themselves.

5. Two days passed without seeing one another again, and though this interval of time had been filled up either by business or recreations, yet they both, notwithstanding, experienced a weariness and dissatisfaction in their minds, for which they could no way account. But the moment which brought them together again, explained it to them: the perfect contentment they felt in each other's company, made them sensible of the real source of their melancholy.

6. Agathocles took more courage that day. He addressed Calista in a most obliging manner, and had the happiness to converse with her for the first time. As yet he had seen only her outward charms; but now he discovered the beauty of her mind, the integrity of her heart, the dignity of her sentiments, and the delicacy of her wit; but what charmed him most, was the opinion he conceived that she did not judge him unworthy of her esteem.

7. From this time, he made her frequent visits; in every one of which he discovered some new perfection in the fair Calista. This is the characteristic of true merit; it gains by being exposed to the eye of a judicious person. A man of sense will soon dislike a coquette, a fool, or a giddy woman: but if he fall in love with a woman of merit, time, far from weakening, will only strengthen and augment his passion.

8. The fixed inclination of Agathocles convinced him now, that what he felt for Calista, was love, and that of a most tender nature. This he knew; but Calista did not as yet know it, or at least had not learnt it from his lips. Love is timorous and diffident. A bold suiter is not the real lover of the lady whom he addresses; he seeks for nothing but pleasure.

9. Agathocles at last resolved to open his heart to Calista; but he did not do it in the affected language of a romantic passion. "Lovely Calista," said he ingenuously, "it is not mere esteem that binds me to you, but a most passionate and tender love. I feel that I cannot live without you: can you, without violence to your inclinations, consent to make me happy? I may love you without offence; 'tis a tribute due to your merit: or may I flatter myself with the hope of some small return?"

10. A coquette would have affected to be displeased at this declaration. But Calista not only listened to him, every

out interrupting him, but answered him without ill nature, and gave him leave to hope. Nor did she put his constancy to a tedious trial: the happiness for which he sighed was no longer delayed than was necessary to prepare the ceremony.

11. The marriage settlements were easily regulated betwixt the parties; for interest was out of the question: the chief article consisted in the mutual exchange of hearts, which was already fulfilled. What will be the lot of the new married couple? The happiest, I may venture to foretel, that mortals can enjoy upon earth.

12. No pleasures are comparable to those that affect the heart, and there are none, as I have observed before, that affect it with such exquisite delight, as loving and being beloved. To this tender union we can never apply the words of Democritus, that *the pleasure of love is but a short epilepsy*. He meant, without doubt, that mere sensual pleasure, which has so little in it of the nature of love, that a man may enjoy it without loving, and love without ever enjoying it.

13. They will be constant in their love. This I dare also to predict; and I know the reason. Their affection is not founded on the dazzling charms of beauty; they are both the friends of virtue; they love each other on this account. They will therefore continue to love as long as they are virtuous—and their union itself is a pledge of their perseverance—for nothing so much secures our continuance in the paths of virtue, as to have perpetually before our eyes the example of a person whom we love.

14. Nothing is capable of disturbing their happiness, but those disasters and misfortunes from which their love cannot shelter them. But, supposing such a reverse of fortune, would not their fate in this respect be common with that of the rest of mankind? Those who have never tasted the pleasures of love, are not exempt from the like casualties; and the lover is at least a gainer in regard to those pleasures which constitute the small part of the happiness of life.

15. Besides, even love itself will greatly diminish the sense of their misfortunes. For love has the peculiar property of alleviating the sufferings of two fond hearts, and of rendering their pleasures more exquisite. By this communication of pain, so they seem to divide its weight: and on the contrary, their satisfaction is doubled.

And even of horse is with greater difficulty broken enemy, in proportion to its closeness; so the

happy pair resist the attacks of adversity with so much the more strength and success, as they are the more closely united.

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SORROW, PIETY, DEVOTION, FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

STORY OF LA ROCHE.

1. **M**ORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in his retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement, highly favorable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

2. Perhaps in the structure of such a mind, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place; or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation.

3. Hence the idea that philosophy and unfeelingness are united, has become proverbial, and in common language the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

4. One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn, where they lodged, feared would prove mortal.

5. That she had been sent for as having some knowledge of medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much affected by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.

6. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his governor to the man's apartment. It was the best in the house, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Our

obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.

7. On a flock bed at one end, lay the old man, whom he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. The philosopher and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.

8. Mademoiselle! said the old woman at last, in a soft tone. She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her; a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. It was sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly.

9. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the governante; "if he could possibly be moved any where." "If he could be moved to our house," said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a great room unoccupied, next to the governante's. It was contrived accordingly.

10. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped the daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

11. By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant, and clergyman of Switzerland, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed; and was now returning home, after an arduous journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; the serenity which men, who are called devout, sometimes possess. The philosopher, though he felt no devotion in others. His governante joined

old man and his daughter, in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.

13. The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. "My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a christian, but he is the best of unbelievers." "Not a christian," exclaimed Mademoiselle *La Roche*, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a christian."

14. "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence there are opposers of christianity among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former; because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation." "But this philosopher," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a christian before he dies."

15. She was interrupted by the arrival of the landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness; she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. "I have been thanking God," said the good *La Roche*, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied the landlord. "I should not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not real good."

16. "Alas! I may live to wish I had died; that you have left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me, (clasping the philosopher's hand) but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment. My heart dilates with gratitude and love to him. It is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure; and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."

17. "You say right, my dear sir," replied the philosopher, "but you are not yet re-established enough to leave the cha; you must take care of your health, and not go abroad for some time. I have been thinking of striking me to day, when you were in the country. I was never in Switzerland."

to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you on the road, for as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure."

18. *La Roche's* eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father, for they really loved their landlord; not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him. Their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings—hatred never dwelt with them.

19. They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The parties had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man.

20. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy and religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse. When his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least show of dogmatism.

21. On his part he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manners of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishments of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungente one, repressed or overborne. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy, in being the friend of *Mademoiselle La Roche*, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

22. After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was situated in one of those vallies of the Canton of Fribourg, where nature seems to repose in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.

23. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through that covered its sides. Below, it circled round a meadow, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of *La Roche's* church, rising above the trees.

24. The philosopher enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

25. They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche's* parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward but sincere, in their professions of friendship. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part. "It has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

26. It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when the clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks who came to welcome their pastor turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise. This is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us; if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books which may afford you some entertainment within."

27. "By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions." "She is our organist," said *La Roche*; "our neighborhood is the country of musical mechanism, and I have a small organ, fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing." "It is an additional inducement," replied the other, and they walked into the room together.

28. At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche*; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. The philosopher was no musician, but he was not altogether deaf to music. This fastened on his mind, and its beauties being unexpected.

29. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which, such of the audience as could sing, immediately joined. The words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just; of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm—it paused—it ceased—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle was heard in its stead.

30. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to prayer. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and its warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardor of the good old man, even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

31. *La Roche's* religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse to disputation; their discourse did not therefore lead to questions concerning the belief of either, yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the feelings of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it.

32. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervor of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our father who art in heaven!" might the good old man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

33. "You regret, my friend," said he to the philosopher, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music; you regret your want of musical powers, and musical feelings: it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful.

34. "Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, that I feel it heightens them all.

35. "The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation, in every good thing, which I possess; and when calamities overtake me, and I have

had my share, it confers a dignity on my affliction, and so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm, yet methinks I am allied to God!" It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to cloud, even with a doubt, the sunshine of his belief.

36. His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With *La Roche* and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar.

37. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favorite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked of.

38. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which the philosopher, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions, to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects.

39. Our philosopher asked many questions, as to their natural history and productions. *La Roche* observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which, said he, naturally leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid. "They are not seen in Flanders," said *Mademoiselle*, with a sigh. "That is an odd remark," said the philosopher, smiling. She blushed, and he enquired no farther.*

40. It was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he would travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

41. About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit

* The philosopher was a resident in Flanders, and a sceptic. This reproof of his infidelity is inimitably delicate. In short, this whole story is a beautiful satire on deism, bigotry, and metaphysical theology while it paints unaffected virtue, benevolence, and piety, in the most engaging colors.

at Geneva; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together.

42. There was a reproach too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either of them for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered, as well as the former.

43. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence.

44. It contained a gentle complaint of the philosopher's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices, and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father, of the most noble disposition, and respectable character.

45. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands and see them happy.

46. Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle *La Roche*'s marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he ever was a lover of the lady; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen; and there was something in the idea of her being another's forever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.

47. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable and determined on his visit, to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

48. On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighborhood of *La Roche's* dwelling.

49. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house: it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmering through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was.

50. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked on approaching the spot to find it to be the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

51. On the philosopher's making enquiry who was the person they had been burying? One of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir! you never beheld a lovelier"—"*La Roche!*" exclaimed he, in reply—"Alas, it was she indeed!" The appearance of grief and surprise which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.

52. He came up close to the philosopher—"I perceive you were acquainted with Mademoiselle *La Roche*." "Acquainted with her! Good God! when—how—where did she die? Where is her father?" "She died, sir, of the heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to be married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favors.

53. "Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a christian should. He is even so composed, as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him." He followed the man without answering.

54. The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices to that Being whom their pastor taught them ever to bless and revere. *La Roche* sat, his

figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him, threw a light strongly on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of his age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

55. The music ceased—*La Roche* sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. The philosopher was not less affected than they. *La Roche* arose. "Father of mercies," said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends, it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.'

56. "When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. It is only from a belief of the goodness and wisdom of a supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in a manner which becomes a man.

57. "Human wisdom is here of little use; for in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot.

58. "I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience; that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

59. "You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but grateful to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous and happy; ye who are parents will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God.

60. "Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows; to pour it out with confidence to him in whose hands are life and death; on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in con-

plation of whom disappears all that the *last* can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth; that we shall live with him, with our friends, his servants, in that blessed land, where sorrow is unknown, and happiness as endless as it is perfect.

61. "Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while and we shall meet again never to be separated. But ye are also my children. Would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that when your death shall come, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

62. Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience answered it with tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope. The philosopher followed him into his house.

63. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; the scenes they had last met in, rushed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms around his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together in silence into the parlour, where the evening service was wont to be performed.

64. The curtains of the organ were opened; *La Roche* started back at the sight—"Oh my friend," said he, and his tears burst forth again. The philosopher had now recollected himself; he stepped forward and drew the curtain close. The old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend by the hand, "You see my weakness," said he, "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost."

65. "I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours." "It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. -If there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

66. The philosopher's heart was smitten; and I have heard him long after confess, that there were moments, when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he called to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche*, and wished that he had never doubted.

FUNERAL OF GENERAL FRASER, NEAR SARATOGA.

RELATED BY GEN. BURGOYNE.

1. ABOUT sunset the corpse of General Fraser was brought up the hill, attended only by the officers who had lived in his family. To arrive at the redoubt, it passed within view of the greatest part of both armies.

2. General Phillips, General Reidesel and myself, who were standing together, were struck with the humility of the procession: they who were ignorant that privacy had been requested by General Fraser, might ascribe it to neglect.

3. We could neither endure that reflection, nor indeed restrain our natural propensity to pay our last attention to his remains. We joined the procession and were witnesses of the affecting scene that ensued.

4. The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unalterable voice of the chaplain who officiated, tho' frequently covered with dust, from the shot which the American artillery threw around us; the mute, but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life on the minds of every man who was present.

5. The growing duskiness of the evening added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited.

6. To the canvass and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory.



STORY OF LADY HARRIET ACKLAND, BY GEN. BURGOYNE.

LADY Harriet Ackland had accompanied her husband to Canada, in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign she had traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of season, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend, in a poor hut at Chamblee, upon his sick bed.

2. In the opening of the campaign of 1777, she was restrained, by the positive injunctions of her husband, from offering herself to a share of the fatigue and hazard expected before Ticonderoga. The day after the conquest of that place, he was badly wounded, and she crossed the Lake Champlain to join him.

3. As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes thro' the campaign, and at Fort Edward,

the next camp, obtained a two wheel tumbril, which had been constructed by the artificers of the artillery, something similar to the carriage used for the mail upon the great roads in England.

4. Major Ackland commanded the British grenadiers, who were attached to General Fraser's body of the army, and consequently were always the most advanced post. Their situations were often so alert, that no person slept out of his clothes.

5. In one of these situations, a tent in which the Major and his lady were asleep, suddenly took fire. An orderly serjeant of the grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of. It proved to be the Major.

6. It happened, that in the same instant, his lady, not knowing what she did, and perhaps not perfectly awake, providentially made her escape, by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent.

7. The first object she saw, upon the recovery of her senses, was the Major on the other side, and in the same instant again in the fire, in search of her. The serjeant again saved him, but not without the Major's being severely burnt in the face and other parts of his body. Every thing they had in the tent was consumed.

8. This accident happened a little time before the army passed the Hudson. It neither altered the resolution nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet; and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced body. The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more distressing, as of longer suspense.

9. On the march of the 19th of September, the grenadiers being liable to action at every step, she had been directed by the Major to follow the artillery and baggage, which were not exposed. At the time the action began, she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted.

10. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the hut, as the most convenient place for the first care of the wounded. Thus was this lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musquetry, for four hours together, with the presumption from the post of her husband at the head of the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action.

11. She had three female companions, the baroness of Reid, and the wives of two British officers, Major Harnage and Captain Reynell; but in the event their presence served

but little for comfort. Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons, very badly wounded; and a little time after came intelligence that Lieutenant Reynel was shot dead.—Imagination will want no help to figure the state of the whole group.

12. From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood prepared for new trials; and it was her lot that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and at last received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the general calamity; the troops were defeated, and Major Ackland desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

13. The day of the 8th was passed, by this lady and her companions, in common anxiety—not a tent nor a shed being standing, except what belonged to the hospital, their refuge was among the wounded and dying.

14. During a halt of the army, in the retreat of the 8th of October, I received a message from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal of passing to the American camp, and requesting Gen. Gates's permission to attend her husband.

15. Tho' I was ready to believe, for I had experienced, that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal.

16. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain what hands she might first fall into, appeared an effort above human nature.

17. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat and a few lines, written on dirty wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.

18. Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain, who had officiated at the funeral of General Fraser, readily undertook to accompany her, and with one female servant and the Major's valet, who had thrown his shoulder a ball received in the late action, she rowed down the river to meet the enemy. But her distresses were not yet at an end.

19. The night was advanced before the boat reached the enemy's out-post, and the centinels would not let it pass, nor even come on shore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious to their orders threatened to fire into the boat, if it stirred before day-light.

20. Her anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice at the close of this adventure to say, that she was received and accommodated by General Gates, with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits and her fortunes deserved.

21. Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship and danger, recollect, that the subject of them was a woman; of a most tender and delicate frame; of the gentlest manners; accustomed to all the soft elegances and refined enjoyments that attend high birth and fortune, and far advanced in a state in which the tender cares always due to her sex become indispensibly necessary. Her mind alone was formed for such trials.

ADVENTURES OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

1. **I**N the month of August, five hundred men were employed, under the orders of Majors Rogers and Putnam, to watch the motions of the enemy near Ticonderago. At South Bay they separated the party into two equal divisions, and Rogers took a position on Wood Creek, twelve miles distant from Putnam.

2. Upon being, sometime afterwards, discovered, they formed a re-union, and concerted measures for returning to Fort Edward. Their march through the woods was in *three divisions* by FILES, the right commanded by Rogers, the left by Putnam, and the centre by Captain D'Ell. The first night they encamped on the banks of *Clear River*, about a mile from old Fort Ann, which had been formerly built by Gen. Nicholson.

3. Next morning, Major Rogers and a British officer, named Irwin, incautiously suffered themselves, from a spirit of false emulation, to be engaged in firing at a mark. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the military principles of Putnam than such conduct; or reprobated by him in more pointed terms.

4. As soon as the heavy dew which had fallen the preceding night would permit, the detachment moved in one body, Putnam being in front, D'Ell in the centre, and Rogers in the rear. The impervious growth of shrubs and underbrush that had sprung up, where the land had been partially cleared some years before, occasioned this change in the order of march.

5. At the moment of moving, the famous French partizan Molang, who had been sent with five hundred men to intercept our party, was not more than one mile and an half distant from them. Having heard the firing, he hastened to lay an ambuscade precisely in that part of the wood most favorable to his project. Major Putnam was just emerging from the thicket into the common forest, when the enemy rose, and with discordant yells and whoops, commenced an attack upon the right of his division.

6. Surprised, but undismayed, Putnam halted, returned the fire and passed the word for the other divisions to advance for his support. D'Ell came. The action, though widely scattered and principally fought between man and man, soon grew general and intensely warm. It would be as difficult as useless to describe this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting.

7. Major Putnam, perceiving it would be impracticable to cross the creek, determined to maintain his ground. Inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery: sometimes they fought aggregately in open view, and sometimes individually under cover; taking aim from behind the bodies of trees and acting in a manner independent of each other.

8. For himself, having discharged his fuzee several times, at length it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well proportioned savage. This warrior, availing himself of the indefensible attitude of his adversary, with a tremendous war whoop, sprang forward, with his lifted hatchet, and compelled him to surrender; and having disarmed and bound him fast to a tree, returned to the battle.

9. The intrepid Captains D'Ell and Harman, who now commanded, were forced to give ground for a little distance; the savages conceiving this to be the certain harbinger of victory, rushed impetuously on, with dreadful and redoubled cries. But our two partizans, collecting a handful of brave men, gave the pursuers so warm a reception as to oblige them, in turn, to retreat a little beyond the spot at which the action had commenced. Here they made a stand.

10. This change of ground occasioned the tree, to which Putnam was tied, to be directly between the fire of the two parties. Human imagination can hardly figure to itself a more deplorable situation. The balls flew incessantly from either side, many struck the tree, while some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even to incline his head, he remained more than an hour. So equally balanced and so obstinate was the fight!

11. At one moment, while the battle swerved in favor of the enemy, a young savage chose an odd way of discovering his humor. He found Putnam bound. He might have dispatched him at a blow. But he loved better to excite the terrors of the prisoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head—or rather it should seem his object was to see how near he could throw it without touching him—the weapon struck in the tree a number of times at a hair's breadth distance from the mark.

12. When the Indian had finished his amusement, a French Bas-Officer (a much more inveterate savage by nature, though descended from so humane and polished a nation) perceiving Putnam, came up to him, and levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast attempted to discharge it; it missed fire—ineffectually did the intended victim solicit the treatment due to his situation, by repeating that he was a prisoner of war.

13. The degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honor or of nature: deaf to their voice and dead to sensibility, he violently and repeatedly pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the butt of his piece. After this dastardly deed he left him.

14. At length the active intrepidity of D'Ell and Harman, seconded by the persevering valor of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them. As they were retiring, Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and whom he afterwards called master.

15. Having been conducted for some distance from the place of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings and shoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him; strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord.

After he had marched, through no pleasant paths, in

this painful manner for many a tedious mile; the party (who were excessively fatigued) halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately swelled from the tightness of the ligature; and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were so much scratched, that the blood dropped fast from them.

17. Exhausted with bearing a burden above his strength, and frantic with torments exquisite beyond endurance; he entreated the Irish interpreter to implore as the last and only grace he desired of the savages, that they would knock him on the head and take his scalp at once, or loose his hands.

18. A French officer instantly interposing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who had captured him, and had been absent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of moccasins, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered.

19. That savage chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place where the whole were that night to encamp. They took with them Major Putnam, on whom (besides innumerable other outrages) they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk, in the left cheek.

20. His sufferings were in this place to be consummated. A scene of horror infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive. For this purpose they led him to a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush with other fuel, at a small distance, in a circle round him.

21. They accompanied their labors, as if for his funeral dirge, with screams and sounds inimitable but by savage voices. Then they set the piles on fire. A sudden shower damped the rising flame. Still they strove to kindle, until at last the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could move his body. He often shifted sides as the fire approached.

22. This sight, at the very idea of which all but savages must shudder, afforded the highest diversion to his inhuman tormentors, who demonstrated the delirium of their joy by correspondent yells, dances and gesticulations. He saw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He summoned all his resolution, and composed his mind, as far as the circum-

stances could admit, to bid a final farewell to all he held most dear.

23. To quit the world would scarcely have cost a single pang but for the idea of home, but for the remembrance of domestic endearments, of the affectionate partner of his soul, and of their beloved offspring. His thought was ultimately fixed on a happier state of existence, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure.

24. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was, in a manner, past—nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on sublunary things—when a French officer rushed through the crowd, opened a way, by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. It was Molang himself—to whom a savage, unwilling to see another human sacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings.

25. That commandant spurned and severely reprimanded the barbarians, whose nocturnal Pow was he suddenly ended. Putnam did not want for feeling or gratitude. The French commander, fearing to trust him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in safety into the hands of his master.

26. The savage approached his prisoner kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him some hard biscuit, but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane savage soaked some of the biscuit in water and made him suck the pulp-like part.

27. Determined, however, not to lose his captive (the refreshment being finished) he took the mocasons from his feet and tied them to one of his wrists; then directing him to lie down on his back upon the bare ground, he stretched one arm to its full length, and bound it fast to a young tree; the other arm was extended and bound in the same manner—his legs were stretched apart and fastened to two saplings.

28. Then a number of tall but slender poles were cut down: which, with some long bushes, were laid across his body from head to foot; on each side lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape. In this disagreeable and painful posture he remained until morning.

29. During this night, the longest and most dreary conceivable, our hero used to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulness

come casually across his room, and could not even refrain from smiling, when he reflected on this ludicrous group for a painter, of which he himself was the principal figure.

30. The next day he was allowed his blanket and moccasins, and permitted to march without carrying any pack, or receiving any insult. To allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given, which he sucked through his teeth. At night, the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was placed under the care of a French guard.

31. The savages who had been prevented from glutting their diabolical thirst for blood, took every opportunity of manifesting their malevolence for the disappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry gestures; but they were suffered no more to offer violence or personal indignity to him.

32. After having been examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, Major Putnam was conducted to Montreal, by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.

THE FAITHFUL AMERICAN DOG.

1. **A**N officer in the late American army, on his station at the westward, went out in the morning with his dog and gun, in quest of game. Venturing too far from the garrison, he was fired upon by an Indian, who was lurking in the bushes, and instantly fell to the ground.

2. The Indian running to him, struck him on the head with his tomahawk, in order to dispatch him; but the button of his hat fortunately warding off the edge, he was only stunned by the blow. With savage brutality he applied the scalping knife, and hastened away with this trophy of his horrid cruelty, leaving the officer for dead, and none to relieve or console him, but his faithful dog.

3. The afflicted creature gave every expression of his attachment, fidelity and affection. He licked the wound with inexpressible tenderness, and mourned the fate of his beloved master. Having performed every office which sympathy dictated, or sagacity could invent, without being able to remove his master from the fatal spot, or procure from him any signs of life, or his wonted expressions of affection to him, he ran off in quest of help.

4. Bending his course towards the river, where two men were fishing, he urged them by all the powers of native rhetoric to accompany him to the woods. The men were suspi-

cious of a decoy to an ambuscade, and dared not venture to follow the dog; who finding all his entreaties fail, returned to the care of his master; and licking his wounds a second time, renewed all his tendernesses; but with no better success than before.

5. Again he returned to the men; once more to try his skill in alluring them to his assistance. In this attempt he was more successful than in the other. The men, seeing his solicitude, began to think the dog might have discovered some valuable game, and determined to hazard the consequence of following him.

6. Transported with his success, the affectionate creature hurried them along by every expression of ardor. Presently they arrive at the spot, where behold—an officer wounded, scalped, weltering in his own gore, and faint with the loss of blood.

7. Suffice it to say he was yet alive. They carried him to the fort, where the first dressings were performed. A sup-puration immediately took place, and he was soon conveyed to the hospital at Albany; where in a few weeks he entirely recovered, and was able to return to his duty.

8. This worthy officer owed his life, probably, to the fidelity of his sagacious dog. His tongue, which the gentleman afterwards declared gave him the most exquisite pleasure, clarified the wound in the most effectual manner, and his perseverance brought that assistance, without which he must have perished.

9. "My dog, the truest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray."



VOLCANOES OF ICELAND, ABRIDGED FROM THE ENCYCLOPEDIA.

1. **I**CELAND is noted for volcanoes, which seem to be more furious there than in any other part of the world. They begin with a subterranean rumbling noise, with a roaring and cracking in the place from whence the fire is to burst forth. Fiery meteors also precede the eruption of fire, and sometimes shocks of earthquakes.

2. The drying up of small lakes, streams and rivulets, is also considered as a sign of an approaching eruption; but the immediate forerunner is the bursting of the mass of ice on the mtains. Flames then issue from the earth, and lightning

and fire balls from the smoke, and stones and ashes are thrown to a vast distance. In 1755, a stone of 290 pounds weight was thrown 24 miles.

3. The most tremendous eruption ever known was in 1783. Its first sign was perceived on the first of June, by a trembling of the earth in the western part of the province of Shapierfall. It continued and increased till the 11th day, when the inhabitants quitted their houses and lay in tents. A continual smoke was seen to arise out of the earth in the northern parts of the island, and three or four spouts broke forth in different places.

4. These spouts of fire ascended to a vast height, so as to be visible at the distance of 200 miles. Immense quantities of ashes, sand and other substances, were cast up and spread over the whole country. The atmosphere was so filled with them as to be rendered dark, and great damage was done by the pumice stones which fell red hot in large quantities.

5. The shower continued for many days. The fire sometimes appeared in a continual stream, and sometimes in flashes, with a noise like thunder, which lasted the whole summer. At the same time fell vast quantities of rain, impregnated with acid and salts, which corroded the face and hands of the people—in other places there fell showers of hail, which did much damage. In places near the fire, the grass and every green thing was destroyed; being covered with a crust of a sulphurous and sooty matter.

6. Such thick vapors were raised by this conflict of adverse elements, that the sun was obscured and appeared like blood; and the whole face of nature seemed to be changed. This dreadful scene lasted several days, and the whole country was laid waste. The inhabitants fled to the utmost parts of the island, to escape the terrible conflagration.

7. On the first eruption of fire, the river Skapta was considerably augmented, but on the 11th day, the waters were dried up. The next day, a prodigious stream of red hot lava was discharged from the earth and ran down the channel which the river had left, and overflowing the banks, rose to a great height and spread desolation over the whole adjacent country.

8. The fiery stream then ascended the channel, and mounting high, it destroyed the village of Rindal, then situated on a hill, consuming the houses and every thing that stood in its way. It spread, till it had converted a tract of 55 miles of country, into a sea of fire. It then changed its course to the

south, and after filling the channel of the Skapta for six miles, it burst upon a wide plain, carrying flaming wood on its surface, and overwhelming the earth with torrents of liquid fire.

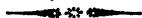
9. It continued thus to spread from June 12 to August 13, when it ceased to extend itself, but continued to burn. When any part of the surface acquired a crust by cooling, it was soon broken by the mass of fire below, and then tumbling among the melted substance, it was tossed about with prodigious noise and crackling, and small spouts of fire were continually shooting into the air.

10. When it left the channel of the Skapta, this mass of fire was 400 feet in depth. It ran in every direction where it could find a vent, and destroyed a number of villages. In one place it came to a cataract of the river of 14 fathoms high, where it fell with a tremendous noise and terrible convulsions. In another, it stopped up the channel of a river, filled a large valley, and destroyed two villages, tho' it approached no nearer than 600 feet.

11. Other villages were inundated by the waters of rivers, driven from their channels by the fiery torrent. At last, having filled all the vallies to the south, it changed its course to the north, and spread over a tract of country of 48 miles in length and 36 in breadth. It dried up several rivers and formed lakes of fire. At last, on the 16th of August, the eruption ceased.

12. The whole extent of ground on three sides covered by this dreadful inundation, was computed to be 90 miles long, and 24 broad: and the depth of the lava from 100 to 120 feet. Twelve rivers were dried up—20 villages destroyed, and a considerable number of people. The extent of the ground covered on the north was not ascertained. Some hills were melted down—others covered, and the whole had the appearance of a sea of red hot-melted metal.

13. After this eruption, two new islands rose from the sea. One in February 1784 rose about 100 miles south-west of Iceland. It was about 3 miles in circumference, and a mile in height. It burnt with great violence, sending forth prodigious quantities of sand and pumice stones. Both islands have since disappeared.



EXTRACT FROM THE ORATION OF THOMAS DAWES, ESQ.
DELIVERED AT BOSTON, JULY 4, 1787.

1. **T**HAT Education is one of deepest principles of independence, need not be labored in this assembly.

In arbitrary governments, where the people neither make the laws nor choose those who legislate, the more ignorance the more peace:

2. But in a government, where the people fill all the branches of the sovereignty, *intelligence* is the life of liberty. An American would resent his being denied the use of his musket; but he would deprive himself of a stronger safeguard, if he should want that *learning* which is necessary to a knowledge of his constitution.

3. It is easy to see that our agrarian law and the law of education were calculated to make republicans; to make *men*. Servitude could never long consist with the habits of such citizens. Enlightened minds and virtuous manners lead to the gates of glory. The sentiments of independence must have been *connatural* in the bosoms of Americans; and sooner or later, must have blazed out into public action.

4. Independence fits the soul of her residence for every noble enterprise of humanity and greatness. Her radiant smile lights up celestial ardor in poets and orators, who sound her praises through all ages; in legislators and philosophers, who fabricate wise and happy governments as dedications to her fame; in patriots and heroes, who shed their lives in sacrifice to her divinity.

5. At this idea, do not our minds swell with the memory of those whose godlike virtues have founded her most magnificent temple in America? It is easy for us to maintain her doctrines, at this late day, when there is but *one* party on the subject, an immense people. But what tribute shall we bestow, what sacred psalm shall we raise over the tombs of those who dared, in the face of unrivalled power, and within the reach of majesty, to blow the blast of freedom throughout a subject continent.

6. Nor did those brave countrymen of ours only *express* the emotions of glory; the nature of their principles inspired them with the power of *practice*; and they offered their bosoms to the shafts of battle. Bunker's awful mount is the capacious urn of their ashes; but the flaming bounds of the universe could not limit the flight of their minds.

7. They fled to the union of kindred souls; and those who fell at the straits of Thermopylae, and those who bled on the heights of Charlestown, now reap congenial joys in the fields of the blessed.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S RESIGNATION.

Mr. President,

1. **T**HE great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

2. Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign, with satisfaction, the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the union, and the patronage of heaven.

3. The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

4. While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war.

5. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

6. I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

7. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

G. WASHINGTON.

Dec. 23, 1783.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF PATRIOTISM.

1. **E**DWARD the Third, king of England, after the battle of Cressey, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succors into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of count Vienna, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence.

2. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning: but when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts nightly raised, erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

3. France had now put her sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission, but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

4. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcasses of their half-starved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbish, in search of vermin: they fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens; and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

5. In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle, and, after a long and desperate engagement, count Vienna was taken prisoner; and the citizens who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

6. On the captivity of their governor, the command devolved upon Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue. Eustace soon found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all its possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

7. As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated to the last degree against the people, whose sole valor had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty.

8. He answered by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and notable sovereign; that, however, in his wonted clemency he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeans, provid

they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the common people.

9. All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with throbbing hearts the sentence of their conqueror. When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and dismay was expressed on every face; each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot:—for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? Whom had they to deliver up, save parents, brothers, kindred or valiant neighbors, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence.

10. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace Saint Pierre, ascending a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: “My friends and fellow citizens, you see the condition to which we are reduced; we must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaste daughters to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery.

11. “We well know what the tyrant intends by his specious offers of mercy. It does not satiate his vengeance to make us merely miserable, he would also make us criminal; he would make us contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition, save that of our being unworthy of it. Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety.

12. “Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the axe or the halter? Is there any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? Who, thro’ the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries a thousand times worse than death; that you and yours might enjoy to days peace and prosperity? Is it to be sold for a few moments of ease, you would destine to destruction? No! Not, you will not do it. Justice, honor, humanity, forbid such a treason impossible. Where then is our resource? Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other?

13. “There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient! Is there any hero whose virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself

an oblation for the safety of his people ! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power, who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind."

15. He spoke, but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for his example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed.

16. "It had been base in me, my fellow-citizens, to promote any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation, which might attend a first offer on so signal an occasion ; for I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous for this martyrdom than I can be, however modesty and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits.

16. "Indeed, the station to which the captivity of Count Vienne has unhappily raised me, imports a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely, I give it cheerfully : who comes next?" "Your son!" exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—"Ah, my child!" cried St. Pierre, "I am then twice sacrificed. But no—I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are few, but full, my son ; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality.

17. "Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes." "Your kinsman!" cried John De Aire ; "Your kinsman!" cried James Wissant ; "Your kinsman!" cried Peter Wissant. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was I not a citizen of Calais?"

19. The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

20. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers—What a parting ! what a scene ! they crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them. Th

groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

21. At length St. Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and his guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of PATRIOTS as they passed.

22. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere even in enemies: and they regarded those ropes which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British Garter.

23. As soon as they had reached the royal presence, "Mauny," says the king, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," says Mauny; "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."

24. "Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward.— "Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord. They are self delivered, self devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

25. The king, who was highly incensed at the length and difficulty of the siege, ordered them to be carried away to immediate execution; nor could all the remonstrances and intreaties of his courtiers divert him from his cruel purpose.— But what neither a regard to his own interest and honor, what neither the dictates of justice, nor the feelings of humanity could effect, was happily accomplished by the more powerful influence of conjugal affection.

26. The queen, who was then big with child, being informed of the particulars respecting the six victims, flew into her husband's presence, threw herself on her knees before him, and, with tears in her eyes, besought him not to stain his character with an indelible mark of infamy, by committing such a horrid and barbarous deed.

27. Edward could refuse nothing to a wife whom he tenderly loved, and especially in her condition; and the queen, not satisfied with having saved the lives of the six burghers, conducted them to her tent, where she applauded their virtue, regaled them with a plentiful repast, and having made them a

present of money and clothes, sent them back to their fellow-citizens.

EXTRACT FROM DR. BELKNAP'S ADDRESS TO THE INHABITANTS OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE, AT THE CLOSE OF HIS HISTORY OF THAT STATE.

Citizens of New-Hampshire,

1. **H**AVING spent about twenty years of my life with you, and passed through various scenes of peace and war within that time; being personally acquainted with many of you, both in your public and private characters; and having an earnest desire to promote your true interest, I trust you will not think me altogether unqualified to give you a few hints by way of advice.

2. You are certainly a rising state; your numbers are rapidly increasing; and your importance in the political scale will be augmented, in proportion to your improving the natural advantages which your situation affords you, and to your cultivating the intellectual and moral powers of yourselves and your children.

3. The first article on which I would open my mind to you is that of *Education*. Nature has been as bountiful to you as to any other people, in giving your children genius and capacity; it is then your duty and your interest to cultivate their capacities, and render them serviceable to themselves and the community.

4. It was the saying of a great orator and statesman of antiquity, that "The loss which the commonwealth sustains, by a want of education, is like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring."

5. If the bud be blasted, the tree will yield no fruit. If the springing corn be cut down, there will be no harvest. So if the youth be ruined through a fault in their education, the community sustains a loss which cannot be repaired; "for it is too late to correct them when they are spoiled."

6. Notwithstanding the care of your legislators in enacting laws, and enforcing them by severe penalties; notwithstanding the wise and liberal provision which is made by some towns, and some private gentlemen in the state; yet there is still in many places, "a great and criminal neglect of education."

7. You are indeed a very considerable degree better in this respect, than in the time of the late war; but yet much

to be done. Great care ought to be taken, not only to provide a support for instructors of children and youth; but to be attentive in the choice of instructors; to see that they be men of good understanding, learning, and morals; that they teach by their example as well as by their precepts; that they govern themselves, and teach their pupils the art of self-government.

8. Another source of improvement, which I beg leave to recommend, is the establishment of social libraries. This is the easiest, the cheapest and most effectual mode of diffusing knowledge among the people. For the sum of six or eight dollars at once, and a small annual payment besides, a man may be supplied with the means of literary improvement during his life, and his children may inherit the blessing.

9. A few neighbors, joined together in setting up a library, and placing it under the care of some suitable person, with a very few regulations, to prevent carelessness and waste, may render the most essential service to themselves and to the community.

10. Books may be much better preserved in this way, than if they belonged to individuals; and there is an advantage in the social intercourse of persons who have read the same books, by their conversing on the subjects which have occurred in their reading, and communicating their observations one to another.

11. From this mutual intercourse, another advantage may arise; for the persons who are thus associated may not only acquire, but *originate* knowledge. By studying nature and the sciences; by practising arts, agriculture and manufactures, at the same time that they improve their minds in reading, they may be led to discoveries and improvements, original and beneficial; and being already formed into society, they may diffuse their knowledge, ripen their plans, correct their mistakes, and promote the cause of science and humanity in a very considerable degree.

12. The book of nature is always open to our view, and we may study it at our leisure. " 'Tis elder scripture, writ by God's own hand." The earth, the air, the sea, the rivers, the mountains, the rocks, the caverns, the animal and vegetable tribes are fraught with instruction. Nature is not half explored; and in what is partly known there are many mysteries which time, observation and experience must unfold.

13. Every social library, among other books, should be fur-

nished with those of natural philosophy, botany, zoology, chemistry, husbandry, geography and astronomy ; that inquiring minds may be directed in their inquiries ; that they may see what is known and what still remains to be discovered ; and that they may employ their leisure and their various opportunities in endeavoring to add to the stock of science, and thus enrich the world with their observations and improvements.

14. Suffer me to add a few words on the use of *spirited liquor*, that bane of society, that destroyer of health, morals and property. Nature indeed has furnished her vegetable productions with *spirit* ; but she has so combined it with other substances, that unless her work be tortured by fire, the spirit is not separated, and cannot prove pernicious. Why should this force be put on nature, to make her yield a noxious draught, when all her original preparations are salutary ?

15. The juice of the apple, the fermentation of barley, and the decoction of spruce, are amply sufficient for the refreshment of man, let his labor be ever so severe, and his perspiration ever so expensive. Our forefathers, for many years after the settlement of the country, knew not the use of distilled spirits.

16. Malt was imported from England, and wine from the Western or Canary islands, with which they were refreshed, before their own fields and orchards yielded them a supply. An expedition was once undertaken against a nation of Indians, when there was but *one pint* of strong water (as it was then called) in the whole army, and that was reserved for the sick ; yet no complaint was made for want of refreshment.

17. Could we but return to the primitive manners of our ancestors, in this respect, we should be free from many of the disorders, both of body and mind, which are now experienced. The disuse of ardent spirits would also tend to abolish the infamous traffic in slaves, by whose labor this baneful material is procured.

18. Divine Providence seems to be preparing the way for the destruction of that detestable commerce. The insurrections of the blacks in the West-Indies, have already spread desolation over the most fertile plantations, and greatly raised the price of those commodities which we have been used to import from thence.

19. If we could check the consumption of distilled spirits, and enter with vigor into the manufacture of maple sugars, of which our forests would afford an ample supply, the demand

for West-India productions might be diminished ; the plantations in the islands would not need fresh recruits from Africa ; the planters would treat with humanity their remaining blacks ; the market for slaves would become less inviting ; and the navigation which is now employed in the most pernicious species of commerce which ever disgraced humanity, would be turned into some other channel.

20. Were I to form a picture of happy society, it would be a town consisting of a due mixture of hills, vallies and streams of water. The land well fenced and cultivated ; the roads and bridges in good repair ; a decent inn for the refreshment of travellers, and for public entertainments. The inhabitants mostly husbandmen ; their wives and daughters domestic manufacturers ; a suitable proportion of handicraft workmen, and two or three traders ; a physician and lawyer, each of whom should have a farm for his support.

21. A clergyman of good understanding, of a candid disposition and exemplary morals ; not a metaphysical nor a polemic, but a serious and practical preacher. A school-master who should understand his business, and teach his pupils to govern themselves. A social library, annually increasing, and under good regulation.

22. A club of sensible men, seeking mutual improvement. A decent musical society. No intriguing politician, horse jockey, gambler or sot ; but all such characters treated with contempt. Such a situation may be considered as the most favorable to social happiness of any which this world can afford.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

BARON HALLER ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

FROM "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

1. **S**HALL I sing thy death, Marianne ? What a theme ! When my sighs interrupt my words, and one idea flies before the other ! The pleasures thou didst bestow on me, now augment my sorrows. I open the wounds of a heart that yet bleeds, and thy death is renovated to me.

2. But my passion was too violent—thou didst merit it too well ; and thine image is too deeply engraven on my soul, to permit me to be silent. The expressions of thy love revivify, in some degree, my felicity ; they afford me a tender recollection of our faithful union, as a remembrance thou wouldst have left to me.

3. These are not lines dictated by wit ; the artificial com-

plaints of a poet. They are perturbed sighs which escape from a heart not sufficient for its anguish. Yes, I am going to paint my troubled soul, affected by love and grief, that only occupied by the most distressing images, wanders in a labyrinth of affliction.

4. I see thee yet, such as thou wast at death. I approached thee, touched by the most lively despair. Thou didst call back thy last strength to express one word, which I yet asked from thee. O soul, fraught with the purest sentiments, thou didst only appear disturbed for my afflictions; thy last expressions were those only of love and tenderness; and thy last actions only those of resignation.

5. Whither shall I fly? Where shall I find in this country, an asylum, which only offers to me objects of terror? This house in which I lost thee; this sacred dome in which repose thy ashes; these children—Ah! my blood chills at the view of these tender images of thy beauty, whose artless voices call for their mother. Whither shall I fly? Why cannot I fly to thee?

6. Does not my heart owe thee the sincerest tears? Here thou hadst no other friend but me. It was I who snatched thee from the bosom of thy family; thou didst quit them to follow me. I deprived thee of a country where thou wast loved by relatives who cherished thee, to conduct thee, alas, to the tomb!

7. In those sad adieus, with which thy sister embraced thee, while the country gradually fading from our eyes, she lost our last glances; then, with a softened kindness, mingled with a tender resignation, thou didst say, I depart with tranquility; what can I regret? My Haller accompanies me.

8. Can I recollect without tears, the day that united me to thee. Yet even now, softened pleasure mingles with my sorrows, and rapture with my affliction. How tenderly loved thy heart! that heart which could forget every thing, birth, beauty and wealth! and which, notwithstanding the avowal I made of my fortune, only valued me for my sentiments.

9. Soon thou didst resign thy youth, and quit the world to be entirely mine! Superior to ordinary virtue, thou wast only beautiful for me. Thy heart was alone attached to mine: careless of thy fate, thou wast alone troubled with my lightest sorrows, and enraptured with a glance that expressed content.

10. A will, detached from the vanity of the world, and resigned to heaven; content and a sweet tranquility, that neither

joy nor grief could disturb; wisdom in the education of thy children; a heart overflowing with tenderness, yet free from weakness; a heart made to soothe my sorrows; it was this that formed my pleasures, and that forms my griefs.

11. And thus I loved thee—more than the world could believe—more than I knew myself. How often in embracing thee with ardor, has my heart thought, with trembling, Ah! if I should lose her!—How often have I wept in secret!

12. Yes, my grief will last, even when time shall have dried my tears; the heart knows other tears than those which cover the face. The first flame of my youth, the sadly pleasing recollection of thy tenderness, the admiration of thy virtue, are an eternal debt for my heart.

13. In the depth of the thickest woods, under the green shade of the beech, where none will witness my complaints, I will seek for thy amiable image, and nothing shall distract my recollection. There I shall see thy graceful mien, thy sadness when I parted from thee, thy tenderness when I embraced thee, thy joy at my return.

14. In the sublime abodes of the celestial regions I will follow thee; I will seek for thee beyond the stars that roll beneath thy feet. It is there that thy innocence will shine in the splendor of heavenly light; it is there that with new strength thy soul shall enlarge its ancient boundaries.

15. It is there that, accustoming thyself to the light of divinity, thou findest thy felicity in its councils; and that thou minglest thy voice with the angelic choir, and a prayer in my favor. There thou learnest the utility of my affliction. God unfolds to thee the volume of fate; thou readest his designs in our separation, and the close of my career.

16. O soul of perfection, which I loved with such ardor, but which I think I loved not enough, how amiable art thou in the celestial splendor that environs thee! A lively hope elevates me; refuse not thyself to my vows; open thy arms, I fly to be united eternally with thee.

STORY OF LOGAN, A MINGO CHIEF.

1. **I**N the spring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanese tribe. The neighboring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous

for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance.

2. Unfortunately, a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting any hostile attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river ; and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it.

3. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as the friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued.

4. In the autumn of the same year, a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway, between the collected forces of the Shawanese, Mingoes and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated and sued for peace.

5. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants ; but, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

6. " I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat ; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace.

7. " Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed by, and said, *Logan is the friend of white men*. I had even thought to have lived with you, had it not been for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children.

8. " There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it ; I have killed many ; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace ; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan ? Not one."

A SPEECH OF A SCYTHIAN AMBASSADOR TO ALEXANDER.

1. **W**HEN the Scythian Ambassadors waited on Alexander the Great, they gazed on him a long time without speaking a word, being very probably surprised, as they formed a judgment of men from their air and stature, to find that his did not answer the high idea they entertained of him from his fame.

2. At last the oldest of the Ambassadors addressed him thus. "Had the gods given thee a body proportionable to thy ambition, the whole universe would have been too little for thee. With one hand thou wouldst touch the East, and with the other the West; and, not satisfied with this, thou wouldst follow the sun, and know where he hides himself.

3. But what have we to do with thee? We never set foot in thy country. May not those who inhabit woods be allowed to live, without knowing who thou art, and whence thou comest? We will neither command over, nor submit to any man.

4. And that thou mayest be sensible what kind of people the Scythians are, know, that we received from heaven, as a rich present, a yoke of oxen, a ploughshare, a dart, a javelin and a cup. These we make use of, both with our friends and against our enemies.

5. To our friends we give corn, which we procure by the labor of our oxen; with them we offer wine to the gods in our cup; and with regard to our enemies, we combat them at a distance with our arrows, and near at hand with our javelins.

6. But thou, who boasted thy coming to extirpate robbers, art thyself the greatest robber on earth. Thou hast plundered all nations thou overcamest; thou hast possessed thyself of Lybia, invaded Syria, Persia, and Bactrianna; thou art forming a design to march as far as India, and now thou comest hither to seize upon our herds of cattle.

7. The great possessions thou hast, only make thee covet the more eagerly what thou hast not. If thou art a god, thou oughtest to do good to mortals, and not deprive them of their possessions.

8. If thou art a mere man, reflect always on what thou art. They whom thou shalt not molest will be thy true friends; the strongest friendships being contracted between equals; and they are esteemed equals who have not tried their strength against each other. But do not suppose that those whom thou conquerest can love thee."

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

1. **W**HEN General Putnam first moved to Pomfret, in Connecticut, in the year 1739, the country was new and much infested with wolves. Great havoc was made among the sheep by a she wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years continued in that vicinity. The young ones were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters; but the old one was too sagacious to be ensnared by them.

2. This wolf at length, became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternately until they could destroy her.—Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that having lost the toes from one foot, by a steeltrap, she made one track shorter than the other.

3. By this vestige, the pursuers recognised, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning the bloodhounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam.

4. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire and sulphur to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement.

5. Wearied with such fruitless attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain; he proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf. The negro declined the hazardous service.

6. Then it was that their master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed of having a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape thro' some unknown fissure of the rock.

7. His neighbors strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize; but he, knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain, which would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent.

8. Having, accordingly, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered, head foremost, with a blazing torch in his hand.

9. Having groped his passage till he came to a horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror.

10. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to an ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth and gave a sudden growl.

11. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope, as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most eminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity, that he was stripped of his clothes and severely bruised.

12. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck shot, holding the torch with one hand and the musket in the other, he descended a second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him.

13. At this critical instant, he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time.

14. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose; and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

THE AGED PRISONER RELEASED FROM THE CASTLE.

1. **N**O where else on earth, perhaps, has human misery, by human means, been rendered so lasting, so complete, or so remediless, as in that despotic prison, the Bastille. This the following case may suffice to evince; the particulars of

which are translated from that elegant and energetic writer, Mr. Mercier.

2. The heinous offence which merited an imprisonment surpassing torture, and rendering death a blessing, was no more than some unguarded expressions, implying disrespect towards the late Gallic monarch, Louis XV.

3. Upon the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, the ministers then in office, moved by humanity, began their administration with an act of clemency and justice. They inspected the registers of the Bastille, and set many prisoners at liberty.

4. Among these, there was an old man who had groaned in confinement for forty-seven years, between four thick and cold stone walls. Hardened by adversity, which strengthens both the mind and constitution, when they are not overpowered by it, he had resisted the horrors of his long imprisonment with an invincible and manly spirit.

5. His locks, white, thin and scattered, had almost acquired the rigidity of iron; whilst his body, envired for so long a time by a coffin of stone, had borrowed from it a firm and compact habit. The narrow door of his tomb, turning upon its grating hinges, opened not as usual, by halves, and an unknown voice announced his liberty, and bade him depart.

6. Believing this to be a dream, he hesitated; but at length rose up and walked forth with trembling steps, amazed at the space he traversed. The stairs of the prison, the halls, the court, seemed to him vast, immense, and almost without bounds.

7. He stopped from time to time, and gazed around like a bewildered traveller. His vision was with difficulty reconciled to the clear light of day. He contemplated the heavens as a new object. His eyes remained fixed, and he could not even weep.

8. Stupified with the newly acquired power of changing his position, his limbs like his tongue refused, in spite of his efforts, to perform their office. At length he got through the formidable gate.

9. When he felt the motion of the carriage, which was prepared to transport him to his former habitation, he screamed out, and uttered some inarticulate sounds; and as he could not bear this new movement, he was obliged to descend. Supported by a benevolent arm, he sought out the street where he had formerly resided; he found it, but no trace of his house remained; one of the public edifices occupied the spot where it had stood.

10. He now saw nothing which brought to his recollection, either that particular quarter of the city itself, or the objects with which he was formerly acquainted. The houses of his nearest neighbors, which were fresh in his memory, had assumed a new appearance.

11. In vain were his looks directed to all the objects around him; he could discover nothing of which he had the smallest remembrance. Terrified, he stopped and fetched a deep sigh. To him what did it import, that the city was peopled with living creatures? None of them were alive to him; he was unknown to all the world, and he knew nobody; and whilst he wept, he regretted his dungeon.

12. At the name of the Bastile, which he often pronounced and even claimed as an asylum, and the sight of his clothes, which marked his former age, the croud gathered round him; curiosity, blended with pity, excited their attention. The most aged asked him many questions, but had no remembrance of the circumstances which he recapitulated.

13. At length accident brought to his way an ancient domestic, now a superannuated porter, who, confined to his lodge for fifteen years, had barely sufficient strength to open the gate. Even he did not know the master he had served: but informed him, that grief and misfortunes had brought his wife to the grave thirty years before; that his children were gone abroad to distant climes, and that of all his relations and friends, none now remained.

14. This recital was made with the indifference which people discover for events long passed and almost forgotten. The miserable man groaned, and groaned alone. The croud around, offering only unknown features to his view, made him feel the excess of his calamities even more than he would have done in the dreadful solitude which he had left.

15. Overcome with sorrow, he presented himself before the minister, to whose humanity he owed that liberty which was now a burden to him. Bowing down, he said, "Restore me again to that prison from which you have taken me. I cannot survive the loss of my nearest relations; of my friends; and in one word, of a whole generation. Is it possible in the same moment to be informed of this universal destruction and not to wish for death?"

16. "This general mortality, which to others comes slowly and by degrees, has to me been instantaneous, the operation of a moment. Whilst secluded from society, I lived with my-

self only; but here I can neither live with myself, nor with this new race, to whom my anguish and despair appear only as a dream."

17. The minister was melted; he caused the old domestic to attend this unfortunate person, as only *he* could talk to him of his family.

18. This discourse was the single consolation which he received; for he shunned intercourse with the new race, born since he had been exiled from the world; and he passed his time in the midst of Paris in the same solitude as he had done whilst confined in a dungeon for almost half a century.

19. But the chagrin and mortification of meeting no person who could say to him, "We were formerly known to each other," soon put an end to his life.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

1. **A**MONG the many natural curiosities which this country affords, the cataract of Niagara is infinitely the greatest. In order to have a tolerable idea of this stupendous fall of water, it will be necessary to conceive that part of the country in which Lake Erie is situated, to be elevated above that which contains Lake Ontario, about three hundred feet.

2. The slope which separates the upper and lower country is generally very steep, and in many places almost perpendicular. It is formed by horizontal strata of stone, great part of which is what we commonly call lime-stone. The slope may be from the north side of Lake Ontario, near the bay of Toronto, round the west end of the lake; thence its direction is generally east, between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie; it crosses the strait of Niagara; and the Cheneseco river; after which it becomes lost in the country towards the Seneca Lake.

3. It is to this slope that our country is indebted both for the cataract of Niagara, and the great falls of the Cheneseco. The cataract of Niagara was formerly down at the northern side of the slope, near to that place which is now known by the name of the Landing; but from the great length of time added to the great quantity of water, and distance which it falls, the solid stone is worn away, for about seven miles, up towards Lake Erie, and a chasm is formed which no person can approach without horror.

4. Down this chasm, the water rushes with a most astonishing velocity, after it makes the great pitch. In going up

the road near this chasm, the fancy is constantly engaged in the contemplation of the most romantic and awful prospects imaginable, until, at length, the eye catches the falls, the imagination is instantly arrested, and you admire in silence ! The river is about one hundred and thirty-five poles wide, at the falls, and the perpendicular pitch one hundred and fifty feet.

5. The fall of this vast body of water produces a sound which is frequently heard at the distance of twenty miles, and a sensible tremulous motion in the earth for some poles round. A heavy fog, or cloud, is constantly ascending from the falls, in which rainbows may always be seen when the sun shines.

6. This fog, or spray, in the winter season, falls upon the neighboring trees, where it congeals, and produces a most beautiful chrystalline appearance. This remark is equally applicable to the falls of the Cheneséco.

7. The difficulty which would attend levelling the rapids in the chasm, prevented my attempting it ; but I conjecture the water must descend at least sixty-five feet. The perpendicular pitch at the cataract is at least one hundred and fifty feet ; to these add fifty-eight feet, which the water falls in the last half mile, immediately above the falls, and we have two hundred and seventy-three feet, which the water falls in a distance of about seven miles and a half.

8. If either ducks or geese inadvertently alight in the rapids, above the great cataract, they are incapable of getting on the wing again, and are instantly hurried on to destruction. There is one appearance at this cataract, worthy of some attention, and which I do not remember to have seen noted by any writer.

9. Just below the great pitch the water and foam may be seen puffed up in spherical figures nearly as large as common cocks of hay ; they burst at the top, and project a column of spray to a prodigious height ; they then subside, and are succeeded by others, which burst in like manner. This appearance is most conspicuous about half way between the island that divides the falls and the west side of the strait, where the largest column of water descends.

NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF MRS. JEMIMA HOWE,
TAKEN BY THE INDIANS AT HINDSDALE, NEW-HAMPSHIRE,
JULY 27, 1755.

1. **A**S Messrs. Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout, and Benjamin Gaffield, who had been hoeing corn in the meadow, west of the river, were returning home a little before sunset to

a place called Bridgman's Fort, they were fired upon by twelve Indians, who had ambushed their path.

2. Howe was on horseback, with two young lads, his children, behind him. A ball which broke his thigh, brot' him to the ground. His horse ran a few rods and fell likewise, and both the lads were taken. The Indians, in their savage manner, coming up to Howe, pierced his body with a spear, tore off his scalp, stuck a hatchet in his head, and left him in this forlorn condition.

3. He was found alive the morning after, by a party of men from Fort Hinsdale; and being asked by one of the party whether he knew him, he answered, Yes, I know you all! These were his last words, though he did not expire until after his friends had arrived with him at Fort Hinsdale. Grout was so fortunate as to escape unhurt.

4. But Gaffield, in attempting to wade through the river, at a certain place which was indeed fordable at that time, was unfortunately drowned. Flushed with the success they had met with here, the savages went directly to Bridgman's Fort.— There was no man in it, and only three women and some children, Mrs. Jemima Howe, Mrs. Submit Grout, and Mrs. Eunice Gaffield.

5. Their husbands I need not mention again, and their feelings at this juncture I will not attempt to describe. They had heard the enemy's guns, but knew not what had happened to their friends.

6. Extremely anxious for their safety, they stood longing to embrace them, until at length, concluding from the noise they heard without, that some of them were come, they unbarred the gate in a hurry to receive them; when lo! to their inexpressible disappointment and surprise, instead of their husbands, in rushed a number of hideous Indians, to whom they and their tender offspring became an easy prey; and from whom they had nothing to expect, but either an immediate death, or a long and doleful captivity.

7. The latter of these, by the favor of Providence, turned out to be the lot of these unhappy women, and their still more unhappy, because more helpless children. Mrs. Gaffield had but one, Mrs. Grout had three, and Mrs. Howe seven. The eldest of Mrs. Howe's was eleven years old, and the youngest but six months.

8. The two eldest were daughters which she had by her first husband, Mr. William Phipps, who was also slain by the

Indians, of which I doubt not but you have seen an account in Mr. Doolittle's history. It was from the mouth of this woman that I lately received the foregoing account. She also gave me, I doubt not, a true, though to be sure, a very brief and imperfect history of her captivity, which I here insert for your perusal.

9. The Indians (she says) having plundered and put fire to the fort, we marched, as near as I could judge, a mile and a half into the woods, where we encamped that night.

10. When the morning came, and we had advanced as much farther, six Indians were sent back to the place of our late abode, who collected a little more plunder, and destroyed some other effects that had been left behind; but they did not return until the day was so far spent, that it was judged best to continue where we were through the night.

11. Early the next morning, we set off for Canada, and continued our march eight days successively, until we had reached the place where the Indians had left their canoes; about fifteen miles from Crown-Point. This was a long and tedious march; but the captives, by divine assistance, were enabled to endure it with less trouble and difficulty than they had reason to expect.

12. From such savage masters, in such indigent circumstances, we could not rationally hope for kinder treatment than we received. Some of us, it is true, had a harder lot than others; and, among the children, I thought my son Squire had the hardest of any.

13. He was then only four years old, and when we stopped to rest our weary limbs, and he sat down on his master's pack, the savage monster would often knock him off; and sometimes too with the handle of his hatchet. Several ugly marks, indented in his head by the cruel Indians, at that tender age, are still plainly to be seen.

14. At length we arrived at Crown-Point, and took up our quarters there, for the space of near a week. In the mean time some of the Indians went to Montreal, and took several of the weary captives along with them, with a view of selling them to the French. They did not succeed, however, in finding a market for any of them.

15. They gave my youngest daughter to the governor, De Vadreuil, had a drunken frolic, and returned again to Crown-Point, with the rest of their prisoners. From hence we set off for St. John's, in four or five canoes, just as night was coming and were soon surrounded with darkness.

16. A heavy storm hung over us. The sound of the rolling thunder was very terrible upon the waters, which at every flash of expansive lightning seemed to be all in a blaze. Yet to this we were indebted for all the light we enjoyed. No object could we discern any longer than the flashes lasted.

17. In this posture we sailed in our open tottering canoes, almost the whole of that dreary night. The morning indeed had not yet began to dawn, when we all went ashore; and having collected a heap of sand and gravel for a pillow, I laid myself down with my tender infant by my side, not knowing where any of my other children were, or what a miserable condition they might be in.

18. The next day, however, under the wing of that ever-present and all-powerful Providence, which had preserved us through the darkness and imminent danger of the preceding night, we all arrived in safety at St. John's.

19. Our next movement was to St. Francois, the metropolis, if I may so call it, to which the Indians who led us captive, belonged. Soon after our arrival at that wretched capital, a council consisting of the chief sachem, and some principal warriors of the St. Francois tribe, was convened: and after the ceremonies usual on such occasions were over, I was conducted and delivered to an old squaw, whom the Indians told me I must call my mother.

20. My infant still continued to be the property of its original Indian owners. I was nevertheless permitted to keep it with me a while longer, for the sake of saving them the trouble of looking after it. When the weather began to grow cold, shuddering at the prospect of approaching winter, I acquainted my new mother, that I did not think it would be possible for me to endure it, if I must spend it with her, and fare as the Indians did.

21. Listening to my repeated and earnest solicitations, that I might be disposed of among some of the French inhabitants of Canada, she at length set off with me and my infant, attended by some male Indians upon a journey to Montreal, in hopes of finding a market for me there. But the attempt proved unsuccessful, and the journey tedious indeed.

22. Our provisions was so scanty as well as insipid and unsavory; the weather was so cold, and the travelling so very bad, that it often seemed as if I must have perished on the way.

23. While we were at Montreal, we went into the house

of a certain French gentleman, whose lady being sent for, and coming into the room where I was, to examine me, seeing I had an infant, exclaimed with an oath, "I will not buy a woman who has a child to look after."

24. There was a swill-pail standing near me, in which I observed some crusts and crumbs of bread swimming on the surface of the greasy liquor it contained. Sorely pinched with hunger, I skimmed them off with my hands, and ate them; and this was all the refreshment which the house afforded me.

25. Somewhere in the course of this visit to Montreal, my Indian mother was so unfortunate as to catch the small-pox, of which distemper she died, soon after our return, which was by water to St. Francois. And now came on the season when the Indians began to prepare for a winter's hunt.

26. I was ordered to return my poor child to those of them who still claimed it as their property. This was a severe trial. The babe clung to my bosom with all its might; but I was obliged to pluck it thence, and deliver it, shrieking and screaming, enough to penetrate a heart of stone, into the hands of those unfeeling wretches, whose tender mercies may be termed cruel.

27. It was soon carried off by a hunting party of these Indians, to a place called Missiskow, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, whither, in about a month after, it was my fortune to follow them. And here I found it, it is true, but in a condition that afforded me no great satisfaction; it being greatly emaciated, and almost starved.

28. I took it in my arms, put its face to mine, and it instantly bit me with such violence, that it seemed as if I must have parted with a piece of my cheek. I was permitted to lodge with it that, and the two following nights; but every morning that intervened, the Indians, I suppose on purpose to torment me, sent me away to another wigwam, which stood at a little distance, though not so far from the one in which my distressed infant was confined, but that I could plainly hear its incessant cries, and heart-rending lamentations.

29. In this deplorable condition, I was obliged to take my leave of it on the morning of the third day after my arrival at the place. We moved down the lake several miles the same day; and the night following was remarkable on account of the great earthquake which terribly shook that howling wilderness.

30. Among the islands hereabouts, we spent the winter season, often shifting our quarters, and roving about from one

place to another ; our family consisting of three persons only, beside myself, viz. my late mother's daughter, whom therefore I called my sister, her sanhōp, and a pappose.

31. They once left me alone two dismal nights ; and when they returned to me again, perceiving them smile at each other, I asked what was the matter. They replied, that two of my children were no more. One of which, they said, died a natural death, and the other was knocked on the head.

32. I did not utter many words, but my heart was sorely pained within me, and my mind exceedingly troubled with strange and awful ideas. I often imagined, for instance, that I plainly saw the naked carcasses of my deceased children hanging upon the limbs of the trees, as the Indians are wont to hang the raw hides of those beasts which they take in hunting.

33. It was not long, however, before it was so ordered by kind Providence, that I should be relieved in a good measure from those horrid imaginations ; for as I was walking one day upon the ice, observing a smoke at some distance upon the land, it must proceed, thought I, from the fire of some Indian hut ; and who knows but some one of my poor children may be there.

34. My curiosity, thus excited, led me to the place, and there I found my son Caleb, a little boy between two and three years old, whom I had lately buried, in sentiment at least ; or rather imagined to have been deprived of life, and perhaps also denied a decent grave.

35. I found him likewise in tolerable health and circumstances, under the protection of a fond Indian mother : and moreover had the happiness of lodging with him in my arms one joyful night. Again we shifted our quarters, and when we had travelled eight or ten miles upon the snow and ice, came to a place where the Indians manufactured sugar, which they extracted from the maple trees.

36. Here an Indian came to visit us, whom I knew, and who could speak English. He asked me why I did not go to see my son Squire. I replied that I had lately been informed that he was dead. He assured me that he was yet alive, and but two or three miles off, on the opposite side of the lake.

37. At my request, he gave me the best directions he could to the place of his abode. I resolved to embrace the first opportunity that offered of endeavoring to search it out. While I was busy in contemplating this affair, the Indians obtained a little bread, of which they gave me a small share.

38. I did not taste a morsel of it myself, but saved it all

my poor child, if I should be so lucky as to find him. At length, having obtained leave of my keeper to be absent for one day, I set off early in the morning, and steering, as well as I could, according to the direction which the friendly Indian had given me, I quickly found the place which he had so accurately marked out.

39. I beheld, as I drew nigh, my little son, without the camp; but he looked, thought I, like a starved and mangy puppy, that had been wallowing in the ashes. I took him in my arms, and he spoke to me these words in the Indian tongue: "Mother, are you come?"

40. I took him into the wigwam with me, and observing a number of Indian children in it, I distributed all the bread which I had reserved for my own child, among them all; otherwise I should have given great offence.

41. My little boy appeared to be very fond of his new mother, kept as near me as possible while I stayed; and when I told him I must go, he fell as though he had been knocked down with a club.

42. But having recommended him to the care of Him who made him, when the day was far spent, and the time would permit me to stay no longer, I departed, you may well suppose, with a heavy load at my heart. The tidings I had received of the death of my youngest child had a little before been confirmed to me beyond a doubt; but I could not mourn so heartily for the deceased as for the living child.

43. When the winter broke up, we removed to St. John's; and through the ensuing summer, our principal residence was at no great distance from the fort at that place. In the mean time, however, my sister's husband having been out with a scouting party to some of the English settlements, had a drunken frolic at the fort when he returned.

44. His wife, who never got drunk, but had often experienced the ill effects of her husband's intemperance, fearing what the consequence might prove, if he should come home in a morose and turbulent humor, to avoid his insolence, proposed that we should both retire, and keep out of the reach of it, until the storm abated.

45. We absconded accordingly: but it so happened, that I returned, and ventured into his presence, before his wife had presumed to come nigh him. I found him in his wigwam, and a surly mood; and not being able to revenge upon his wife, cause she was not at home, he laid hold of me, and hurried

me to the fort; and, for a trifling consideration, sold me to a French gentleman, whose name was Saccapée.

46. It is an ill wind certainly that blows nobody any good. I had been with the Indians a year lacking fourteen days; and if not for my sister, yet for me it was a lucky circumstance indeed, which thus, at last, in an unexpected moment, snatched me out of their cruel hands, and placed me beyond the reach of their insolent power.

47. After my Indian master had disposed of me in the manner related above, and the moment of sober reflection had arrived, perceiving that the man who bought me had taken the advantage of him in an unguarded hour, his resentment began to kindle, and his indignation rose so high, that he threatened to kill me if he should meet me alone; or if he could not revenge himself thus, that he would set fire to the fort.

48. I was therefore secreted in an upper chamber, and the fort carefully guarded, until his wrath had time to cool. My service in the family, to which I was advanced, was perfect freedom, in comparison with what it had been among the barbarous Indians.

49. My new master and mistress were both as kind and generous towards me as I could reasonably expect. I seldom asked a favor of either of them, but it was readily granted. In consequence of which I had it in my power, in many instances, to administer aid and refreshment to the poor prisoners of my own nation, who were brought into St. John's during my abode in the family of the above mentioned benevolent and hospitable Saccapée.

50. Yet even in this family, such trials awaited me as I had little reason to expect; but stood in need of a large stock of prudence, to enable me to encounter them. In this I was greatly assisted by the governor, and Col. Schuyler, who was then a prisoner.

51. I was moreover under unspeakable obligations to the governor on another account. I had received intelligence from my daughter Mary, the purport of which was, that there was a prospect of her being shortly married to a young Indian of the tribe of St. Francois, with which tribe she had continued from the beginning of her captivity. These were heavy tidings, and added greatly to the poignancy of my other afflictions.

52. However, not long after I had heard this melancholy news, an opportunity presented of acquainting that humane

and generous gentleman, the commander in chief, and my illustrious benefactor, with this affair also, who in compassion for my sufferings, and to mitigate my sorrows, issued his orders in good time, and had my daughter taken away from the Indians, and conveyed to the same nunnery where her sister was then lodged, with his express injunction, that they should both of them together be well looked after, and carefully educated, as his adopted children.

53. In this school of superstition and bigotry, they continued while the war in those days between France and Great-Britain lasted. At the conclusion of which war, the governor went home to France, took my oldest daughter along with him, and married her there to a French gentleman, whose name is Cron Lewis.

54. He was at Boston with the fleet under Count d'Estaing, (1778) and one of his clerks. My other daughter still continuing in the nunnery, a considerable time had elapsed after my return from captivity, when I made a journey to Canada, resolving to use my best endeavors not to return without her.

55. I arrived just in time to prevent her being sent to France. She was to have gone in the next vessel that sailed for that place. And I found it extremely difficult to prevail with her to quit the nunnery and go home with me.

56. Yea, she absolutely refused; and all the persuasions and arguments I could use with her were to no effect, until after I had been to the governor, and obtained a letter from him to the superintendant of the nuns, in which he threatened, if my daughter should not be delivered immediately into my hands, or could not be prevailed with to submit to my parental authority, that he would send a band of soldiers to assist me in bringing her away.

57. But so extremely bigotted was she to the customs and religion of the place, that after all, she left it with the greatest reluctance, and the most bitter lamentations, which she continued as we passed the streets, and wholly refused to be comforted. My good friend, Major Small, whom we met with on the way, tried all he could to console her; and was so very kind and obliging as to bear us company, and carry my daughter behind him on horseback.

58. But I have run on a little before my story; for I have not yet informed you of the means and manner of my own redemption; to the accomplishing of which, the recovery of my

daughter just mentioned and the ransoming of some of my other children, several gentlemen of note contributed not a little; to whose goodness, therefore, I am greatly indebted, and sincerely hope I shall never be so ungrateful as to forget it.

59. Col. Schuyler, in particular, was so very kind and generous as to advance 2700 livres to procure a ransom for myself and three of my children. He accompanied and conducted us from Montreal to Albany, and entertained us in the most friendly and hospitable manner a considerable time, at his own house; and I believe, entirely at his own expense.

THE WHISTLE.

1. **W**HEN I was a child, at seven years old, says Dr. Franklin, my friends on a holiday filled my little pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, which I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered, and gave all my money for one.

2. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle; but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me, I had given four times as much for it as it was worth.

5. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money. And they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

4. This, however, was afterwards of use to me; the impression continuing on my mind, so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle.* And so I saved my money.

5. As I grew up and came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

6. When I saw one too ambitious of court favors, sacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

7. When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs;

and ruining them by that neglect, *he says indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.*

8. If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, *poor man, said I, you do indeed pay too much for the whistle.*

9. When I meet with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in the pursuit; *Mistaken man, say I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

10. If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine houses, fine equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison; *Alas! say I, he has paid dear, very dear for his whistle.*

11. In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

HISTORY OF POCAHONTAS.

1. **P**ERHAPS they who are not particularly acquainted with the history of Virginia, may be ignorant that Pocahontas was the protectress of the English, and often screened them from the cruelty of her father.

2. She was but twelve years old, when Capt. Smith, the bravest, the most intelligent and the most humane of the first colonists, fell into the hands of the savages. He already understood their language, had traded with them several times, and often appeased the quarrels between the Europeans and them. Often had he been obliged also to fight them, and punish their perfidy.

3. At length, however, under the pretence of commerce, he was drawn into an ambush, and the only two companions who accompanied him, fell before his eyes; but, tho' alone, by his dexterity he extricated himself from the troop which surrounded him; until, unfortunately, imagining he should save himself by crossing a morass, he stuck fast, so that the savages against whom he had no means of defending himself, at last, took and bound him and conducted him to Powhatan.

4. The king was so proud of having captain Smith in his

power, that he sent him in triumph to all the tributary princes, and ordered that he should be splendidly treated, till he returned to suffer that death which was prepared for him.

5. The fatal moment at last arrived. Captain Smith was laid upon the hearth of the savage king, and his head placed upon a large stone to receive the stroke of death; when Pocahontas, the youngest and darling daughter of Powhatan, threw herself upon his body, clasped him in her arms, and declared, that if the cruel sentence was executed, the first blow should fall on her.

6. All savages (absolute sovereigns and tyrants not excepted) are invariably more affected by the tears of infancy, than the voice of humanity. Powhatan could not resist the tears and prayers of his daughter.

7. Captain Smith obtained his life, on condition of paying for his ransom a certain quantity of muskets, powder, and iron utensils; but how were they to be obtained? They would neither permit him to return to Jamestown, nor let the English know where he was, lest they should demand him sword in hand.

8. Captain Smith, who was as sensible as courageous, said, that if Powhatan would permit one of his subjects to carry to Jamestown a leaf which he took from his pocket book, he should find under a tree at the day and hour appointed, all the articles demanded for his ransom.

9. Powhatan consented; but without having much faith in his promises, believing it to be only an artifice of the Captain's to prolong his life. But he had written on the leaf a few lines sufficient to give an account of his situation. The messenger returned. The king sent to the place fixed upon, and was greatly astonished to find every thing which had been demanded.

10. Powhatan could not conceive this mode of transmitting thoughts; and Captain Smith was henceforth looked upon as a great magician, to whom they could not show too much respect. He left the savages in this opinion, and hastened to return home.

11. Two or three years after, some fresh differences arising amidst them and the English, Powhatan, who no longer thought them sorcerers, but still feared their power, laid a horrid plan to get rid of them altogether. His project was to attack them in profound peace, and cut the throats of the whole colony.

12. The night of this intended conspiracy, Pocahontas took advantage of the obscurity ; and in a terrible storm which kept the savages in their tents, escaped from her father's house, advised the English to be on their guard, but conjured them to spare her family ; to appear ignorant of the intelligence she had given, and terminate all their differences by a new treaty.

13. It would be tedious to relate all the services which this angel of peace rendered to both nations. I shall only add, that the English, I know not from what motives, but certainly against all faith and equity, thought proper to carry her off. Long and bitterly did she deplore her fate ; and the only consolation she had was Captain Smith, in whom she found a second father.

14. She was treated with great respect, and married to a planter by the name of Rolfe, who soon after took her to England. This was in the reign of James I. and it is said, that the monarch, pedantic and ridiculous in every point, was so infatuated with the prerogatives of royalty, that he expressed his displeasure that one of his subjects should dare to marry the daughter even of a savage king.

15. It will not perhaps be difficult to decide on this occasion, whether it was the savage king who derived honor from finding himself placed upon a level with the European prince, or the English monarch, who by his pride and prejudices, reduced himself to a level with the chief of the savages.

16. Be that as it will, Captain Smith, who had returned to London before the arrival of Pocahontas, was extremely happy to see her again ; but dared not treat her with the same familiarity as at James town. As soon as she saw him, she threw herself into his arms, calling him her father ; but finding that he neither returned her caresses with equal warmth, nor the endearing title of daughter, she turned aside her head and wept bitterly ; and it was a long time before they could obtain a single word from her.

17. Captain Smith enquired several times what could be the cause of her affliction. " What !" said she, " did I not save thy life in America ? When I was torn from the arms of my father, and conducted amongst thy friends, didst thou not promise to be a father to me ? Didst thou not assure me, that if I went into thy country, thou wouldst be my father, and that I should be thy daughter ? Thou hast deceived me, and behold I now here, a stranger and an orphan."

18. It was not difficult for the Captain to make his peace with this charming creature, whom he tenderly loved. He presented her to several people of the first quality ; but never dared to take her to court, from which, however, she received several favors.

19. After a residence of several years in England, an example of virtue and piety, and attachment to her husband, she died, as she was on the point of embarking for America. She left an only son, who was married, and left none but daughters ; and from these are descended some of the principal characters in Virginia.

EMILIUS, OR DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

1. **T**HE government of a family depends on such various and opposite principles, that it is a matter of extreme delicacy. Perhaps there is no situation in life in which it is so difficult to behave with propriety, as in the contest between *parental authority* and *parental love*. This is undoubtedly the reason why we see so few happy families. Few parents are both loved and respected, because most of them are either the *dupes* or the *tyrants* of their children.

2. Some parents, either from a natural weakness of mind, or an excess of fondness, permit and even encourage their children in a thousand familiarities, which render them ridiculous, and by diminishing the respect which is due to their age and station, destroy all their authority.

3. Others, ruled by a partial and blind affection, which can deny nothing to its object, indulge their children in all their romantic wishes, however trifling and foolish ; however degrading to their dignity, or injurious to their welfare.

4. Others, soured by misfortunes, or grown peevish and jealous by the loss of youthful pleasures, and an acquaintance with the deceit and folly of the world, attempt to restrain the ideas and enjoyments of youth by the rigid maxims of age.

5. The children of the first class often offend by silly manners, and a kind of good-natured disrespect. Those of the second are generally proud, whimsical and vicious. Those of the third, if they are subdued, when young, by the rigor of parental discipline, forever remain morose, illiberal and unsociable ; or if, as it commonly happens, they find means to escape from restraint, they abandon themselves to every species of licentiousness.

6. To parents of these descriptions may be added another class, whose fondness blinds their eyes to the most glaring vices of their children; or invent such palliations, as to prevent the most salutary corrections.

7. The taste for amusements in young people, is the most difficult to regulate by the maxims of prudence. In this article, parents are apt to err, either by extreme indulgence on the one hand, or immoderate rigor on the other.

8. Recollecting the feelings of their youth, they give unbounded licence to the inclinations of their children; or having lost all relish for amusements, they refuse to gratify their most moderate desires.

9. It is a maxim which universally holds true, that the best method of guarding youth from *criminal* pleasures, is to indulge them freely in those that are *innocent*. A person who has free access to reputable society, will have little inclination to frequent that which is vicious.

10. But those who are kept under constant restraint, who are seldom in amusements, who are perpetually awed by the frowns of a parent, or soured by a disappointment of their most harmless wishes, will at times break over all bounds to gratify their taste for pleasure, and will not be anxious to discriminate between the innocent and the criminal.

11. Nothing contributes more to keep youth within the limits of decorum, than to have their superiors mingle in their company at proper times, and participate of their amusements.

12. This condescension flatters their pride; at the same time that respect for age, which no familiarities can wholly efface, naturally checks the extravagant sallies of mirth, and the indelicate rudenesses which young people are apt to indulge in their jovial hours.

13. That awful distance at which some parents keep their children, and their abhorrence of all juvenile diversions, which compel youth to sacrifice their most innocent desires, or veil the gratification of them with the most anxious secrecy, have as direct a tendency to drive young persons into a profligate life, as the force of vicious example.

14. It is as impossible to give to the age of *twenty*, the feelings or the knowledge of *sixty*, as it would be folly to wish to be a child with grey hairs, or to stamp the fading aspect of autumn on the bloom of May. Nature has given to every one some peculiar passions and appetites; to moderate and

refine these, not to stifle and destroy, is the business of common prudence and parental care.

15. I was led into this train of reflections by an acquaintance with the family of Emilius, which is a rare instance of domestic felicity. Parents indulgent to their children, hospitable to their friends, and universally respected; their sons equally generous, modest and manly.

16. Emilia, an only daughter, the pride of her parents, possessed of every accomplishment that can honor herself, or endear her to her friends; an easy fortune, and a disposition to enjoy and improve it to the purposes of humanity; perfect harmony of domestic life, and unaffected satisfaction in the pleasures of society. Such is the family of Emilius.

17. Such a family is a little paradise on earth; to envy their happiness is almost a virtue. Conjugal respect, parental tenderness, filial obedience, and brotherly kindness, are so seldom united in a family, that when I am honored with the friendship of such, I am equally ambitious to participate their happiness, and profit by the example.

18. Emilia's situation must be peculiarly agreeable. Her parents delight to gratify her in every amusement; and contented with this, she knows no wish beyond the sacred bounds of honor. While by their indulgence she enjoys every rational pleasure, she rewards their generous care, by a dutiful behavior and unblemished manners.

19. By thus discharging the reciprocal duties of their respective stations, the happiness of each is secured. The solicitude of the parent, and the obedience of the child, equally contribute to the bliss of the little society; the one calling forth every act of tenderness, and the other displayed in all the filial virtues.

20. Few families are destined to be so happy as that of Emilius. Were I to choose the situation where I could pass my life with most satisfaction, it would be in this domestic circle. My house would then be the residence of delight, unmingled with the anxieties of ambition or the regret of disappointment.

21. Every act would be dictated by love and respect; every countenance would wear the smile of complaisance; and the little unavoidable troubles, incident to the happiest situation, would only serve to increase our friendship and improve our felicity, by making room for the exercise of virtue.

EMILIA, OR THE HAPPINESS OF RETIREMENT.

1. **A**S I was conversing with Emilia, a few days past, I asked whether she was contented to live so remote from the resort of company. She answered in the affirmative, and remarked further, that her situation enabled her to distinguish between *real* friends and *complimentary*: for if she lived in a more public place, she might be visited by crowds of people, who were civil indeed, but had no motive for calling on her, but to spend an idle hour, and gaze on the busy multitude.

2. I was pleased with the remark, and was naturally led to consider such a retired situation as a fortunate circumstance for a young lady of delicacy. Not only the happiness of a family, but the character of young women, both in a moral and social view, depends on a choice of proper company.

3. A perpetual throng of company, especially if it furnishes a variety of new objects, has a pernicious effect on the dispositions of female minds. Women are destined by nature to preside over domestic affairs. Whatever parade they may make abroad, their *real* merit and *real* characters are known only at home.

4. The behavior of servants, the neatness of furniture, the order of a table, and the regularity of domestic business, are decisive evidences of female worth. Perhaps sweetness of temper does not contribute more to the happiness of their partners and their families, than a proper attention to these articles.

5. For this reason, whatever has a tendency to divert the mind from these concerns, and give them a turn for empty show, endless noise, and tasteless amusements, ought to be carefully avoided by young ladies who wish for respect beyond the present moment.

6. Misses, who are perpetually surrounded with idle company, or even live in sight of it, though they may be fortunate enough to preserve their innocence, are still in hazard of contracting such a fondness for dissipation and folly, as to unfit them for the superintendence of a family.

7. Another danger to which young women possessed of personal charms are exposed in public places, is the flattery and admiration of men. The good opinion of a fop will hardly flatter a woman of discernment; much less his ordinary compliments, which are commonly without meaning.

8. But the heart is often so disguised, that it is difficult to

first to distinguish between a coxcomb and a man of worth; or if it is easy for an accurate observer, yet there is great danger that vanity and inexperience will make young ladies overlook the distinction.

9. Few minds are effectually secured against the attacks of flattery. It is a poison the more fatal, as it seizes human nature in its weakest part. In youth, when the passions are in full vigor, and the judgment feeble, female minds are peculiarly liable to be corrupted by the contagious influence of pretty civilities and affected admiration.

10. With whatever scruples they may at first listen to the praises that are bestowed on their real or pretended charms, a constant strain of flattering addresses, accompanied with obsequious complaisance, seldom fails of giving them too high an opinion of themselves. They are insensibly led to believe, that they are possessed of virtues to which they are really strangers.

11. This belief satisfies them without attempting any further improvement; and makes them to depend, for reputation in life, on good qualities, the fancied existence of which begins and ends with the falsehood of customary compliments.

12. Such ladies before marriage, are usually vain, pert, affected and silly; and after marriage, haughty, disappointed and peevish. The most perfect beauty must fade, and cease to command admiration; but in most instances, the nuptial hour puts a period to that excess of flattering attention which is the happiness of giddy females. The longest term of admiration must be short: that which depends solely on personal attractions is often momentary.

13. The more flattery is bestowed on young ladies, the less, in general, are they solicitous to acquire virtues which shall insure respect when admiration shall cease. The more they are praised in youth, the more they expect it in advanced life, when they have less charms to command it. Thus the excessive complaisance of admirers, which is extremely pleasing at *sixteen*, proves at *forty*, a source of mortification and discontent.

14. I would by no means insinuate that young ladies ought to be kept total strangers to company, and to rational professions of esteem. It is in company only that they can acquaint themselves with mankind, acquire an easy address, and learn numberless little decorums, which are essential, and cannot be taught by precept. Without these a woman will sometimes

deviate from that dignity and propriety of conduct, which, in any situation, will secure the good will of her friends, and prevent the blushes of her husband.

15. A fondness for company and amusement is blameable only when it is indulged to excess, and permitted to absorb more important concerns. Nor is some degree of flattery always dangerous or useless. The good opinion of mankind we are all desirous to obtain; and to know that we *possess* it, often makes us ambitious to *deserve* it.

16. No passion is given to us in vain; the best ends are sometimes effected by the worst means; and even female vanity, properly managed, may prompt to the most meritorious actions. I should pay Emilia but a very ill compliment to ascribe her virtues to her local situation; for no person can claim, as a virtue, what she has been in no danger of losing.

17. But there is no retirement beyond the reach of temptation, and the whole tenor of her conduct proves, that her unblemished morals and uniform delicacy, proceed from better principles than necessity or accident.

18. She is loved and flattered, but she is not vain; her company is universally coveted, and yet she has no airs of haughtiness and disdain.

19. Her cheerfulness in company shows that she has a relish for society; her contentment at home, and attention to domestic concerns, are early specimens of her happy disposition; and her decent, unaffected abhorrence of every species of licentious behavior, evinces, beyond suspicion, that the innocence of her heart is equal to the charms of her person.

JULIANA. A REAL CHARACTER.

1. JULIANA is one of those rare women whose personal attractions have no rivals, but the sweetness of her temper and the delicacy of her sentiments. An elegant person, regular features, a fine complexion, a lively, expressive countenance, an easy address, and those blushes of modesty that so ~~so~~ on the soul of the beholder; these are the native beauties which render her the object of universal admiration.

2. But when we converse with her, and hear the melting expressions of unaffected sensibility and virtue that flow from her tongue, her personal charms receive new lustre, and irresistibly engage the affections of her acquaintances.

3. Sensible that the great source of all happiness, is purity

of morals and an easy conscience, Juliana pays constant and sincere attention to the duties of religion. She abhors the infamous, but fashionable vice of deriding the sacred institutions of religion.

4. She considers a lady without virtue as a monster on earth; and every accomplishment, without morals, as polite deception. She is neither a hypocrite nor an enthusiast; on the contrary, she mingles such cheerfulness with the religious duties of life, that even her piety carries with it a charm which insensibly allures the profligate from the arms of vice.

5. Not only the general tenor of her life, but in particular her behavior in church, evinces the reality of her religion. She esteems it not only criminal in a high degree, but extremely unpolite, to behave with levity in a place consecrated to the solemn purpose of devotion.

6. She cannot believe that any person, who is solicitous to treat all mankind with civility, can laugh in the temple of JEHOVAH, and treat their great benefactor with heedless neglect.

7. In polite life, the manners of Juliana are peculiarly engaging. To her superiors, she shows the utmost deference and respect. To her equals, the most modest complaisance and civility; while every rank experiences her kindness and affability.

8. By this conduct she secures the love and friendship of all degrees. No person can despise her, for she does nothing that is ridiculous; she cannot be hated, for she does injury to none; and even the malevolent whispers of envy are silenced, by her modest deportment and generous condescension.

9. Her conversation is lively and sentimental; free from false wit, frivolous minuteness, and affectation of learning. Although her discourse is always under the direction of prudence, yet it appears unstudied; for her good sense always furnishes her with thoughts suited to the subject, and the purity of her mind renders any caution in expressing them almost unnecessary.

10. She will not lead the conversation; much less can she stun the ears of company with perpetual chat, to interrupt the discourse of others. But when occasion offers, she acquiesces herself with ease and grace; without the airs of pertness, or the confusion of bashfulness.

11. But if the conversation happens to turn upon the foibles of either sex, Juliana discovers her goodness by silence, or by inventing palliations. She detests every species of slander.

12. She is sensible that to publish and aggravate human errors, is not the way to correct them; and reformation, rather than infamy, is the wish and the study of her life. Her own amiable example is the severest of all satires upon the faults and follies of her sex, and goes farther in discountenancing both, than all the censures of malicious detraction.

13. Although Juliana possesses every accomplishment that can command esteem and admiration; yet she has neither vanity nor ostentation. Her merit is easily discovered without show and parade.

14. She considers that haughtiness, and contempt of others, always proceed from meanness; that true greatness is ever accessible; and that self-recommendation and blustering pretensions, are but the glittering decorations of empty heads and trifling hearts.

15. However strong may be her desire of useful information, or however lively her curiosity, yet she restrains these passions within the bounds of prudence and good breeding. She deems it impertinent to the highest degree to be prying into the concerns of other people; much more impertinent and criminal does she deem it, to indulge an officious inquisitiveness, for the sake of gratifying private spleen in the propagation of unfavorable truths.

16. So exceedingly delicate is she in her treatment of her fellow creatures, that she will not read a paper nor hear a whisper, which a person does not wish to have known, even when she is in no danger of detection.

17. The same delicate attention to the feelings of others regulates her conduct in company. She would not for the price of her reputation, be found laughing or whispering with one in the company. All nods, grimaces, sly looks, and half speeches, the cause of which is not known, are carefully avoided by her, and reprobated as the height of ill breeding, and the grossest insult to the company.

18. Whenever this happens between two persons, the rest of the company have a just right to consider themselves the objects of their ridicule. But it is a maxim of Juliana, that such conduct is a breach of politeness, which no oddities or mistakes that happen in public company, can excuse or palliate.

19. It is very common for persons who are destitute of certain accomplishments which they admire in other people, to endeavor to imitate them. This is the source of affectation.

a fault that infallibly exposes a person to ridicule. But the ornaments of the heart, the dress and the manners of Juliana, are equally easy and natural.

20. She need not to assume the appearance of good qualities which she possesses in reality : nature has given too many beauties to her person, to require the studied embellishments of fashion ; and such are the ease and gracefulness of her behavior, that any attempt to improve them would lessen the dignity of her manners.

21. She is equally a stranger to that supercilious importance which affects to despise the small, but necessary concerns of life ; and that squeamish, false delicacy which is wounded with every trifle.

22. She will not neglect a servant in sickness because of the meanness of his employment ; she will not abuse an animal for her own pleasure and amusement ; nor will she go into fits at the distress of a favorite cat.

23. Her gentle soul is never disturbed with discontent, envy, or resentment ; those turbulent passions which so often destroy the peace of society as well as of individuals. The native firmness and serenity of mind forbid the intrusion of violent emotions ; at the same time her heart, susceptible and kind, is the soft residence of every virtuous affection.

24. She sustains the unavoidable shocks of adversity, with a calmness that indicates the superiority of her soul ; and with the smile of joy or the tear of tenderness, she participates the pleasures or the sorrows of a friend.

25. But the discretion and generosity of Juliana, are particularly distinguished by the number and sincerity of her attachments. Her friendships are few, but they are all founded on the principles of benevolence and fidelity. Such confidence do her sincerity, her constancy and her faithfulness inspire, that her friends commit to her breast their most private concerns without suspicion.

26. It is her favorite maxim, that a necessity of exacting promises of secrecy, is a burlesque upon every pretension to friendship. Such is the character of the young, the amiable Juliana.

27. If it is possible for her to find a man who knows her worth, and has a disposition and virtues to reward it, the union of their hearts must secure that unmingled felicity in life, which is reserved for genuine love, a passion inspired by sensibility, and improved by a perpetual intercourse of kind office

RULES FOR BEHAVIOR.

1. **N**EVER let your mind be absent in company. Command and direct your attention to the present object, and let distant objects be banished from the mind. There is time enough for every thing in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once; but there is not time enough in the year, if you will do two things at a time.
2. Never attempt to tell a story with which you are not well acquainted; nor fatigue your hearers with relating little trifling circumstances. Do not interrupt the thread of discourse with a thousand *hems*, and by repeating often, *says he*, and *said I*. Relate the principal points with clearness and precision, and you will be heard with pleasure.
3. There is a difference between modesty and bashfulness. Modesty is the characteristic of an amiable mind; bashfulness discovers a degree of meanness. Nothing sinks a young man into low company so surely as bashfulness.
4. If he *thinks* he shall not please, he most surely *will* not. Vice and ignorance are the only things we ought to be ashamed of; while we keep clear of them, we may venture any where without fear or concern.
5. Frequent good company—copy their manners—imitate their virtues and accomplishments.
6. Be not very free in your remarks upon characters. There may be in all companies, more *wrong* heads than *right* ones—more people who will *deserve*, than who will *bear* censure.
7. Never hold any body by the button or the hand, in order to be heard through your story; for if the people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your *tongue* than hold *them*.
8. Never whisper in company. Conversation is common stock, in which all persons present have a right to claim their share. Always listen when you are spoken to; and never interrupt a speaker.
9. Be not forward in leading the conversation—this belongs to the oldest person in company. Display your learning only on particular occasions. Never oppose the opinion of another but with great modesty.
10. On all occasions avoid speaking of yourself if it is possible. Nothing that we can say of ourselves will varnish our *defects*, or add lustre to our *virtues*; but on the contrary, it will often make the former *more visible*, and the latter, *obscure*.

11. Be frank, open, and ingenuous in your behavior; and always look people in the face when you speak to them. Never receive nor retail scandal. In scandal, as in robbery, the receiver is as bad as the thief.

12. Never reflect upon bodies of men, either clergymen, lawyers, physicians, or soldiers: nor upon nations and societies. There are good as well as bad, in all orders of men, and in all countries.

13. Mimickry is a common and favorite amusement of low minds, but should be despised by all great ones. We should neither practise it ourselves, nor praise it in others. Let your expenses be less than your income.

14. A fool squanders away without credit or advantage to himself, more than a *man of sense* spends with both. A wise man employs his money, as he does his time; he never spends a shilling of the one, nor a minute of the other, but in something that is either useful or rationally pleasing. The fool buys what he does not want, but does not pay for what he stands in need of.

15. Form no friendships hastily. Study a character well before you put confidence in the person. *Every* person is entitled to *civility*, but very *few* to *confidence*. The Spanish proverb says, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." The English say, "A man is known by the company he keeps."

16. Good breeding does not consist in low bows and formal ceremony; but in an easy, civil, and respectful behavior.

17. A well bred man is polite to every person, but particularly to strangers. In mixed companies every person who is admitted, is supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest, and consequently claims very justly every mark of civility.

18. Be very attentive to neatness. The hands, nails and teeth should be kept clean. A dirty mouth is not only disagreeable, as it occasions an offensive breath, but almost infallibly causes a decay and loss of teeth.

19. Never put your fingers in your nose or ears—it is a nasty, vulgar rudeness, and an affront to company.

20. Be not a sloven in dress, nor a fop. Let your dress be neat, and as fashionable as your circumstances and convenience will admit. It is said that a man who is negligent at twenty years of age, will be a sloven at forty, and intolerable at fifty.

21. It is *necessary* sometimes to be in *haste*; but al

wrong to be in a *hurry*. A man in a hurry perplexes himself; he wants to do every thing at once, and does nothing at all.

22. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners—it is the manner in which silly people express their joy at silly things.

23. Humming a tune within yourself, drumming with your fingers, making a noise with the feet, whistling, and such awkward habits, are all breaches of good manners, and indications of contempt for the persons present.

24. When you meet people in the street, or in a public place, never stare them full in the face.

25. When you are in company with a stranger, never begin to question him about his name, his place of residence, and his business. This impudent curiosity is the height of ill manners.

26. Some persons apologize, in a good-natured manner, for their inquisitiveness, by an "If I may be so bold;" "If I may take the liberty;" or, "Pray sir, excuse my freedom." These attempts to excuse one's self, imply, that a man thinks himself an impudent fellow—and if he does not, other people think he is, and treat him as such.

27. Above all, adhere to morals and religion, with immovable firmness. Whatever effect outward show and accomplishments may have in recommending a man to others, none but the good is really happy in himself.

FAMILY DISAGREEMENTS THE FREQUENT CAUSE OF IMMORAL CONDUCT.

1. **A**FTER all our complaints of the uncertainty of human affairs, it is undoubtedly true, that more misery is produced among us by the irregularities of our tempers, than by real misfortunes.

2. And it is a circumstance particularly unhappy, that these irregularities of the temper are most apt to display themselves at our fire sides, where every thing ought to be tranquil and serene.

3. But the truth is, we are awed by the presence of strangers, and are afraid of appearing weak and ill-natured, when we act in sight of the world; and so, very heroically, reserve our ill humor for our wives, children and servants. We are meek, where we might meet with opposition; but feel ourselves undauntedly bold, where we are sure of no effectual re-

4. The perversion of the best things converts them to the worst. Home is certainly well adapted to repose and solid enjoyment. Among parents and brothers, and all the tender charities of private life, the gentler affections which are always attended with feelings purely and permanently pleasurable, find an ample scope for proper exertion.

5. The experienced have often declared, after wearying themselves in pursuing phantoms, that they have found a substantial happiness in the domestic circle. Hither they have returned from their wild excursions in the regions of dissipation, as the bird, after fluttering in the air descends into her nest, to partake and increase its genial warmth with her young ones.

6. Such and so sweet are the comforts of home, when not perverted by the folly and weakness of man. Indifference, and a carelessness on the subject of pleasing those whom it is our best interest to please, often render it a scene of dulness and insipidity.

7. Happy if the evil extended no farther. But the transition from the negative state of not being pleased, to positive ill humor, is but too easy. Fretfulness and peevishness arise as nettles vegetate, spontaneously, where no salutary plants are cultivated. One unkind expression infallibly generates many others. Trifles, light as air, are able to kindle the blaze of contention.

8. By frequent conflicts and unreserved familiarity, all that mutual respect which is necessary to preserve love, even in the most intimate connections, is entirely lost; and the faint affection which remains, is too feeble to be felt amid the furious operation of the hateful passions.

9. Farewell peace and tranquility, and cheerful converse, and all the boasted comforts of the family circle. The nest, which should preserve a perpetual warmth by the constancy of paternal and conjugal affection, is rendered cold and joyless. In the place of the soft down which should cover it, are substituted thorns and briars.

10. The waters of strife, to make use of the beautiful allusion of scripture, rush in with impetuous violence, and ruffle and discolor that stream, which, in its natural and undisturbed current, devolves its waters all smooth and limpid.

11. But it is not necessary to expatiate on the misery of family dissension. I mean more particularly to suggest, family dissension, besides, all its own immediate evils, is the fruitful parent of moral misconduct.

12. When the several parts, which compose a family, find themselves uneasy in that home which is naturally the seat of mutual enjoyment, they are tempted from the straight road of common prudence, to pursue their happiness through a devious wild of passion and imagination.

13. The son, arrived at years of maturity, who is treated harshly at home, will seldom spend his evenings at the domestic fire-side. If he lives in the city, he will fly for refuge to company, and in the end, it is very probable he will form some unhappy connection, which cannot be continued without a plentiful supply of money.

14. Money, it is probable, cannot be procured. What then remains, but to pursue those methods which unprincipled ingenuity has invented, and which, sooner or later, lead to their proper punishments, pain, shame and death !

15. But though the consequences are not always such as the operation of human laws produce, yet they are always terrible, and destructive of happiness and virtue.

16. Misery is indeed the necessary result of all deviation from rectitude, but early debauchery, early disease, early profligacy of all kinds, are peculiarly fruitful of wretchedness, as they sow the seeds of misery in the spring of life, when all that is sown takes deep root, and buds and blossoms, and brings forth fruit in profuse abundance.

17. In the disagreements between children and parents, it is certain that the children are usually most culpable. Their violent passions and defective experience, render them disobedient and undutiful. Their love of pleasure operates so violently as often to destroy the source of filial affection.

18. A parent is stung to the heart by the ingratitude of a child. He checks his precipitancy, and perhaps with too little command of temper, for who can always hold the reins ? Asperity produces asperity. But the child was the aggressor, and therefore deserves a great part of the misery which ensues.

19. It is, however, certain, that the parent is often imprudent, as well as the child undutiful. He should endeavor to render home agreeable, by gentleness and reasonable indulgence : for man at every age, seeks to be pleased, but more particularly at the juvenile age.

20. He should indeed maintain his authority ; but it should be like the mild dominion of a limited monarch, and not the iron rule of an austere tyrant. If home is rendered pleasing,

It will not be long deserted. The prodigal will soon return, when his father's house is always ready to receive him with joy.

21. What is said of the consequences of domestic disunion to sons, is equally to be applied to daughters. Indeed, as the misconduct of daughters is more fatal to family peace, though perhaps not more heinous in a moral view, particular care should be taken to render them attached to the comforts of the family circle.

22. When their home is disagreeable, they will be ready to make any exchange; and will often lose their characters, virtue and happiness, in the pursuit of it. Indeed the female character and happiness are so easily injured, that no solicitude can be too great in their preservation. But prudence is necessary in every good cause as well as zeal; and it is found by experience, that the gentlest method of government, if it is limited and directed by good sense, is the best.

23. It ought indeed to be steady, but not rigid; and every pleasure which is innocent in itself, and in its consequences, ought to be admitted, with a view to render less disagreeable that unwinking vigilance, which a delicate and sensible parent will judge necessary to be used in the care of a daughter.

24. To what wickedness as well as wretchedness, matrimonial disagreements lead, every day's history will clearly inform us. When the husband is driven from his home by a termagant, he will seek enjoyment, which is denied him at home, in the haunts of vice, and in the riots of intemperance: nor can female corruption be wondered at, tho' it must be greatly pitied and regretted, when in the heart of a husband, which love and friendship should warm, hatred is found to rankle.

25. Conjugal infelicity not only renders life most uncomfortable, but leads to desperate dissoluteness and carelessness in manners, which terminate in the ruin of health, peace and fortune.

26. But it avails little to point out evils, without recommending a remedy. One of the first rules which suggests itself is, that families should endeavor, by often and seriously reflecting on the subject, to convince themselves that not only the enjoyment of every individual, greatly depends on a cordial union.

27. When they are convinced of this, they will endeavor to promote it; and it fortunately happens, that the very wish and

attempt of every individual must infallibly secure success. It may indeed be difficult to restrain the occasional sallies of temper; but where there is, in the more dispassionate moments, a settled desire to preserve domestic union, the transient violence of passion will not often produce a permanent rupture.

28. It is another most excellent rule, to avoid a gross familiarity, even where the connection is most intimate. The human heart is so constituted as to love respect. It would indeed be unnatural in very intimate friends to behave to each other with stiffness; but there is a delicacy of manners and a flattering deference, that tend to preserve that degree of esteem, which is necessary to support affection, and which is lost in contempt, when it deviates into excessive familiarity.

29. An habitual politeness of manners will prevent even indifference from degenerating to hatred. It will refine, exalt and perpetuate affection.

30. But the best and most efficacious rule is, that we should not think our moral and religious duties are only to be practised in public, and in the sight of those from whose applause we expect the gratification of our vanity, ambition or avarice: but that we should be equally attentive to our behavior among those who can only pay us by reciprocal love.

31. We must shew the sincerity of our principles and professions by acting consistent with them, not only in the legislature, in the field, in the pulpit, at the bar, or in any public assembly, but at the fire-side.

SELF-TORMENTING.

1. "DON'T meddle with that gun, Billy," said a careful mother; "if it should go off, it would kill you." "It is not charged, mother," says Willie. "Well! but may be," says the good old woman, "it will go off, even if it isn't charged." "But there is no lock on it, ma'am." "O dear Billy, I am afraid the hollow thing there, the barrel I think you call it, will shoot, if there is no lock."

2. Don't laugh at the old lady. Two thirds of our fears and apprehensions of the evils and mischiefs of this life, are just as well grounded as her's were in this case.

3. There are many unavoidable evils in life, which it becomes us as men and christians, to bear with fortitude; and there is a certain period assigned to us all, and yet dreaded by

most of us, wherein we must conflict with death, and finally lose connection with all things beneath the sun. These things are beyond our utmost power to resist, or sagacity to evade.

4. It is our wisest part, therefore, to prepare to encounter them in such a manner as shall do honor to our profession, and manifest a perfect conformity to that directory on which our profession stands. But why need we anticipate unavoidable evils, and "*feel a thousand deaths in fearing one?*"

5. Why need a woman be everlastingly burying her children, in her imagination, and spend her whole time in a fancied course of bereavement, because they are mortal, and must die some time or other? A divine teacher says, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" but we put new and unnecessary gall in all the bitter cups we have to drink in life, by artfully mixing, sipping, and smelling beforehand; like the squeamish patient, who, by viewing and thinking of his physic, brings a greater distress and burden on his stomach, before he takes it, than the physic itself could ever have done.

6. I would have people be more careful of fire-arms than they are: but I don't take a gun-barrel, unconnected with powder and lock, to be more dangerous than a broomstick.

7. Sergeant *Tremble* and his wife, during a time of general health, feel as easy and secure as if their children were immortal. Now and then a neighbor drops off with a consumption, or an apoplexy; but that makes no impression, as all their children are plump and hearty.

8. If there are no cancers, dysenteries, small-pox, bladders in the throat, and such like things to be heard of, they almost bid defiance to death; but the moment information was given that a child six miles off, had the throat distemper, all comfort bade adieu to the house; and the misery then endured from dreadful apprehensions, lest the disease should enter the family, is unspeakable.

9. The old sergeant thought that when the wind blew from that quarter, he could smell the infection, and therefore ordered the children to keep house, and drink wormwood and rum as a preservative against contagion. As for Mrs. *Tremble*, her mind was in a state of never-ceasing agitation at that time: a specimen of the common situation of the family is as follows:

10. *Susy*, your eyes look heavy, you don't feel a sore throat, do you? Husband, I heard *Tommy* cough in the bed-room just

now. I'm afraid the distemper is beginning in his vitals, let us get up and light a candle. You don't begin to feel any sore on your tongue or your mouth, do you, my dear little chicken? It seems to me *Molly* did not eat her breakfast with so good a stomach this morning as she used to do. I'm in distress for fear she has got the distemper coming on.

11. The house was one day a perfect Bedlam; for having heard that rue and rum was an excellent guard in the present danger, the good lady dispensed the catholicon so liberally among her children one morning, that not a soul of them could eat all day; *Tom* vomited heartily; *Sue* looked as red as fire, and *Molly* as pale as death.

12. O! what terrors and heart achings, till the force of the medicine was over! To be short, the child that had the distemper died; and no other child was heard of in these parts to have it; so that tranquility and security was restored to *Mr. Tremble's* family, and their children regarded as formerly, proof against mortality.

13. *Mrs. Foresight* keeps her mind in a continual state of distress and uneasiness, from a prospect of awful disasters that she is forewarned of by dreams, signs and omens. This, by the way, is affronting behavior to common sense, and implies a greater reflection upon some of the divine perfections, than some well meaning people are aware of.

14. The good woman looked exceedingly melancholy at breakfast, one day last week, and appeared to have lost her appetite. After some enquiry into the cause of so mournful a visage, we were given to understand that she foresaw the death of some one in the family; having had warning in the night by a certain noise that she never knew fail; and then she went on to tell how just such a thing happened, before the death of her father, mother, and sister, &c.

15. I endeavored to argue her out of this whimsical, gloomy state of mind, but in vain; she insisted upon it, that though the noise lasted scarce a minute, it began like the dying shriek of an infant, and went on like the tumbling clods upon a coffin, and ended in the ringing of the bell.

16. The poor woman wept bitterly for the loss of the child that was to die; however, she found afterwards occasion for uneasiness on another account. The cat, unluckily shut up in the buttery, and dissatisfied with so long confinement, gave forth that dying shriek, which first produced the good

woman's consternation ; and then by some sudden effort to get out at a grate at the upper part of the room, upset a large pewter platter ; the platter in its way upset a large wooden bowl full of milk ; and both together in their way knocked down a white stone dish of salmon, which came with them into a great brass kettle that stood upon the floor.

17. The noise of the cat might easily be taken for that of a child, and the sound of a salmon upon a board, for that of a clod ; and any mortal may be excused for thinking that a pewter platter, and a great earthen dish, broken in fifty pieces, both tumbling into a brass kettle, sound like a bell.

HISTORY OF COLUMBUS.

1. **E**VERY circumstance relating to the discovery and settlement of America, is an interesting object of enquiry. Yet it is presumed, from the present state of literature in this country, that many persons are but slightly acquainted with the character of that man whose extraordinary genius led him to the discovery of the continent, and whose singular sufferings ought to excite the indignation of the world.

2. The Spanish historians, who treat of the discovery and settlement of South America, are very little known in the United States ; and Dr. Robertson's history of that country, which, as is usual in works of that judicious writer, contains all that is valuable on the subject, is not yet reprinted in America, and therefore cannot be supposed to be in the hands of American readers in general ; and perhaps no other writer in the English language, has given a sufficient account of the life of Columbus, to enable them to gain a competent knowledge of the history of the discovery of America.

3. Christopher Columbus was born in the Republic of Genoa, about the year 1447 ; at a time when the navigation of Europe was scarcely extended beyond the limits of the Mediterranean.

4. The mariner's compass had been invented, and in common use, for more than a century ; yet, with the help of this sure guide, prompted by the most ardent spirit of discovery, encouraged by the patronage of princes, the mariners of those days rarely ventured from the sight of land.

5. They acquired great applause by sailing along the coast of Africa and discovering some of the neighboring islands ; and after pushing their researches with the greatest industry and perseverance for more than half a century, the Portu-

gueese, who were the most fortunate and enterprising, extended their discoveries southward no farther than the equator.

6. The rich commodities of the east, had, for several ages, been brought into Europe by the way of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean; and it had now become the object of the Portuguese, to find a passage to India by sailing round the southern extremity of Africa, and then taking an eastern course.

7. This great object engaged the general attention of mankind, and drew into the Portuguese service adventurers from every maritime nation of Europe. Every year added to their experience in navigation, and seemed to promise a reward to their industry.

8. The prospect, however, of arriving in the Indies, was extremely distant; fifty years perseverance in the same track, had bro't them only to the equator, and it was very probable that as many more would elapse before they could accomplish their purpose. But Columbus, by an uncommon exertion of genius, formed a design no less astonishing to the age in which he lived, than beneficial to posterity.

9. This design was to sail to India by taking a western direction. By the accounts of travellers who had visited India, that country seemed almost without limits on the east; and by attending to the spherical figure of the earth, Columbus drew this conclusion, that the Atlantic ocean must be bounded on the west either by India itself, or by some great continent not far distant from it.

10. This extraordinary man, who was now about twenty-seven years of age, appears to have united in his character every trait, and to have possessed every talent requisite to form and execute the greatest enterprises.

11. He was early educated in all the useful sciences that were taught in that day. He had made great proficiency in geography, astronomy and drawing, as they were necessary to his favorite pursuit of navigation. He had now been a number of years in the service of the Portuguese, and had acquired all the experience that their voyages and discoveries could afford.

12. His courage and perseverance had been put to the severest test, and the exercise of every amiable and heroic virtue rendered him universally known and respected. He had married a Portuguese lady, by whom he had two sons, Diego and Ferdinand; the younger of whom is the historian of his life.

13. Such was the situation of Columbus, when he formed and thoroughly digested a plan, which in its operation and

consequences, unfolded to the view of mankind one half of the globe, diffused wealth and dignity over the other, and extended commerce and civilization through the whole.

14. To corroborate the theory which he had formed of the existence of a western continent, his discerning mind, which always knew the application of every circumstance that fell in his way, had observed several facts, which by others would have passed unnoticed. In his voyage to the African islands, he had found, floating ashore after a long western storm, pieces of wood carved in a curious manner, canes of a size unknown in that quarter of the world, and human bodies with very singular features.

15. Fully confirmed in the opinion that a considerable portion of the earth was still undiscovered, his genius was too vigorous and persevering to suffer an idea of this importance to rest merely in speculation, as it had done in the minds of Plato and Seneca, who appear to have had conjectures of a similar nature.

16. He determined, therefore, to bring his favorite theory to the test of actual experiment. But an object of that magnitude required the patronage of a prince; and a design so extraordinary met with all the obstructions, delay and disappointments, which an age of superstition could invent, and which personal jealousy and malice could magnify and encourage.

17. Happily for mankind, in this instance, a genius capable of devising the greatest undertakings, associated in itself a degree of patience and enterprize, modesty and confidence, which rendered him superior, not only to these misfortunes, but to all the future calamities of his life.

18. Prompted by the most ardent enthusiasm to be the discoverer of new continents; and fully sensible of the advantages that would result to mankind from such discoveries, he had the mortification to waste away eighteen years of his life, after his system was well established in his own mind, before he could obtain the means of executing his designs.

19. The greatest part of this period was spent in successive and fruitless solicitations, at Genoa, Portugal and Spain. As a duty to his native country, he made his first proposal to the senate of Genoa; where it was soon rejected.

20. Conscious of the truth of his theory, and of his own ability to execute his design, he retired, without dejection, from a body of men who were incapable of forming any

ideas upon the subject ; and applied with fresh confidence to John the second, King of Portugal, who had distinguished himself as a great patron of navigation, and in whose service Columbus had acquired a reputation which entitled him and his project to general confidence and approbation.

21. But here he suffered an insult much greater than a direct refusal. After referring the examination of his scheme to the council who had the direction of naval affairs, and drawing from him his general ideas of the length of the voyage and the course he meant to take, that great monarch had the meanness to conspire with the council to rob Columbus of the glory and advantage he expected to derive from his undertaking.

22. While Columbus was amused with this negotiation, in hopes of having his scheme adopted and patronized, a vessel was secretly dispatched by order of the king, to make the intended discovery. Want of skill and perseverance in the pilot rendered the plot unsuccessful ; and Columbus, on discovering the treachery, retired, with an ingenuous indignation, from a court capable of such duplicity.

23. Having now performed what was due to the country that gave him birth, and to the one that adopted him as a subject, he was at liberty to court the patronage of any prince who should have the wisdom and justice to accept his proposals.

24. He had communicated his ideas to his brother Bartholomew, whom he sent to England to negotiate with Henry the seventh ; at the same time that he went himself into Spain to apply in person to Ferdinand and Isabella, who governed the united kingdoms of Arragon and Castile.

25. The circumstance of his brother's application in England, which appears to have been unsuccessful, it is not to my purpose to relate ; and the limits prescribed to this sketch, will prevent the detail of all the particulars relating to his own negotiation in Spain.

26. In this negotiation Columbus spent eight years in the various agitations of suspense, expectation and disappointment ; till at length his scheme was adopted by Isabella, who undertook, as Queen of Castile, to defray the expenses of the expedition ; and declared herself, ever after, the friend and patron of the hero who projected it.

27. Columbus, who, during all his ill success in the negotiation, never abated any thing of the honors and emoluments

which he expected to acquire in his expedition; obtained from Ferdinand and Isabella a full stipulation of every article contained in his first proposal.

28. He was constituted high Admiral and Viceroy of all the Seas, Islands, and Continents which he should discover, with power to receive one tenth of the profits arising from their productions and commerce. These offices and emoluments were to be hereditary in his family.

29. These articles being adjusted, the preparations for the voyage were brought forward with rapidity, but they were by no means adequate to the importance of the expedition. Three small vessels, scarcely sufficient in size to be employed in the coasting business, were appointed to traverse the vast Atlantic; and to encounter the storms and currents that might be expected in so lengthy a voyage, through distant and unknown seas.

30. These vessels, as might be expected, in the infancy of navigation, were ill constructed, in a poor condition, and manned by seamen unaccustomed to distant voyages. But the tedious length of time which Columbus had spent in solicitation and suspense, and the prospect of being able soon to obtain the object of his wishes, induced him to overlook what he could not easily remedy, and led him to disregard those circumstances which would have intimidated any other mind.

31. He accordingly equipped his small squadron with as much expedition as possible, manned with ninety men, and victualled for one year. With these, on the third of August, 1492, amidst a vast croud of anxious spectators, he set sail on an enterprise, which, if we consider the ill condition of his ships, the inexperience of his sailors, the length and uncertainty of his voyage, and the consequences that flowed from it, was the most daring and important that ever was undertaken.

32. He touched at some of the Portuguese settlements in the Canary Isles, where, although he had but a few days run, he found his vessels needed refitting. He soon made the necessary repairs, and took his departure from the westernmost islands that had been hitherto discovered. Here he left the former track of navigation, and steered his course due west.

33. Not many days after he had been at sea, he began to experience a new scene of difficulty. The sailors now began to contemplate the dangers and uncertain issue of a voyage, the nature and length of which was left entirely to conjecture.

34. Besides fickleness and timidity, natural to men un-

customed to the discipline of a seafaring life, several circumstances contributed to inspire an obstinate and mutinous disposition, which required the most consummate art, as well as fortitude in the admiral to control.

35. Having been three weeks at sea, and experienced the uniform course of the trade winds, which always blow in a western direction, they contended, that should they continue the same course for a longer period, the same wind would never permit them to return to Spain.

36. The magnetic needle began to vary its direction. This being the first time that phenomenon was ever discovered, it was viewed by the sailors with astonishment; and considered as an indication that nature itself had changed her course, and that Providence was determined to punish their audacity, in venturing so far beyond the ordinary bounds of man.

37. They declared that the commands of their sovereign had been fully obeyed, in their proceeding so many days in the same direction, and so far surpassing the attempts of all former navigators, in quest of new discoveries. Every talent, requisite for governing, soothing and tempering the passions of men, is conspicuous in the conduct of Columbus on this occasion.

38. The dignity and affability of his manners, his surprising knowledge and experience in naval affairs, his unwearied and minute attention to the duties of his command, gave him a complete ascendancy over the minds of his men, and inspired that degree of confidence which would have maintained his authority in almost any possible circumstances.

39. But here, from the nature of the undertaking, every man had leisure to feed his imagination with all the gloominess and uncertainty of the prospect. They found, every day, that the same steady gales carried them with great rapidity from their native country, and indeed from all countries of which they had any knowledge.

40. Notwithstanding all the variety of management with which Columbus addressed himself to their passions, sometimes by soothing them with the prognostics of discovering land; sometimes by flattering their ambition and feasting their avarice with the glory and wealth they would acquire from discovering those rich countries beyond the Atlantic, and sometimes by threatening them with the displeasure of their sovereign, should timidity and disobedience defeat so great an object, their easiness still increased.

41. From secret whispering it arose to open mutiny and

dangerous conspiracy. At length they determined to rid themselves of the remonstrances of Columbus, by throwing him into the sea. The infection spread from ship to ship, and involved officers as well as common sailors.

42. They finally lost all sense of subordination, and addressed their commander in an insolent manner, demanding to be conducted immediately back to Spain; or, they assured him, they would seek their own safety by taking away his life. Columbus, whose sagacity and penetration had discovered every symptom of the disorder, was prepared for the last stage of it, and was sufficiently apprised of the danger that awaited him. He found it in vain to contend with passions he could no longer control.

43. He therefore proposed that they should obey his orders for three days longer; and should they not discover land in that time, he would then direct his course for Spain.

44. They complied with his proposal; and, happily for mankind, in three days discovered land. This was a small island, to which Columbus gave the name of San Salvador. Their first interview with the natives was a scene of amusement and compassion on the one part, and of astonishment and adoration on the other.

45. The natives were entirely naked, simple and timorous; and they viewed the Spaniards as a superior order of beings, descended from the sun, which in that island, and in most parts of America, was worshipped as a deity. By this it was easy for Columbus to perceive the line of conduct proper to be observed toward that simple and inoffensive people.

46. Had his companions and successors, of the Spanish nation, possessed the wisdom and humanity of that discoverer, the benevolent mind would feel no sensations of regret, in contemplating the extensive advantages arising to mankind from the discovery of America.

47. In this voyage Columbus discovered the islands of Cuba and Hispaniola; on the latter of which he erected a small fort; and having left a garrison of thirty-eight men, under the command of an officer by the name of Arada, he set sail for Spain. Returning across the Atlantic, he was overtaken by a violent storm, which lasted several days, and increased to such a degree as baffled all his naval skill, and threatened immediate destruction.

48. In this situation, when all were in a state of despair, and it was expected that every sea would swallow up the crazy

sel, he manifested a serenity and presence of mind perhaps never equalled in cases of like extremity. He wrote a short account of his voyage, and of the discoveries he had made, wrapped it in an oiled cloth, enclosed it in a cake of wax, put it in an empty cask, and threw it overboard ; in hopes that some accident might preserve a deposit of so much importance to the world.

49. The storm, however, abated, and he at length arrived in Spain ; after having been driven, by stress of weather, into the port of Lisbon, where he had an opportunity, in an interview with the King of Portugal, to prove the truth of his system, by arguments more convincing than those he had before advanced in the character of an humble and unsuccessful suitor.

50. He was received every where in Spain with royal honors ; his family was ennobled, and his former stipulation, respecting his offices and emoluments, was ratified in the most solemn manner, by Ferdinand and Isabella ; while all Europe resounded his praises and reciprocated their joy and congratulations on the discovery of a new world.

51. The immediate consequence of this was a second voyage ; in which Columbus took charge of a squadron of seventeen ships of considerable burthen. Volunteers of all ranks and conditions solicited to be employed in this expedition. He carried over 1500 persons, together with all the necessaries for establishing a colony, and extending the discoveries.

52. In this voyage he explored most of the West India islands ; but on his arrival at Hispaniola, he found the garrison he had left there, had been totally destroyed by the natives, and the fort demolished. He however proceeded in the planting of his colony ; and by his prudent and humane conduct towards the natives, he effectually established the Spanish authority in that island.

53. But while he was thus laying the foundation of their future grandeur in South America, some discontented persons, who had returned from the colony to Spain, together with his former enemies in that kingdom, conspired to accomplish his ruin.

54. They represented his conduct in such a light at court, as to create uneasiness and distrust in the jealous mind of Ferdinand, and made it necessary for Columbus again to return to Spain, in order to counteract their machinations, and to obtain such further supplies as were necessary to his great political and benevolent purposes.

55. On his arrival at court, and stating, with his usual dignity and confidence, the whole history of his transactions abroad, every thing wore a favorable appearance. He was received with usual honors, and again solicited to take charge of another squadron, to carry out further supplies, to pursue his discoveries, and in every respect to use his discretion in extending the Spanish empire in the new world. In this, his third voyage, he discovered the continent of America, at the mouth of the river Oronoke.

56. He rectified many disorders in his government of Hispaniola, which had happened in his absence; and every thing was going on in a prosperous train, when an event was announced to him, which completed his own ruin, and gave a fatal turn to the Spanish policy and conduct in America. This was the arrival of Francis de Bovadilla, with a commission to supercede Columbus in his government; and with power to arraign him as a criminal, and to judge of his former administration.

57. It seems that by this time the enemies of Columbus, despairing to complete his overthrow by groundless insinuations of misconduct, had taken the more effectual method of exciting the jealousy of their sovereign.

58. From the promising samples of gold and other valuable commodities brought from America, they took occasion to represent to the king and queen, that the prodigious wealth and extent of the countries he had discovered, would soon throw such power into the hands of the Viceroy, that he would trample on the royal authority, and bid defiance to the Spanish power.

59. These arguments were well calculated for the cold and suspicious temper of Ferdinand, and they must have had some effect upon the mind of Isabella. The consequence was the appointment of Bovadilla, who had been the inveterate enemy of Columbus, to take the government from his hands. The first tyrant of the Spanish nation in America, began his administration by ordering Columbus to be put in chains on board a ship, and sending him prisoner to Spain.

60. By relaxing all discipline, he introduced disorder and licentiousness throughout the colony. He subjected the natives to a most miserable servitude, and apportioned them out in large numbers among his adherents. Under this severe treatment perished, in a short time, many thousands of those innocent people.

61. Columbus was carried in his fetters to the Spanish court, where the king and queen either feigned or felt a sufficient regret at the conduct of Bovadilla towards this illustrious prisoner. He was not only released from confinement, but treated with all imaginable respect.

62. But, altho' the king endeavored to expiate the offence, by censuring and recalling Bovadilla, yet we may judge of his sincerity from his appointing Nicholas de Ovando, another bitter enemy of Columbus, to succeed in the government, and from his ever after refusing to reinstate Columbus, or to fulfil any of the conditions on which the discoveries were undertaken.

63. After two years solicitation for this or some other employment, he at length obtained a squadron of four small vessels, to attempt new discoveries. He now set out, with the ardor and enthusiasm of a young adventurer, in quest of what was always his favorite object, a passage into the South Sea, by which he might sail to India. He touched at Hispaniola, where Ovando, the governor, refused him admittance on shore, even to take shelter during a hurricane, the prognostics of which his experience had taught him to discern.

64. By putting into a small creek, he rode out the storm, and then bore away for the continent. Several months, in the most boisterous season of the year, he spent in exploring the coast round the Gulf of Mexico, in hopes of finding the intended navigation to India. At length he was shipwrecked, and driven ashore on the island of Jamaica.

65. His cup of calamity seemed now completely full. He was cast upon an island of savages, without provisions, without any vessel, and thirty leagues from any Spanish settlement. But the greatest providential misfortunes are capable of being embittered by the insults of our fellow creatures.

66. A few of his hardy companions generously offered, in two Indian canoes, to attempt a voyage to Hispaniola, in hopes of obtaining a vessel for the relief of the unhappy crew. After suffering every extremity of danger and hardship, they arrived at the Spanish colony in ten days. Ovando, through personal malice and jealousy of Columbus, after having detained these messengers eight months, dispatched a vessel to Jamaica, in order to spy out the condition of Columbus and his crew, with positive instructions to the captain not to afford them any relief.

7. This order was punctually executed. The captain approached the shore, delivered a letter of empty compliment from

Ovando to the admiral, received his answer and returned. About four months afterwards a vessel came to their relief; and Columbus, worn out with fatigues, and broken with misfortunes, returned for the last time to Spain.

68. Here a new distress awaited him, which he considered as one of the greatest he had suffered in his whole life. This was the death of Queen Isabella, his last and greatest friend.

69. He did not suddenly abandon himself to despair. He called upon the gratitude and justice of the king, and in terms of dignity demanded the fulfilment of the former contract.

70. Notwithstanding his age and infirmities, he even solicited to be further employed in extending the career of discovery without a prospect of any other reward but the consciousness of doing good to mankind. But Ferdinand, cold, ungrateful, and timid, dared not to comply with a single proposal of this kind, lest he should increase his own obligations to a man whose services he thought it dangerous to reward.

71. He therefore delayed and avoided any decision on these subjects, in hopes that the declining health of Columbus would soon rid the court of the remonstrances of a man, whose extraordinary merit was, in their opinion, a sufficient occasion of destroying him.

72. In this they were not disappointed. Columbus languished a short time, and gladly resigned a life, which had been worn out in the most essential services that perhaps were ever rendered, by any human character, to an ungrateful world.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR IN AMERICA.

1. **T**HE attempts of the British parliament to raise a revenue in America, without her consent, occasioned the late war, which separated this country from Great-Britain.

2. The first attempt of consequence was the famous *Stamp Act*, March, 1765. By this the Americans were obliged to make use of stamped paper, for all notes, bonds, and other legal instruments; on which paper a duty was to be paid.

3. This act occasioned such general uneasiness in America, that the parliament thought proper to repeal it the year after it was made.

4. But the next year (1767) the *Tea Act* was framed, by which a heavy duty was laid upon tea, glass, paper, and many other articles, which were much used in America. This threw the colonies into confusion, and excited such resent-

ment among the people, that the parliament, three years after, took off three fourths of the duty.

5. The duty was still disagreeable to the Americans, who entered into a resolution not to import and consume British manufactures.

6. A few years after (in 1773) the people of Boston, who were determined not to pay duties on tea, went on board some ships, belonging to the East-India company, which lay in the harbor, and threw all the tea overboard. In other parts of America, violent opposition was made to British taxation.

7. This opposition enkindled the resentment of the British Parliament, which they expressed the next year (1774) by shutting the port of Boston, which ruined the trade of that flourishing town. This act was followed by others, by which the constitution of Massachusetts was new modelled, and the liberties of the people infringed.

8. These rash and cruel measures gave great and universal alarm to the Americans. General Gage was sent to Boston, to enforce the new laws; but he was received with coldness, and opposed with spirit in the execution of his commission.

9. The assemblies throughout America, remonstrated and petitioned. At the same time many contributions of money and provisions from every quarter, were sent to the inhabitants of Boston, who were suffering in consequence of the port bill.

10. The same year, troops arrived in Boston, to enforce the wicked and unjust acts of the British Parliament. Fortifications were erected on Boston Neck, by order of General Gage; and the ammunition and stores in Cambridge and Charlestown were seized and secured.

11. In September, deputies from most of the colonies met in Congress at Philadelphia. These delegates approved of the conduct of the people of Massachusetts; wrote a letter to General Gage; published a declaration of rights; formed an association not to import, or use British goods; sent a petition to the king of Great-Britain; an address to the inhabitants of that kingdom; another to the inhabitants of Canada; and another to the inhabitants of the colonies.

12. In the beginning of the next year (1775) was passed the *Fishery Bill*, by which the northern colonies were forbid to fish on the banks of Newfoundland, for a certain time. This bore hard upon the commerce of these colonies, which was in a great measure supported by the fishery.

13. Soon after, another bill was passed, which restrained the trade of the middle and southern colonies to Great-Britain, Ireland, and the West-Indies, except under certain conditions. These repeated acts of oppression on the part of Great-Britain, alienated the affections of America from her parent and sovereign, and produced a combined opposition to the whole system of taxation.

14. Preparations began to be made, to oppose by force, the execution of these acts of parliament. The militia of the country were trained to the use of arms, great encouragement was given for the manufacture of gunpowder, and measures were taken to obtain all kinds of military stores.

15. In February, Colonel Leslie was sent with a detachment of troops from Boston, to take possession of some cannon at Salem. But the people had intelligence of the design; took up the draw-bridge in that town, and prevented the troops from passing, until the cannon were secured; so that the expedition failed.

16. In April, Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn were sent with a body of troops, to destroy the military stores which had been collected at Concord, about twenty miles from Boston. At Lexington the militia were collected on a green, to oppose the incursion of the British forces. These were fired on by the British troops, and eight men killed on the spot.

17. The militia were dispersed, and the troops proceeded to Concord, where they destroyed a few stores. But on their return, they were incessantly harrassed by the Americans, who, inflamed with just resentment, fired upon them from houses and fences, and pursued them to Boston.

18. Here was spilt the *first blood* in the late war; a war which severed America from the British empire. Lexington opened the first scene of the great drama, which, in its progress, exhibited the most illustrious characters and events, and closed with a revolution, equally glorious for the actors, and important in its consequences to the human race.

19. This battle roused all America. The militia collected from all quarters, and Boston was in a few days besieged by twenty thousand men. A stop was put to all intercourse between the town and country, and the inhabitants were reduced to great want of provisions.

20. General Gage promised to let the people depart, if they would deliver up their arms. The people complied; but when the general had obtained their arms, the perfidious wretch refused to let the people go.

21. In the mean time, a small number of men, under the command of Colonel Allen, and Colonel Easton, without any public orders, surprised and took the British garrison at Ticonderago, without the loss of a man.

22. In June following, our troops attempted to fortify Bunker's Hill, which lies in Charlestown, and but a mile and an half from Boston. They had, during the night, thrown up a small breast-work, which sheltered them from the fire of the British cannon.

23. But the next morning, the British army was sent to drive them from the hill, and landing under cover of their cannon, they set fire to Charlestown, which was consumed, and marched to attack our troops in the entrenchments. A severe engagement ensued, in which the British suffered a very great loss both of officers and privates.

24. They were repulsed at first, and thrown into disorder; but they finally carried the fortification with the point of the bayonet. The Americans suffered a small loss, compared with the British; but the death of the brave General Warren, who fell in the action, a martyr to the cause of his country, was severely felt and universally lamented.

25. About this time, the continental Congress appointed George Washington, Esq. a native of Virginia, to the chief command of the American army. This gentleman had been a distinguished and successful officer in the preceding war, and he seemed destined by Heaven to be the saviour of his country.

26. He accepted the appointment with a diffidence which was a proof of his prudence and his greatness. He refused any pay for eight years laborious and hardy service; and by his matchless skill, fortitude and perseverance, conducted America through indescribable difficulties to independence and peace.

27. While true merit is esteemed, or virtue honored, mankind will never cease to revere the memory of this hero; and while gratitude remains in the human breast, the praises of WASHINGTON shall dwell on every American tongue.

28. General Washington, with other officers appointed by Congress, arrived at Cambridge, and took command of the American army in July. From this time, the affairs of America began to assume the appearance of a regular and general opposition to the forces of Great-Britain.

29. In autumn, a body of troops, under the command of General Montgomery, besieged and took the garrison at St.

John's which commands the entrance into Canada. The prisoners amounted to about seven hundred. General Montgomery pursued his success and took Montreal; and designed to push his victories to Quebec.

30. A body of troops commanded by Arnold, was ordered to march to Canada, by the river Kennebeck, and thro' the wilderness. After suffering every hardship, and the most distressing hunger, they arrived in Canada, and were joined by General Montgomery before Quebec. This city, which was commanded by Governor Carleton, was immediately besieged. But there being little hope of taking the town by a siege, it was determined to storm it.

31. The attack was made on the last day of December, but proved unsuccessful, and fatal to the brave general, who, with his aid, was killed in attempting to scale the walls.

32. Of the three divisions which attacked the town, one only entered, and that was obliged to surrender to superior force. After this defeat, Arnold, who now commanded the troops, continued some months before Quebec, although his troops suffered incredibly by cold and sickness. But the next spring the Americans were obliged to retreat from Canada.

33. About this time, the large and flourishing town of Norfolk, in Virginia, was wantonly burnt by order of Lord Dunmore, the royal governor.

34. General Gage went to England in September, and was succeeded in the command by General Howe.

35. Falmouth, a considerable town in the province of Maine, in Massachusetts, shared the fate of Norfolk; being laid in ashes by order of the British admiral.

36. The British king entered into treaties with some of the German Princes for about seventeen thousand men, who were to be sent to America the next year, to assist in subduing the colonies. The British parliament also passed an act, forbidding all intercourse with America; and while they repealed the Boston port and fishery bills, they declared all American property on the high seas, forfeited to the captors.

37. This act induced Congress to change the mode of carrying on the war; and measures were taken to annoy the enemy in Boston. For this purpose batteries were opened on several hills, from whence shot and bombs were thrown into the town. But the batteries which were opened on Dorchester point had the best effect, and soon obliged General Howe to abandon the town. In March, 1776, the British troop:

embarked for Halifax, and General Washington entered the town in triumph.

38. In the ensuing summer, a small squadron of ships, commanded by Sir Peter Parker, and a body of troops under the Generals Clinton and Cornwallis, attempted to take Charleston, the capital of South-Carolina. The ships made a violent attack upon the fort in Sullivan's Island, but were repulsed with great loss, and the expedition was abandoned.

39. In July, Congress published their declaration of independence, which for ever separated America from Great-Britain. This great event took place two hundred and eighty-four years after the discovery of America by Columbus; one hundred and seventy from the first effectual settlement in Virginia, and one hundred and fifty-six from the first settlement of Plymouth in Massachusetts, which were the earliest English settlements in America.

40. Just after this declaration, General Howe, with a powerful force, arrived near New-York; and landed the troops upon Staten-Island. General Washington was in New-York with about thirteen thousand men, encamped either in the city or the neighboring fortifications.

41. The operations of the British began by the action on Long-Island, in the month of August. The Americans were defeated, and General Sullivan and Lord Stirling, with a large body of men, were made prisoners. The night after the engagement, a retreat was ordered and executed with such silence, that the Americans left the island without alarming their enemies, and without loss.

42. In September, the city of New-York was abandoned by the American army, and taken by the British.

43. In November, Fort Washington, on York-Island, was taken, and more than two thousand men made prisoners. Fort Lee, opposite to Fort Washington on the Jersey shore, was soon after taken, but the garrison escaped.

44. About the same time, General Clinton was sent with a body of troops to take possession of Rhode-Island; and succeeded. In addition to all these losses and defeats, the American army suffered by desertion, and more by sickness, which was epidemic, and very mortal.

45. The northern army at Ticonderoga, was in a disagreeable situation, particularly after the battle on Lake Champlain, which the American force, consisting of a few light vessels,

under the command of Arnold and General Waterbury, was totally dispersed.

46. But General Carleton, instead of pursuing his victory, landed at Crown-Point, reconnoitred our posts at Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, and returned to winter quarters in Canada.

47. At the close of this year the American army was dwindled to a handful of men; and General Lee was taken prisoner in New-Jersey. Far from being discouraged at these losses, Congress took measures to raise and establish an army.

48. In this critical situation, General Washington surprised and took a large body of Hessians, who were cantoned at Trenton, and soon after another body of the British troops at Princeton.

49. The address in planning and executing these enterprises, reflected the highest honor on the commander, and the success revived the desponding hopes of America. The loss of General Mercer, a gallant officer, at Princeton, was the principal circumstance that allayed the joys of victory.

50. The following year [1777] was distinguished by very memorable events in favor of America. On the opening of the campaign, Governor Tryon was sent with a body of troops to destroy the stores at Danbury, in Connecticut. This plan was executed, and the town mostly burnt. The enemy suffered in their retreat, and the Americans lost General Wooster, a brave and experienced officer.

51. General Prescott was taken from his quarters on Rhode-Island, by the address and enterprise of Colonel Barton, and conveyed prisoner to the continent.

52. General Burgoyne, who commanded the northern British army, took possession of Ticonderoga, which had been abandoned by the Americans. He pushed his successes, crossed Lake George, and encamped on the banks of the Hudson, near Saratoga.

53. His progress, however, was checked by the defeat of Colonel Baum, near Bennington, in which the undisciplined militia of Vermont, under General Stark, displayed unexampled bravery, and captured almost the whole detachment.

54. The militia assembled from all parts of New England, to stop the progress of General Burgoyne. These, with the regular troops, formed a respectable army, commanded by General Gates.

55. After two severe actions, in which the Generals Lincoln and Arnold behaved with uncommon gallantry, and were wounded, General Burgoyne found himself enclosed with brave troops, and was forced to surrender his whole army, amounting to ten thousand men, into the hands of the Americans. This happened in October.

56. This event diffused a universal joy over America, and laid a foundation for a treaty with France.

57. But before these transactions, the main body of the British forces had embarked at New-York, sailed up the Chesapeake, and landed at the head of Elk river. The army soon began their march for Philadelphia. General Washington had determined to oppose them, and for this purpose made a stand upon the heights near Brandywine Creek.

58. Here the armies engaged, and the Americans were overpowered, and suffered great loss. The enemy soon pursued their march, and took possession of Philadelphia towards the close of September.

59. Not long after, the two armies were again engaged at Germantown, and in the beginning of the action the Americans had the advantage; but by some unlucky accident, the fortune of the day was turned in favor of the British. Both sides suffered considerable losses; on the side of the Americans, was General Nash.

60. In an attack upon the forts at Mud Island and Red Bank, the Hessians were unsuccessful, and their commander, Colonel Donop, killed. The British also lost the Augusta, a ship of the line. But the forts were afterwards taken, and the navigation of the Delaware opened. General Washington was reinforced, with part of the troops which had composed the northern army, under general Gates; and both armies retired to winter quarters.

61. In October, the same month in which general Burgoyne was taken at Saratoga, general Vaughan, with a small fleet, sailed up Hudson's river, and wantonly burnt Kingston, a beautiful Dutch settlement, on the west side of the river.

62. The beginning of the next year (1778) was distinguished by a treaty of alliance between France and America; by which we obtained a powerful and generous ally.

63. When the English ministry were informed that this treaty was on foot, they dispatched commissioners to America to attempt a reconciliation. But America would not now accept their offers. Early in the spring; Count d'Estaing, with a

fleet of fifteen sail of the line, was sent by the court of France to assist America.

64. General Howe left the army and returned to England; the command then devolved upon Sir Henry Clinton. In June, the British army left Philadelphia, and marched for New-York.

65. On their march they were annoyed by the Americans; and at Monmouth a very regular action took place between part of the armies; the enemy was repulsed with great loss; and had General Lee obeyed his orders, a signal victory must have been obtained. General Lee, for his ill conduct that day, was suspended, and was never afterwards permitted to join the army.

66. In August, General Sullivan, with a large body of troops, attempted to take possession of Rhode-Island, but did not succeed. Soon after, the stores and shipping at Bedford, in Massachusetts, were burnt by a party of British troops. The same year, Savannah, the capital of Georgia, was taken by the British, under the command of Colonel Campbell.

67. In the following year (1779) General Lincoln was appointed to the command of the southern army.

68. Governor Tryon and Sir George Collier made an incursion into Connecticut, and burnt, with wanton barbarity, the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk.

69. But the American arms were crowned with success in a bold attack upon Stoney-Point, which was surprised and taken by General Wayne, in the night of the 15th of July. Five hundred men were made prisoners, with a small loss on either side.

70. A party of British forces attempted this summer to build a fort on Penobscot river, for the purpose of cutting timber in the neighboring forests. A plan was laid by Massachusetts to dislodge them, and a considerable fleet collected for that purpose. But the plan failed of success, and the whole marine force fell into the hands of the British, except some vessels, which were burnt by the Americans themselves.

71. In October, General Lincoln and Count d'Estaing made an assault upon Savannah; but they were repulsed with considerable loss. In this action, the celebrated Polish count, Pulaski, who had acquired the reputation of a brave soldier, was mortally wounded.

72. In this summer, General Sullivan marched with a body of troops into the Indian country, and burnt and destroyed all their provisions and settlements that fell in their way.

73. On the opening of the campaign the next year (1780) the British troops left Rhode-Island. An expedition under General Clinton and Lord Cornwallis, was undertaken against Charleston, South-Carolina, where General Lincoln commanded. This town, after a close siege of about six weeks, was surrendered to the British commander; and General Lincoln, and the whole American garrison, were made prisoners.

74. General Gates was appointed to the command in the southern department, and another army collected. In August, Lord Cornwallis attacked the American troops at Camden, in South-Carolina, and routed them with considerable loss. He afterwards marched through the southern states, and supposed them entirely subdued.

75. The same summer, the British troops made frequent incursions from New York into the Jerseys; ravaging and plundering the country. In one of these descents, the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, a respectable clergyman and warm patriot, and his lady, were inhumanly murdered by the savage soldiery.

76. In July, a French fleet, under Monsieur de Ternay, with a body of land forces, commanded by Count de Rochambeau, arrived at Rhode-Island, to the great joy of the Americans.

77. This year was also distinguished by the infamous treason of Arnold. General Washington having some business to transact at Weathersfield in Connecticut, left Arnold to command the important post of West-Point, which guards a pass in Hudson's river, about sixty miles from New-York. Arnold's conduct in the city of Philadelphia, the preceding winter, had been censured; and the treatment he received in consequence, had given him offence.

78. He determined to take revenge; and for this purpose, he entered into a negociation with Sir Henry Clinton to deliver West-Point and the army into the hands of the British. While general Washington was absent, he dismounted the cannon in some of the forts, and took other steps to render the taking of the post easy for the enemy.

79. But by a providential discovery, the whole plan was defeated. Major Andre, aid to general Clinton, a brave officer, who had been sent up the river as a spy, to concert the plan of operations with Arnold, was taken, condemned by a court-martial, and executed.

80. Arnold made his escape by getting on board the *Vulture*, a British vessel, which lay in the river. His conduct

has stamped him with infamy ; and, like all traitors, he is despised by all mankind. General Washington arrived in camp just after Arnold had made his escape, and restored order in the garrison.

81. After the defeat of general Gates in Carolina, general Greene was appointed to the command in the southern department. From this period things in that quarter wore a more favorable aspect. Colonel Tarleton, the active commander of the British legion, was defeated by general Morgan, the intrepid commander of the riflemen.

82. After a variety of movements, the two armies met at Guilford, in North Carolina. Here was one of the best fought actions during the war. General Greene and Lord Cornwallis exerted themselves at the head of their respective armies, and altho' the Americans were obliged to retire from the field of battle, yet the British army suffered an immense loss, and could not pursue the victory. This action happened on the 15th of March, 1781.

83. In the spring, Arnold, who was made a brigadier general in the British service, with a small number of troops sailed for Virginia, and plundered the country. This called the attention of the French fleet to that quarter ; and a naval engagement took place between the English and French, in which some of the English ships were much damaged, and one entirely disabled.

84. After the battle at Guilford, general Green moved towards South Carolina, to drive the British from their posts in that state. Here Lord Rawdon obtained an inconsiderable advantage over the Americans near Camden.

85. But general Green more than recovered this disadvantage, by the brilliant and successful action at the Eutaw Springs ; where general Mian distinguished himself, and the brave colonel Washington was wounded and taken prisoner.

86. Lord Cornwallis finding general Green successful in Carolina, marched to Virginia, collected his forces, and fortified himself in Yorktown. In the mean time Arnold made an incursion into Connecticut, burnt a part of New London, took Fort Griswold by storm, and put the garrison to the sword.

87. The garrison consisted chiefly of men suddenly collected from the little town of Groton, which, by the savage cruelty of the British officer who commanded the attack, lost, in one hour, almost all its heads of families. The brave colonel

Ledyard, who commanded the fort, was slain with his own sword, after he had surrendered.

88. The Marquis de la Fayette, the brave and generous nobleman, whose services command the gratitude of every American, had been dispatched from the main army, to watch the motions of Lord Cornwallis in Virginia.

89. About the last of August, Count de Grasse arrived with a large fleet in the Chesapeake, and blocked up the British troops at Yorktown. Admiral Greaves, with a British fleet, appeared off the Cape, and an action succeeded, but it was not decisive.

90. General Washington had, before this time, moved the main body of his army, together with the French troops, to the southward; and as soon as he heard of the arrival of the French fleet in the Chesapeake, he made rapid marches to the head of Elk, where embarking the troops, he soon arrived at Yorktown.

91. A close siege immediately commenced, and was carried on with such vigor, by the combined forces of America and France, that Lord Cornwallis was obliged to surrender. This glorious event, which took place on the 19th of October, 1781, decided the contest in favor of America, and laid the foundation of a general peace.

92. A few months after the surrender of Cornwallis, the British evacuated all their posts in South Carolina and Georgia, and retired to the main army in New York.

93. The next spring (1782) Sir Guy Carleton arrived in New York, and took command of the British army in America. Immediately after his arrival, he acquainted general Washington and Congress, that negotiation for a peace had been commenced at Paris.

94. On the 30th of November, 1782, the provisional articles of peace were signed at Paris, by which Great Britain acknowledged the independence and sovereignty of the United States of America.

95. Thus ended a long and arduous conflict, in which Great Britain expended near a hundred millions of money, with an hundred thousand lives, and won nothing. America endured every cruelty and distress from her enemies; lost many lives and much treasure—but delivered herself from a foreign dominion, and gained a rank among the nations of the earth.

LESSONS IN SPEAKING.

ORATION, delivered at Boston, March 5, 1772, by Dr. JOSEPH WARREN; in commemoration of the evening of the fifth of March, 1770; when a number of citizens were killed by a party of British troops, quartered among them, in time of peace.

1. **W**HEN we turn over the historic page, and trace the rise and fall of states and empires; the mighty revolutions which have so often varied the face of the world, strike our minds with solemn surprise, and we are naturally led to search for the cause of such astonishing changes.

2. That man is formed for social life, is an observation, which upon our first enquiry, presents itself to our view. Government has its origin in the *weakness* of individuals, and hath for its end, the *strength* and *security* of all; and so long as the means of effecting this important end, are thoroughly known, and religiously attended to, government is one of the richest blessings to mankind, and ought to be held in the highest veneration.

3. In young and new formed communities, the grand design of this institution, is most generally understood, and most strictly regarded; the motives which urged to the social compact, cannot be at once forgotten, and *that* equality which is remembered to have subsisted so lately among them, prevents those who are clothed with authority from attempting to invade the freedom of their brethren; or, if such an attempt is made, it prevents the community from suffering the offender to go unpunished.

4. Every member feels it to be his interest, and knows it to be his duty, to preserve inviolate the constitution on which the public safety depends, and is equally ready to assist the *magistrate* in the execution of the laws, and the *subject* in the defence of his right. So long as the noble attachment to a constitution, founded on free and benevolent principles, exists in full vigor, in any state, that state must be flourishing and happy.

5. It was this noble attachment to a free constitution which raised ancient Rome from the smallest beginnings, to that bright summit of happiness and glory to which she arrived; and it was the loss of *this* which plunged her from *that* summit, into the black gulph of infamy and slavery.

6. It was *this* attachment which inspired her senators with wisdom; it was *this* which glowed in the breast of her heroes;

it was *this* which guarded her liberties, and extended her dominions, gave peace at home, and commanded respect abroad; and when *this* decayed, her magistrates lost their reverence for justice and laws, and degenerated into tyrants and oppressors—her senators, forgetful of their dignity, and seduced by base corruption, betrayed their country—her soldiers, regardless of their relation to the community, and urged *only* by the hopes of plunder and rapine, unfeelingly committed the most flagrant enormities; and, hired to the trade of death, with relentless fury they perpetrated the most cruel murders; by which the streets of imperial Rome were drenched with her *noblest* blood.

7. Thus *this empress* of the world lost her dominions abroad; and her inhabitants, dissolute in their manners, at length became contented *slaves*; and she stands to this day, the scorn and derision of nations, and a monument of this eternal truth, that *public-happiness depends on a virtuous and unshaken attachment to a free constitution*.

8. It was *this* attachment to a constitution founded on free and benevolent principles, which inspired the first settlers of this country: they saw with grief the daring outrages committed on the free constitution of their native land—they knew that nothing but a civil war could at that time restore its pristine purity.

9. So hard was it to resolve to embroil their hands in the blood of their brethren, that they chose rather to quit their fair possessions, and seek another habitation in a distant clime. When they came to this new world, which they fairly purchased of the Indian natives, the only rightful proprietors, they cultivated the then barren soil, by their incessant labor, and defended their dear bought possessions with the fortitude of the christian, and the bravery of the hero.

10. After various struggles, which, during the tyrannic reigns of the house of STUART, were constantly maintained between right and wrong, between liberty and slavery, the connection between Great-Britain and this colony, was settled in the reign of King William and Queen Mary, by a compact, the conditions of which were expressed in a charter; by which all the liberties and immunities of British subjects were secured to this province, as fully and as absolutely as they possibly could be by any human instrument which can be devised.

11. It is undeniably true, that the greatest and most important right of a British subject is, that *he shall be governed by*

no laws, but those to which he, either in person or by his representative, hath given his consent; and this I will venture to assert, is the grand basis of British freedom; it is interwoven with the constitution; and whenever this is lost, the constitution must be destroyed.

12. Let us now allow ourselves a few moments to examine the late acts of the British parliament for taxing America. Let us with candor judge whether they are constitutionally binding upon us; if they are, in the name of justice, let us submit to them without one murmuring word.

13. First, I would ask, whether the members of the British house of commons, are the democracy of this province? If they are, they are either the people of this province, or are elected by the people of this province, to represent them, and have therefore a constitutional right to originate a bill for taxing them; it is most certain they are neither; and therefore nothing done by them can be said to be done by the democratic branch of our constitution.

14. I would next ask, whether the lords, who compose the aristocratic branch of the legislature, are peers of America? I never heard it was (even in these extraordinary times) so much as pretended; and if they are not, certainly no act of theirs can be said to be the act of the aristocratic branch of our constitution.

15. The power of the monarchic branch we with pleasure acknowledge, resides in the king, who may act either in person, or by his representative; and I freely confess that I can see no reason why a PROCLAMATION for raising money in America, issued by the king's sole authority, would not be equally consistent with our constitution, and therefore equally binding upon us with the late acts of Parliament for taxing us. For it is plain, that if there is any validity in those acts, it must arise altogether from the monarchical branch of the legislature. And I further think, that it would be at least as equitable; for I do not conceive it to be of the least importance to us by whom our property is taken away, so long as it is taken away without consent.

16. I am very much at a loss to know by what figure of rhetoric, the inhabitants of this province can be called *free subjects*, when they are obliged to obey implicitly, such laws are made for them by men three thousand miles off, whom they know not, and whom they never have empowered to act for them; or how they can be said to have *property*, when a

body of men, over whom they have not the least control, and who are not in any way accountable to them, shall oblige them to deliver up any part, or the whole of their substance, without even asking their consent.

17. And yet, whoever pretends that the late acts of the British parliament for taxing America, ought to be deemed binding upon us, must admit at once that we are absolute *slaves*, and have no property of our own; or else that we may be *free men*, and at the same time under the necessity of obeying the *arbitrary commands of these* over whom we have no control or influence; and that we may *have property of our own*, which is entirely at the disposal of another.

18. Such gross absurdities, I believe, will not be relished in this enlightened age; and it can be no great matter of wonder, that the people quickly perceived, and seriously complained of the inroads which these acts must unavoidably make upon their *liberty*, and of the hazard to which their *whole property* is by them exposed; for if they may be taxed without their consent, even in the smallest trifle, they may also, without their consent, be deprived of every thing they possess, although ever so valuable, ever so dear.

19. Certainly it never entered the hearts of our ancestors, that after so many dangers in this then desolate wilderness, their hard earned property should be at the disposal of the British parliament. And as it was soon found that this taxation could not be supported by reason and argument, it seemed necessary that one act of oppression should be enforced by another; and therefore, contrary to our just rights, as possessing, or at least having a just title to possess, all the *liberties and immunities* of British subjects, a standing army was established among us in time of peace, and evidently for the purpose of affecting that which it was one principal design of the founders of the constitution to prevent (when they declared a standing army, in time of peace, to be *against law*) namely, for the enforcement of obedience to acts, which upon fair examination, appeared to be unjust and unconstitutional.

20. The ruinous consequences of standing armies to free communities, may be seen in the histories of *Syracuse, Rome*, and many other once flourishing states; some of which have now scarce a name! Their baneful influence is most suddenly felt, when they are placed in populous cities; for by a corruption of morals, the public happiness is immediately affected.

21. That this is one of the effects of quartering troops in

opulous city, is a truth, to which many a mourning parent, many a lost despairing child in this metropolis, must bear a very melancholy testimony. Soldiers are also taught to consider arms as the only arbiters by which every dispute is to be decided between contending states; they are instructed *implicitly* to obey their commanders, without enquiring into the justice of the cause they are engaged to support. Hence it is that they are ever to be dreaded as the ready engines of tyranny and oppression.

22. And it is too observable that they are prone to introduce the same mode of decision in the disputes of individuals, and from thence have arisen great animosities between *them* and the *inhabitants*, who, whilst in a naked, defenceless state, are frequently insulted and abused by an armed soldiery. And this will be more especially the case, when the troops are informed that the intention of their being stationed in any city is to *overawe the inhabitants*.

23. That this was the avowed design of stationing an armed force in this town, is sufficiently known; and *we*, my fellow-citizens, have seen, *we* have felt the tragical effects! *The FIFTH OF MARCH, 1770, can never be forgotten!* The horrors of *that dreadful night* are but too deeply impressed on our hearts. Language is too feeble to paint the emotions of our souls, when our streets were stained with the *blood of our brethren*—when our ears were wounded by the groans of the *ying*, and our eyes were tormented with the sight of the *tangled bodies of the dead*.

24. When our alarmed imagination presented to our view our houses wrapt in flames—our children subjected to the barbarous caprice of the raging soldiery—our beauteous virgins exposed to all the insolence of unbridled passion—our virtuous wives, endeared to us by every tender tie, falling a sacrifice to worse than brutal violence, and perhaps like the famed *Lucrece*, distracted with anguish and despair, ending their wretched lives by their own fair hands.

25. When we behold the authors of our distress parading in our streets, or drawn up in regular *battalia*, as though in a hostile city, our hearts beat to arms; we snatched our weapons, almost resolved, by one decisive stroke, to avenge the death of our *slaughtered brethren*, and to secure from future danger all that we held most dear; but propitious Heaven forbade the bloody carnage, and saved the threatened victims of our too keen resentment; not by their discipline, not by their regular

array—no, it was royal *George's* livery that proved their shield—it was that which turned the pointed engines of destruction from their breasts.

26. Thoughts of vengeance were soon buried in our inbred affection to Great-Britain, and calm reason dictated a method of removing the troops, more mild than an immediate recourse to the sword. With united efforts you urged the immediate departure of the troops from the town—you urged it with a resolution which insured success—you obtained your wishes, and the removal of the troops was effected, without one drop of *their blood* being shed by the inhabitants.

27. The immediate actors in the tragedy of *that night* were surrendered to justice. It is not mine to say how far they were guilty! They have been tried by the country and **ACQUITTED** of murder; and they are not again to be arraigned at an earthly bar; but surely the men who have promiscuously scattered *death* amidst the *innocent* inhabitants of a populous city, ought to see well to it, that they be prepared to stand before the bar of an omniscient Judge! and all who contrived or encouraged the stationing of troops in this place, have reasons of eternal importance, to reflect with deep contrition, on their base designs, and humbly to repent of their impious machinations.

28. The voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground—*My sons, scorn to be SLAVES!* In vain we met the frowns of tyrants—in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of *Liberty*—in vain we toiled—in vain we fought—we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders! Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors, but like them resolve never to part with your birthright—be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions for the preservation of your liberty.

29. Follow not the dictates of passion, but enlist yourselves under the sacred banner of reason; use every method in your power to secure your rights; at least prevent the curses of posterity from being heaped upon your memories.

30. If you with united zeal and fortitude, oppose the torrent of oppression—if you feel the true fire of patriotism burning in your breasts—if you from your souls despise the most gaudy dress that slavery can wear—if you really prefer the *neely cottage* (whilst blest with liberty) to gilded palaces surrounded with the ensigns of slavery, you may have the full

lest assurance that tyranny, with her whole accursed train, will hide her hideous head, in confusion, shame and despair.

31. If you perform your part, you must have the strongest confidence, that *the same Almighty Being*, who protected your pious and venerable forefathers, who enabled them to turn a barren wilderness into a fruitful field, who so often *made bare his arm* for their salvation, will still be mindful of you their offspring.

32. May this ALMIGHTY BEING graciously preside in all our counsels—may he direct us to such measures as he himself shall approve, and be pleased to bless. *May we ever be favored of God.* May our land be a land of liberty, the seat of virtue, the asylum of the oppressed, *a name and a praise in the whole earth*, until the last shock of time shall bury the empires of the world in undistinguished ruin!

ORATION, delivered at Boston, March 5, 1774, by the honorable JOHN HANCOCK, Esq. in commemoration of the evening of the 5th of March, 1770, when a number of the citizens were killed by a party of British troops, quartered among them in a time of peace.

Men, Brethren, Fathers and Fellow Countrymen!

1. **T**HE attentive gravity—the venerable appearance of this crowded audience—the dignity which I behold in the countenances of so many in this great assembly—the solemnity of the occasion upon which we have met together, joined to a consideration of the part I am to take in the important business of this day, fill me with an awe hitherto unknown; and heighten the sense which I have ever had, of my unworthiness to fill this sacred desk.

2. But, allured by the call of some of my respected fellow-citizens, with whose request it is always my greatest pleasure to comply, I almost forget my want of ability to perform what they required. In this situation I find my only support in assuring myself that a generous people will not severely censure what they know was wellintended, tho' its want of merit should prevent their being able to applaud it. And I pray, that my sincere attachment to the interest of my country, and my hearty detestation of every design formed against her liberties, may be admitted as some apology for my appearance in this place.

3. I have always, from my earliest youth, rejoiced in the

felicity of my fellow men ; and have ever considered it as the indispensable duty of every member of society to promote, as far as in him lies, the prosperity of every individual, but more especially of the community to which he belongs ; and also, as a faithful subject of the state, to use his utmost endeavors to detect, and having detected, strenuously to oppose every traitorous plot, which its enemies may devise for its destruction.

4. Security to the persons and properties of the governed, is so obviously the design and end of civil government, that to attempt a logical proof of it, would be like burning tapers at noon day, to assist the sun in enlightening the world. It cannot be either virtuous or honorable, to attempt to support a government, of which this is not the greatest and principal basis ; and it is to the last degree vicious and infamous to attempt to support a government, which manifestly tends to render the persons and properties of the governed insecure.

5. Some boast of being *friends to government* ; I am a friend to *righteous* government, to a government founded upon the principles of reason and justice ; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny. Is the present system which the British administration have adopted for the government of the colonies, a righteous government ?—Or is it tyranny ?—Here suffer me to ask (and would to Heaven there could be an answer) what tenderness, what regard, respect, or consideration has Great Britain shewn, in their late transactions, for the security of the persons or properties of the inhabitants of the colonies ? Or rather, what have they omitted doing to destroy that security ?

6. They have declared that they have ever had, and of right ought ever to have, full power to make laws of sufficient validity to bind the colonies in all cases whatever : they have exercised this pretended right, by imposing a tax upon us without our consent ; and lest we should shew some reluctance at parting with our property, her fleets and armies are sent to support their mad pretensions.

7. The town of Boston, ever faithful to the British crown, has been invested by a British fleet : the troops of George III. have crossed the wide Atlantic, not to engage an enemy, but to assist a band of *traitors*, in trampling on the rights and liberties of his most loyal subjects in America—those rights and liberties which, as a father, he ought ever to regard, and king, he is bound, in honor, to defend from violation, at the risk of his own life.

8. Let not the history of the illustrious house of Brunswick inform posterity, that a King, descended from that glorious monarch George the II. once sent his British subjects to conquer and enslave his subjects in America ; but be perpetual infamy entailed upon that villain who dared to advise his master to such execrable measures ; for it was easy to foresee the consequences which so naturally followed upon sending troops into America, to enforce obedience to acts of the British parliament, which neither God nor man ever empowered them to make.

9. It was reasonable to expect that troops, who knew the errand they were sent upon, would treat the people, whom they were to subjugate, with cruelty and haughtiness, which too often buries the honorable character of a *soldier*, in the disgraceful name of an *unfeeling ruffian*. The troops, upon their first arrival, took possession of our senate house, and pointed their cannon against the judgment hall, and even continued them there, whilst the supreme court of judicature for this province was actually sitting to decide upon the lives and fortunes of the king's subjects.

10. Our streets nightly resounded with the noise of riot and debauchery ; our peaceful citizens were hourly exposed to shameful insults, and often felt the effects of their violence and outrage. But this was not all ; as tho' they tho't it not enough to violate our civil rights, they endeavored to deprive us of the enjoyment of our religious privileges ; to viciate our morals, and thereby render us deserving of destruction. Hence the rude din of arms, which broke in upon your solemn devotions, in your temples, on that day hallowed by Heaven and set apart by God himself for his peculiar worship.

11. Hence, impious oaths and blasphemies so often tortured your unaccustomed ear. Hence, all the arts which idleness and luxury could invent, were used to betray our youth of one sex, into extravagance and effeminacy—and of the other, into infamy and ruin ; and did they not but succeed too well ? Did not a reverence for religion sensibly decay ? Did not our infants almost learn to lisp out curses before they knew their horrid import ? Did not our youth forget they were Americans, and, regardless of the admonitions of the wise and aged, servilely copy from their tyrants, vices which finally must overthrow the empire of Great Britain ? And must I be impelled to acknowledge, that even the noblest, fairest part of all the lower creation, did not entirely escape the cursed snare ? When virtue has once

erected her throne within the female breast, it is upon so solid a basis that nothing is able to expel the heavenly inhabitant.

12. But have there not been some, few indeed, I hope, whose youth and inexperience have rendered them a prey to wretches, whom upon the least reflection, they would have despised and hated, as foes to God and their country? I fear there have been some such unhappy instances; or why have I seen an honest father clothed with shame; or, why a virtuous mother drowned in tears!

13. But I forbear, and come reluctantly to the transactions of that dismal night, when in such quick succession we felt the extremes of grief, astonishment and rage; when Heaven in anger for a dreadful moment, suffered hell to take the reins; when Satan with his chosen band, opened the sluices of New England's blood, and sacriliciously polluted our land with the dead bodies of her guiltless sons.

14. Let this sad tale of death never be told without a tear: Let not the heaving bosom cease to burn with a manly indignation at the barbarous story, thro' the long tracks of future time: Let every parent tell the shameful story to his listening children till tears of pity glisten in their eyes, and boiling passion shake their tender frames; and whilst the anniversary of that ill fated night is kept a jubilee in the grim court of pandemonium, let all America join in one common prayer to Heaven, that the inhuman, unprovoked murders of the fifth of March, 1770, planned by Hillsborough, and a knot of treacherous knaves in Boston, and executed by the cruel hand of Preston and his sanguinary coadjutors, may ever stand on history without a parallel.

15. But what, my countrymen, withheld the ready arm of vengeance from executing instant justice on the vile assassins? Perhaps you feared promiscuous carnage might ensue, and that the innocent might share the fate of those who had performed the infernal deed. But were not all guilty? Were you not too tender of the lives of those who came to fix a yoke on your neck? But I must not too severely blame a fault, which great souls only can commit.

16. May that magnificence of spirit which scorns the low pursuits of malice; may that generous compassion which often preserves from ruin, even a guilty villain, forever actuate the noble bosoms of Americans! But let not the miscreant just vainly imagine that we feared their arms. No, them we

despised; we dread nothing but slavery." Death is the creature of a poltroon's brain; 'tis immortality to sacrifice ourselves for the salvation of our country. We fear not death.

17. That gloomy night, the pale faced moon, and the affrighted stars that hurried thro' the sky, can witness that we fear not death. Our hearts, which at the recollection glow with a rage that four revolving years have scarcely taught us to restrain, can witness that we fear not death; and happy it is for those who dared to insult, that their naked bones are not now piled up an everlasting monument of Massachusetts' bravery. But they retired, they fled, and in that flight they found their only safety.

18. We then expected that the hand of public justice would soon inflict that punishment upon the murderers, which by the laws of God and man, they had merited. But let the unbiassed pen of a Robertson, or perhaps of some equally famed American, conduct this trial before the great tribunal of succeeding generations; and tho' the murderers may escape the just resentment of an enraged people; tho' drowsy justice, intoxicated by the poisonous draught prepared for her cup, still nods upon her rotten seat, yet, be assured, such complicated crimes will meet their just reward.

19. Tell me, ye bloody butchers! ye villains high and low! ye wretches who contrived, as well as you who executed the inhuman deed! do you not feel the goads and stings of conscious guilt, pierce thro' your savage bosoms? Tho' some of you may think yourselves exalted to a height that bids defiance to the arm of human justice, and others shroud yourselves beneath the mask of hypocrisy, and build your hopes of safety on the low arts of cunning, chicanery and falshood; yet do you not sometimes feel the gnawings of that worm which never dies? Do not the injured shades of Matherick, Gray, Caldwell, Attucks, and Car,* attend you in your solitary walks, arrest you even in the midst of your debaucheries and fill even your dreams with terror?

20. But if the unappeased manes of the dead should not disturb their murderers; yet surely your obdurate hearts must shrink, and your guilty blood must chill within your rigid veins, when you behold the miserable Monk, the wretched victim of your savage cruelty. Observe his tottering knees

* Persons slain on the fifth of March, 1770.

which scarce sustain his wasted body ; look on his haggard eyes ; mark well the deathlike paleness of his fallen cheek, and tell me, does not the sight plant daggers in your souls ?

21. Unhappy Monk ! cut off in the gay morn of manhood from all the joys which sweeten life, doomed to drag on a pitiful existence, without even a hope to taste the pleasures of returning health ! yet Monk thou livest not in vain ; thou livest a warning to thy country, which sympathizes with thee in thy sufferings ; thou livest an affecting, an alarming instance of the unbounded violence which lost of power, assisted by a standing army, can lead a traitor to commit.

22. For us he bled, and now languishes. The wounds by which he is tortured to a lingering death, were aimed at our country ! Surely meek eyed charity can never behold such sufferings with indifference. Nor can her lenient hand forbear to pour oil and wine into these wounds ; and to assuage at least what it cannot heal.

23. Patriotism is ever united with humanity and compassion. This noble affection, which impels us to sacrifice every thing dear, even life itself, to our country, involves in it a common sympathy and tenderness for every citizen, and must ever have a *particular feeling* for one who suffers in a public cause. Thoroughly persuaded of this, I need not add a word to engage your compassion and bounty toward a fellow citizen, who with long protracted anguish, falls a victim to the relentless rage of our common enemy.

24. Ye dark designing knaves, ye murderers, patriicides ! how dare you tread upon the earth, which has drank in the blood of slaughtered innocence shed by your wicked hands ! How dare you breathe that air which wafted to the ear of Heaven, the groans of those who fell a sacrifice to your cursed ambition. But if the laboring earth doth not expand his jaws ; if the air you breathe is not commissioned to be the minister of death ; yet hear and tremble !

25. The eye of Heaven penetrates the darkest chambers of the soul ; traces the leading clue thro' all the labyrinth which your industrious follies had devised ! and you, however you might have screened yourselves from human eyes, must be arraigned, must lift your hands red with the blood of those whose death you have procured, at the tremendous bar of

An ORATION, delivered at the North Church in HARTFORD, at the meeting of the Connecticut Society of the Cincinnati, July 4, 1787, in commemoration of the Independence of the United States, By JOEL BARLOW, Esq. Published by desire of said Society.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Society, and Fellow-Citizens.

1. **O**N the anniversary of so great an event as the birth of the empire in which we live, none will question the propriety of passing a few moments in contemplating the various objects suggested to the mind by the important occasion.

2. But at the present period, while the blessings claimed by the sword of victory, and promised in the voice of peace, remain to be confirmed by our future exertions; while the nourishment, the growth, and even the existence of our empire, depend upon the united efforts of an extensive and divided people; the duties of this day ascend from amusement and congratulation, to a serious patriotic employment.

3. We are assembled, my friends, not to boast, but to realize; not to inflate our national vanity by a pompous relation of past achievements in the council or in the field; but from a modest retrospect of the truly dignified part already acted by our countrymen, from an accurate view of our present situation, and from an anticipation of the scenes that remain to be unfolded; to discern and familiarize the duties that still await us as citizens, as soldiers, and as men.

4. Revolutions in other countries have been effected by accident. The faculties of human reason, and the rights of human nature, have been the sport of chance and the prey of ambition. And when indignation has burst the bands of slavery, to the destruction of one tyrant, it was only to impose the manacles of another.

5. This arose from the imperfection of that early stage of society, which necessarily occasioned the foundation of empires, on the eastern continent, to be laid in ignorance, and which induced a total inability of foreseeing the improvements of civilization, or of adapting the government to a state of social refinement.

6. I shall but repeat a common observation, when I remark, that on the western continent the scene was entirely different, and a new task, totally unknown to the legislators of other nations, was imposed upon the fathers of the American empire.

7. Here was a people, thinly scattered over an extensive territory, lords of the soil on which they trod, commanding a prodigious length of coast, and an equal breadth of frontier

a people habituated to liberty, professing a mild and benevolent religion, and highly advanced in science and civilization. To conduct such a people in a revolution, the address must be made to reason as well as to the passions. And to reason, the clear understanding of these variously affected colonies, the solemn address was made.

8. A people thus enlightened and capable of discerning the connection of causes with their remotest effects; waited on the experience of oppression in their own persons; which they well knew would render them less able to conduct a regular opposition.

9. But in the moment of their greatest prosperity, when every heart expanded with the increasing opulence of the British American dominions, and every tongue united in the praises of the parent state and her patriotic king, when many circumstances concurred which would have rendered an ignorant people secure and inattentive to their future interests; at this moment the eyes of the American Argus were opened to the first and most plausible invasion of the colonial rights.

10. In vain were we told, and perhaps with the greatest truth and sincerity, that the monies levied in America were all to be expended within the country, and for our benefit:—Equally idle was the policy of Great Britain in commencing her new system by a small and almost imperceptible duty, and that upon a very few articles.

11. It was not the quantity of the tax, it was not the mode of appropriation, but it was the right of the demand, which was called in question. Upon this the people deliberated; this they discussed in a cool and dispassionate manner; and this they opposed in every shape that an artful and systematic ministry could devise, for more than ten years, before they assumed the sword.

12. This single circumstance, aside from the magnitude of the object, or the event of the contest, will stamp a peculiar glory on the American revolution, and mark it as a distinguished era in the history of mankind: that sober reason and reflection have done the work of enthusiasm, and performed the miracles of gods.

13. In what other age or nation, has a laborious and agricultural people, at ease upon their own farms, secure and distant from the approach of fleets and armies, tide waiters and stamp masters, reasoned before they had felt, and from the ties of duty and conscience, encountered dangers, distress

and poverty, for the sake of securing to posterity, a government of independence and peace ?

14. The toils of ages, and the fate of millions, were to be sustained by a few hands. The voice of unborn nations called upon them for safety ; but it was a still, small voice, the voice of rational reflection. Here was no Cromwell to enflame the people with bigotry and zeal, no Cæsar to reward his followers with the spoils of vanquished foes, and no territory to be acquired by conquest.

15. Ambition, superstition and avarice, these universal torches of war, never illumined an American field of battle. But the permanent principles of sober policy spread through the colonies, roused the people to assert their rights, and conducted the revolution.

16. Whatever praise is due for the task already performed it is certain that much remains to be done. The revolution is but half completed. Independence and government were the two objects contended for : and but one is yet obtained. To the glory of the present age, and the admiration of the future, our severance from the British empire was conducted upon principles as noble as they were new and unprecedented in the history of human actions.

17. Could the same generous principles, the same wisdom and unanimity be exerted in effecting the establishment of a permanent federal system, what an additional lustre would it pour upon the present age ! a lustre hitherto unequalled ; a display of magnanimity for which mankind may never behold another opportunity.

18. The present is justly considered an alarming crisis ; perhaps the most alarming that America ever saw. We have contended with the most powerful nation, and subdued the bravest and best appointed armies ; but now we have to contend with ourselves and encounter passions and prejudices more powerful than armies, and more dangerous to our peace. It is not for glory, it is for existence, that we contend.

19. The first great object is to convince the people of the importance of their present situation ; for the majority of a great people, on a subject which they understand, will never act wrong. If ever there was a time in any age or nation, when the fate of millions depended on the voice of one, it is the present period in these states. Every free citizen of the American empire ought now to consider himself as the legislator of half mankind.

20. When he views the amazing extent of territory, settled and to be settled under the operation of his laws ; when, like a wise politician, he contemplates the population of future ages ; the changes to be wrought by the possible progress of arts, in agriculture, commerce and manufactures ; the increasing connexion and intercourse of nations, and the effect of one rational political system upon the general happiness of mankind, his mind, dilated with the great idea, will realize a liberality of feelings which leads to a rectitude of conduct.

21. He will see that the system to be established by his suffrage is calculated for the great benevolent purposes of extending peace, happiness, and progressive improvement to a large proportion of his fellow creatures. As there is a probability that the system to be proposed by the convention may answer this description, there is every reason to hope it will be viewed by the people with that candor and dispassionate respect which is due to the importance of the subject.

22. While the anxiety of the feeling heart is breathing the perpetual sigh for the attainment of so great an object, it becomes the strongest duty of the social connexion, to enlighten and harmonize the minds of our fellow citizens, and point them to a knowledge of their interests, as an extensive federal people, and fathers of increasing nations.

23. The price put into their hands is great beyond all comparison ; and as they improve it, they will entail happiness or misery upon a larger proportion of human beings than could be effected by the conduct of all the nations of Europe united.

24. Those who are possessed of abilities or information in any degree above the common rank of their fellow citizens, are called upon by every principle of humanity, to diffuse a spirit of candor, and rational inquiry, upon these important subjects.

25. The present is an age of philosophy, and America the empire of reason. Here, neither the pageantry of courts, nor the glooms of superstition, have dazzled or beclouded the mind. Our duty calls us to act worthy of the age and the country that gave us birth. Though inexperience may have betrayed us into errors ; yet these have not been fatal ; and our own discernment will point us to their proper remedy.

26. However defective the present confederated system may appear, yet a due consideration of the circumstances under which it was framed, will teach us rather to admire its wisdom,

than to murmur at its faults. The same political abilities which were displayed in that institution, united with the experience we have had of its operation, will doubtless produce a system, which will stand the test of ages in forming a powerful and happy people.

27. Elevated with this extensive prospect, we may consider present inconveniences as unworthy of regret. At the close of the war, an uncommon plenty of circulating specie, and an universal passion for trade, tempted many individuals to involve themselves in ruin, and injure the credit of their country. But these are evils which work their own remedy.

8. The paroxysm is already over. Industry is increasing faster than ever it declined; and (with some exceptions, where legislative authority has sanctioned fraud) the people are honestly discharging their private debts, and increasing the resources of their wealth.

29. Every possible encouragement for great and generous exertions, is now presented before us. Under the idea of a permanent and happy government, every point of view in which the future situation of America can be placed, fills the mind with a peculiar dignity, and opens an unbounded field of thought.

30. The natural resources of the country are inconceivably various and great. The enterprising genius of the people promises a most rapid improvement in all the arts that embellish human nature. The blessings of a rational government will invite emigrations from the rest of the world, and fill the empire with the worthiest and happiest of mankind; while the example of political wisdom and felicity, here to be displayed, will excite emulation through the kingdoms of the earth, and meliorate the condition of the human race.

A DECLARATION by the REPRESENTATIVES of the United Colonies of North-America, setting forth the causes and necessity of their taking up arms, July 6, 1775.

1. **I**F it were possible for men, who exercise their reason, to believe, that the divine author of our existence intended a part of the human race to hold an absolute property, and an unbounded power over others, marked out by his infinite goodness and wisdom, as the objects of a legal domination, never rightly resistable, however severe and oppressive, the inhabitants of these colonies might at least require from the par-

liament of *Great Britain* some evidence, that this dreadful authority over them has been granted to that body.

2. But a reverence for our great Creator, principles of humanity, and the dictates of common sense must convince all those who reflect upon the subject, that government was instituted to promote the welfare of mankind, and ought to be administered for the attainment of that end.

3. The legislature of *Great Britain*, however, stimulated by an inordinate passion for a power, not only unjustifiable, but which they know to be peculiarly reprobated by the very constitution of that kingdom, and desperate of success in any mode of contest, where regard should be had to truth, law or right, have at length, deserting those, attempted to effect their cruel and impolitic purpose of enslaving these colonies by violence, and have thereby rendered it necessary for us to close with their last appeal from reason to arms.

4. Yet, however blinded that assembly may be, by their intemperate rage for unlimited domination, so to slight justice and the opinion of mankind, we esteem ourselves bound by obligations of respect to the rest of the world, to make known the justice of our cause.

5. Our forefathers, inhabitants of the island of *Great Britain*, left their native land, to seek on these shores, a residence for civil and religious freedom. At the expence of their blood, at the hazard of their fortunes, without the least charge to the country from which they removed, with unceasing labor and an unconquerable spirit they effected settlements in the distant and inhospitable wilds of *America*, then filled with numerous and warlike nations of barbarians.

6. Societies or governments, vested with perfect legislatures, were formed under charters from the crown, and an harmonious intercourse was established between the colonies and the kingdom from which they derived their origin. The mutual benefits of this union became in a short time so extraordinary as to excite astonishment. It is universally confessed that the amazing increase of the wealth, strength and navigation of the realm, arose from this source; and the minister who so wisely and successfully directed the measures of *Great Britain*, in the late war, publicly declared, that these colonies enabled her to triumph over her enemies.

7. Towards the conclusion of that war, it pleased our sovereign to make a change in his counsels. From that fatal moment, the affairs of the *British* empire began to fall into confu-

sion, and gradually sliding from the summit of glorious prosperity, to which they had been advanced by the virtues and abilities of one man, are at length distracted by the convulsions, that now shake it to its deepest foundations.—The new ministry finding the brave foes of *Britain*, though frequently defeated, yet still contending, took up the unfortunate idea of granting them a hasty peace, and of then subduing her faithful friends.

8. These devoted colonies were judged to be in such a state as to present victories without bloodshed, and all the easy emoluments of statuteable plunder. The uninterrupted tenor of their peaceable and respectful behavior from the beginning of colonization; their dutiful, zealous, and useful services during the war, though so recently and amply acknowledged in the most honorable manner, by his majesty, by the late king, and by parliament, could not save them from the meditated innovations.

9. Parliament was influenced to adopt the pernicious project, and assuming a new power over them, have in the course of eleven years given such decisive specimens of the spirit and consequences attending this power, as to leave no doubt concerning the effects of acquiescence under it.

10. They have undertaken to give and grant our money without our consent, though we have ever exercised an exclusive right to dispose of our own property. Statutes have been passed for extending the jurisdiction of courts of admiralty and vice-admiralty beyond their ancient limits; for depriving us of the accustomed and inestimable privilege of trial by jury, in cases affecting both life and property; for suspending the legislature of one of the colonies; for interdicting all commerce to the capital of another; and for altering fundamentally, the form of government established by charter, and secured by acts of its own legislature, solemnly confirmed by the crown.

11. For exempting the "murderers" of colonists from legal trial, and in effect from punishment; for erecting in a neighboring province, acquired by the joint arms of *Great Britain* and *America*, a despotism dangerous to our very existence; and for quartering soldiers upon the colonists in time of profound peace. It has also been resolved in parliament, that colonists, charged with committing certain offences, shall be transported to *England* to be tried.

12. But why should we enumerate our injuries in detail?

By one statute it is declared, that parliament can "of right make laws to bind us in all cases whatsoever." What is to defend us against so enormous, so unlimited a power? Not a single man of those who assume it is chosen by us, or is subject to our control or influence.

13. But on the contrary, they are all of them exempt from the operation of such laws, and an *American* revenue, if not diverted from the ostensible purposes for which it is raised, would actually lighten their own burden in proportion as they increase ours. We saw the misery to which such despotism would reduce us. We for ten years incessantly and ineffectually beseeched the throne as supplicants; we reasoned, we remonstrated with parliament in the most mild and decent language.

14. Administration, sensible that we should regard these oppressive measures as freemen ought to do, sent over fleets and armies to enforce them. The indignation of the *Americans* was roused, it is true; but it was the indignation of a virtuous, loyal and affectionate people. A Congress of delegates from the United Colonies was assembled at *Philadelphia*, on the fifth day of last September.

15. We resolved again to offer a humble and dutiful petition to the king, and also addressed our fellow subjects of *Great Britain*. We have pursued every temperate, every respectful measure; we have even proceeded to break off our commercial intercourse with our fellow subjects, as the last peaceable admonition, that our attachment to no nation upon earth shall supplant our attachment to liberty.

16. This we flattered ourselves, was the ultimate step of the controversy; but subsequent events have shewn, how vain was this hope of finding moderation in our enemies.

17. Several threatening expressions against the colonies were inserted in his majesty's speech. Our petition, tho' we were told it was a decent one, and that his majesty had been pleased to receive it graciously, and to promise laying it before his parliament, was huddled into both houses among a bundle of *American* papers, and there neglected.

18. The Lords and Commons in their address in the month of February, said that a rebellion at that time actually existed within the province of *Massachusetts Bay*; and that those concerned in it had been countenanced and encouraged by unlawful combinations and engagements, entered into by his majesty's subjects in several of the other colonies; and therefore they besought his majesty that he would take the most

effectual measures to enforce due obedience to the laws and authority of the supreme legislature.

19. Soon after the commercial intercourse of whole colonies, with foreign countries, and with each other, was cut off by an act of parliament. By another, several of them were entirely prohibited from the fisheries in the seas near their coast, on which they always depended for their subsistence; and large reinforcements of ships and troops were immediately sent over to general Gage.

20. Fruitless were all the entreaties, arguments, and eloquence of an illustrious band of the most distinguished peers and commoners, who nobly and strenuously asserted the justice of our cause, to stay or even to mitigate, the headless fury with which these accumulated and unexampled outrages were hurried on.

21. Equally fruitless was the interference of the city of London, of Bristol, and many other respectable towns in our favor. Parliament adopted an insidious manœuvre calculated to divide us, to establish a perpetual auction of taxations, where colony should bid against colony, all of them uninformed what ransom would redeem their lives; and thus to extort from us, at the point of the bayonet, the unknown sums that would be sufficient to gratify, *if possible to gratify*, ministerial rapacity, with the miserable indulgence left to us of raising, in our own mode, the prescribed tribute.

22. What terms more rigid and humiliating could have been dictated by remorseless victors to conquered enemies? In our circumstances, to *accept* them would be to *deserve* them.

23. Soon after the intelligence of these proceedings arrived on this continent, general Gage, who, in the course of the last year had taken possession of the town of Boston, in the province of *Massachusetts Bay*, and still occupied it as a garrison, on the 19th day of *April*, sent out from that place a large detachment of his army, who made an unprovoked assault on the inhabitants of the said province, at the town of *Lexington*; as appears by the affidavits of a great number of persons (some of whom were officers and soldiers of that detachment) murdered eight of the inhabitants, and wounded many others.

24. From thence the troops proceeded in warlike array to the town of Concord, where they set upon another party of the inhabitants of the same province, killing several and wounding more, until compelled to retreat by the country people, suddenly assembled to repel this cruel aggression.

25. Hostilities thus commenced by the British troops, have been since prosecuted by them without regard to faith or reputation. The inhabitants of Boston, being confined in that town by the general their governor, and having, in order to procure their dismissal, entered into a treaty with him, it was stipulated that the said inhabitants having deposited their arms with their own magistrates, should have liberty to depart, taking with them their other effects.

26. They accordingly delivered up their arms ; but in open violation of honor, in defiance of the obligation of treaties, which even savage nations esteem sacred, the governor ordered the arms deposited as aforesaid that they might be preserved for their owners, to be seized by a body of soldiers ; detained the greatest part of the inhabitants in the town, and compelled the few who were permitted to retire, to leave their most valuable effects behind.

27. By this perfidy, wives are separated from their husbands, children from their parents, the aged and sick from their relations and friends, who wish to attend and comfort them :— and those who have been used to live in plenty, and even elegance, are reduced to deplorable distress.

28. The general, further emulating his ministerial masters by a proclamation bearing date on the 12th day of June, after venting the grossest falsehoods and calumnies against the good people of these colonies, proceeds to “declare them all, either by name or description, to be rebels and traitors ; to supersede the course of common law, and instead thereof to publish and order the use and exercise of the law martial.”

29. His troops have butchered our country men, have wantonly burnt Charlestown, besides a considerable number of houses in other places ; our ships and vessels are seized ; the necessary supplies of provisions are intercepted, and he is exercising his utmost power to spread destruction and devastation around him.

30. We have received certain intelligence, that gen. Carlton, the governor of Canada, is instigating the people of that province, and the Indians, to fall upon us ; and we have but too much reason to apprehend, that schemes have been formed to excite domestic enemies against us. In brief, a part of these colonies now feel, and all of them are sure of feeling, as far as the vengeance of administration can inflict them, the complicated calamities of fire, sword and famine.

We are reduced to the alternative of choosing an un-

conditional submission to the tyranny of irritated ministers, or resistance by force. The latter is our choice. We have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery. Honor, justice, and humanity forbid us tamely to surrender that freedom, which we received from our gallant ancestors, and which our innocent posterity have a right to receive from us. We cannot endure the infamy and guilt of resigning succeeding generations to that wretchedness which inevitably awaits them, if we basely entail hereditary bondage upon them.

32. Our cause is just. Our union is perfect. Our internal resources are great; and if necessary, foreign assistance is undoubtedly attainable. We gratefully acknowledge, as signal instances of the Divine favor towards us, that Providence would not permit us to be called into the severe controversy, until we were grown up to our present strength, and had been previously exercised in warlike operations, and possessed of the means of defending ourselves.

33. With hearts fortified with these animating reflections, we most solemnly, before God and the world, *declare*, that exerting the utmost energy of those powers, which our beneficent Creator has graciously bestowed upon us, the arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume, we will, in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties; being with one mind, resolved to *die freemen* rather than to *live slaves*.

34. Lest this declaration should disquiet the minds of our friends and fellow subjects in any part of the empire, we assure them that we mean not to dissolve that union which has so long and so happily subsisted between us, and which we sincerely wish to see restored. Necessity has not yet driven us into that desperate measure, or induced us to excite any other nation to war against them.

35. We have not raised armies with ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain, and establishing independent states. We fight not for glory or for conquest. We exhibit to mankind the remarkable spectacle of a people attacked by unprovoked enemies, without an imputation or even suspicion of offence. They boast of their privileges and civilization, and yet proffer no milder conditions than servitude or death.

36. In our own native land, in defence of the freedom that is our birth right, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it; for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms.— We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before.

37. With an humble confidence in the mercies of the supreme and impartial Judge and Ruler of the universe, we most devoutly implore his divine goodness to protect us happily through this great conflict, to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable terms, and thereby to relieve the empire from the calamities of civil war.

—*— ELOQUENCE. —*—

Extract from Mr. AMES' Speech in Congress on the subject of executing the Treaty between the U. States and G. Britain.

1. **T**HE consequences of refusing to make provision for the treaty are not all to be foreseen. By rejecting, vast interests are committed to the sport of the winds. Chance becomes the arbiter of events, and it is forbidden to human foresight, to count their number, or measure their extent. Before we resolve to leap into this abyss, so dark and so profound, it becomes us to pause and reflect upon such of the dangers as are obvious and inevitable. If this assembly should be wrought into a temper to defy the consequences, it is vain, it is deceptive to pretend that we can escape them. It is worse than weakness to say, that as to public faith our vote has already settled the question. Another tribunal than our own is already erected. The public opinion, not merely of our own country, but of the enlightened world, will pronounce a judgment that we cannot resist, that we dare not even affect to despise.

2. Well may I urge it to men who know the worth of character, that it is no trivial calamity to have it contested. Refusing to do what the treaty stipulates shall be done; opens the controversy. Even if we should stand justified at last, a character that is vindicated is something worse than it stood before, unquestioned and unquestionable. Like the plaintiff in an action of slander, we recover a reputation disfigured by imitative, and even tarnished by too much handling. In the

consequences. From great causes we are to look for great effects. A plain and obvious one will be, the price of the western lands will fall. Settlers will not choose to fix their habitation on a field of battle. Those who talk so much of the interest of the United States should calculate how deeply it will be affected by rejecting the treaty—how vast a tract of wild land will almost cease to be property. This loss, let it be observed, will fall upon a fund expressly devoted to sink the national debt. What then are we called upon to do? However the form of the vote and the protestation of many may disguise the proceeding, our resolution is in substance, and it deserves to wear the title of a resolution to prevent the sale of the western lands, and the discharge of the public debt.

10. Will the tendency to Indian hostility be contested by any one? Experience gives the answer. The frontiers were scourged with war till the negotiation with Great-Britain was far advanced, and then the state of hostility ceased. Perhaps the public agents of both nations were innocent of fomenting the Indian war, and perhaps they were not. We ought not, however, to expect, that neighboring nations, highly irritated against each other, will neglect the friendship of the savages, the traders will gain an influence, and will abuse it—and who is ignorant that their passions are easily raised, and hardly restrained from violence? Their situation will oblige them to choose between this country and Great-Britain, in case the treaty should be rejected.—They will not be our friends, and at the same time the friends of our enemies.

11. If any, against all these proofs, should maintain that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the conviction of the western gentlemen whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take upon them to say, that an Indian peace under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

12. On this theme my emotions are unutterable: if I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security. Your

cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed: the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again. In the day time, your path through the woods will be ambushed. The darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten on your corn-field—You are a mother—the war whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

13. On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language compared with which all I have said or can say, will be poor and frigid.

14. Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say that I exaggerated the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears or blood of their subjects? Are republicans unresponsive? Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish petty topics of harrangue from the windows of that state-house? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask, can you put the dearest interest of society at risk without guilt, and without remorse?

15. By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable—and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

16. There is no mistake in this case, there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of their wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great

effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west wind—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

17. Look again at the state of things—On the sea coast, vast losses uncompensated—On the frontier, Indian war, actual encroachment on our territory. Every where discontent—resentments tenfold more fierce because they will be impotent and humbled. National discord and abasement.

18. The disputes of the old treaty of 1783, being left to fester, will revive the almost extinguished animosities of that period. Wars in all countries and most of all in such as are free, arise from the impetuosity of the public feelings. The despotism of Turkey is often obliged by clamor to unsheath the sword. War might perhaps be delayed, but could not be prevented. The causes of it would remain, would be aggravated, would be multiplied, and soon become intolerable. More captures, more impressments would swell the list of our wrongs, and the current of our rage. I make no calculation of the arts of those whose employment it had been on former occasions, to fan the fire. I say nothing of the foreign money and emissaries that might foment the spirit of hostility, because the state of things will naturally run to violence. With less than their former exertion, they would be successful.

19. Will our government be able to temper and restrain the turbulence of such a crisis? The government, alas, will be in no capacity to govern. A divided people; and divided councils! Shall we cherish the spirit of peace or shew the energies of war? Shall we make our adversary afraid of our strength, or dispose him, by the measures of resentment and broken faith, to respect our rights? Do gentlemen rely on the state of peace because both nations will be worse disposed to keep it? Because injuries and insults still harder to endure, will be mutually offered?

20. Such a state of things will exist, if we should long avoid war, as will be worse than war. Peace without security, accumulation of injury without redress, or the hope of it, resentment against the aggressor, contempt for ourselves, intestine discord and anarchy. Worse than this need not be apprehended, for if worse could happen, anarchy would bring it. Is this the peace gentlemen undertake with such fearless con-

fidence, to maintain? Is this the station of American dignity, which the high spirited champions of our *national independence* and *honor* could endure—nay, which they are anxious and almost violent to seize for the country? What is there in the treaty that could humble us so low? Are they the men to swallow their resentments, who so lately were choking with them? If in the case contemplated by them it should be peace, I do not hesitate to declare it ought not to be peace.

21. Is there any thing in the prospect of the interior state of the country, to encourage us to aggravate the dangers of a war? Would not the shock of that evil produce another, and shake down the feeble and then unbraced structure of our government? Is this the chimera? Is it going off the ground of matter of fact to say, the rejection of the appropriation proceeds upon the doctrine of a civil war of the departments? Two branches have ratified a treaty, and we are going to set it aside. How is this disorder in the machine to be rectified? While it exists, its movements must stop, and when we talk of a remedy, is that any other than the formidable one of a revolutionary interposition of the people? And is this, in the judgment even of my opposers, *to execute, to preserve* the constitution, and the public order? Is this the state of hazard, if not of convulsion, which they can have the courage to contemplate and to brave, or beyond which their penetration can reach and see the issue? They seem to believe, and they act as if they believed that our union, or peace, our liberty are invulnerable and immortal—as if our happy state was not to be disturbed by our dissention, and that we are not capable of falling from it by our unworthiness. Some of them have no doubt better nerves and better discernment than mine. They can see the bright aspects and happy consequences of all this array of horrors.—They can see intestine discords, our government disorganized, our wrongs aggravated, multiplied and unredressed, peace with dishonor, or war without justice, union or resources in *“the calm lights of mild philosophy.”*

22. Let me cheer the mind, weary, no doubt, and ready to despond on this prospect, by presenting another which it is yet in our power to realize. Is it possible for a real American to look at the prosperity of this country without some desire for its continuance without some respect for the measures which any will say produced, and all will confess have preserved it? Will he not feel some dread that a change of system will reverse scene? The well grounded fears of our citizens in 1794

were removed by the treaty, but are not forgotten. Then they deemed war nearly inevitable, and would not this adjustment have been considered at that day as a happy escape from the calamity? The great interest and the general desire of our people was to enjoy the advantages of neutrality. This instrument, however misrepresented, affords America that inestimable security. The causes of our disputes are either cut up by the roots, or referred to a new negotiation, after the end of the European war. This was gaining every thing, because it confirmed our neutrality, by which our citizens are gaining every thing. This alone would justify the engagements of the government. For when the fiery vapors of the war lowered in the skirts of our horizon, all our wishes were concentrated in this one, that we might escape the desolation of the storm. This treaty, like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the space where it was raging, and afforded at the same time the sure prognostic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colors will grow pale, it will be a baleful meteor, portending tempest and war.

23. Let us not hesitate then to agree to the appropriation to carry it into a faithful execution. Thus we shall save the faith of our nation, secure its peace, and diffuse the spirit of confidence and enterprise that will augment its prosperity. The progress of wealth and improvement is wonderful, and some will think too rapid. The field for exertion is fruitful and vast, and if peace and good government should be preserved, the acquisitions of our citizens are not so pleasing as the proof of their industry, as the instruments of their future success. The rewards of exertion go to augment its power. Profit is every hour becoming capital. The vast crop of our neutrality is all seed-wheat, and is sown again to swell, almost beyond calculation, the future harvest of prosperity. And in this progress what seems to be fiction is found to fall short of experience.

24. I rose to speak under impressions that I would have resisted if I could. Those who see me will believe that the reduced state of my health has unfitted me, almost equally, for much exertion of body or mind. Unprepared for debate by careful reflection in my retirement, or by long attention here, I thought the resolution I had taken to sit silent was imposed by necessity and would cost me no effort to maintain. With a mind thus vacant of ideas, and sinking, as I really am, under a

sense of weakness, I imagined the very desire of speaking was extinguished by the persuasion that I had nothing to say. Yet when I come to the moment of deciding the vote, I start back with dread from the edge of the pit into which we are plunging. In my view, even the minutes we have spent in expostulation have their value, because they protract the crisis, and the short period in which alone we may resolve to escape it.

25. I have thus been led by my feelings to speak more at length than I had intended. Yet I have perhaps as little personal interest in the event as any one here. There is, I believe, no member who will not think his chance to be a witness of the consequences greater than mine. If, however, the vote should pass to reject, and a spirit should rise, as it will, with the public disorders to make confusion worse confounded, even I, slender and almost broken as my hold upon life is, may outlive the government and constitution of my country.

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FROM CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRES.

1. **T**HE time is come, fathers, when that which has long been wished for towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance but superior direction) effectually put in our power.

2. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe however clearly convicted.

3. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion I hope of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who according to his own reckoning and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted—I mean Caius Verres.

4. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favor, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal, nor prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what his quaestorship, the first public employment he held, what

does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cneus Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated.

6. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries, in which houses, cities and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and the public works, neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and furnishes a lasting monument to his infamy.

7. The mischiefs done by him in that country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them.

8. For it is notorious, that during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men.

9. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily these three years; and his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impositions extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies.

10. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished unheard.

11. The harbors, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers; the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish; the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of their images.

12. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency

forbids me to describe ; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity.

13. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the goals ; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome," which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them, but on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

14. I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge ? Will you pretend to deny it ? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated is alledged against you ? Had any prince, or any state committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them ?

15. What punishment then ought to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Cavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of his citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison, at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape.

16. The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought ; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy.

17. It was in vain the unhappy man cried out—"I am a Roman citizen—I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with

scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!"

18. With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy: but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

19. **Q** liberty!—O sound, once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled upon! But what then? Is it come to this?

20. Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his own power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen?

21. Shall neither the cries of innocence, expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

22. I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.



SPEECH of CANULES, a Roman tribune, to the Consuls; in which he demands that the Plebians may be admitted into the Consulship; and that the law, prohibiting Patricians and Plebians from intermarrying, may be repealed.

1. **W**HAT an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city.

2. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers? and when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Do we claim more

than their original inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe was falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

3. What! must this empire, then, be unavoidably overturned? Must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a Plebeian, worthy of that office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light.

4. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome.

5. The elder Tarquin, by birth not even Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman, (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue.

6. In those days, no man, in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper the less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of our kings? And supposing now, that a Plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us?

7. But, "we find, that upon the abolition of the legal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate." And what of that? Before Numa's time, there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days, there was no census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, aediles, quaestors.

8. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law, forbidding marriages of Patricians and Plebeians, is not that a new thing? Was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? And a most shameful one it is, in a free state.

9. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! Why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No Plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a Patrician. Those exploits for our prime nobles.

10. There is no need to fear that we shall force any body

into a contract of marriage. But to make an express law to prohibit marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, what is this but to show the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

11. They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing at the same market place.

12. They might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know that their children will be ranked according to the quality of their father, let him be a Patrician or a Plebeian? In short it is manifest enough that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering.

13. I would fain know of you, Consuls and Patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one.

14. And will you, then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to list them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages by leading them into the field?

15. Hear me, Consuls. Whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumor spread abroad for nothing but a color to send the people out of the city, I declare as tribune, that this people who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country.

16. But if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages, if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the senate alone; talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies, ten times more dreadful than you do now, I declare, that this people whom you so much despise, to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories, shall never more enlist themselves; not a man of them shall take arms! not a man of them shall

expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

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SPEECH OF PUBLIUS SCIPIO TO THE ROMAN ARMY, BEFORE
THE BATTLE OF THE TICIN.

1. **WERE** you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any thing to you at this time ; for what occasion could there be to use exhortation to cavalry that had so signally vanquished the squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone ; or to legions, by whom the same enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confess themselves vanquished ?

2. But, as these troops having been enrolled for Spain are there with my brother Cneus, making war under my auspices (as was the will of the Senate and people of Rome) I, that you might have a Consul for your Captain against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You then have a new General ; and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unseasonable.

3. That you may not be unapprised of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them ; they are the very same, whom in a former war, you vanquished both by land and sea ; the same from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia, and who have been these twenty years your tributaries.

4. You will not, I presume, march against these men with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies ; but with a certain anger and indignation, such as you would feel if you saw your slaves on a sudden rise up against you.

5. Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity that urges them to battle ; unless you can believe that those who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two thirds of their horse and foot by passing the Alps.

6. But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts and robust bodies ; heroes of such strength and vigor, as nothing is able to resist.— Mere effigies ! nay, shadows of men ! wretches emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold ; bruized and cut to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs ! their weapons

broken, and their horses weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies.

7. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it should be so; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themselves, without man's help, should begin the war, and bring it to a near conclusion; and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

8. I need not be in any fear that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going to Spain? That was my province, where I should have had the less dreadful Asdrubal, not Hannibal to deal with.

9. But hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry, not being able to overtake theirs which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps.

10. Was it then my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? And have I met with him only by accident and unawares? Or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat?

11. I would gladly try, whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the same sort of men who fought at the Ægates, and whom at Eryx, you suffered to redeem themselves at eighteen denarii a head: whether this Hannibal, for labors and journies, be as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people.

12. Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and in a few days have destroyed Carthage. At their humble suppli-

cation, we pardoned them, we released them, when they were closely shut up without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them when they were conquered.

13. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them as a people under our protection: and what is the return they made us for all these favors? Under the conduct of a hair-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country.

14. I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself; nor is there behind us another army, which, if we should not prove conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies.

15. There are no more Alps for them to pass, which might give us leisure to raise new forces: no, soldiers, here you must take your stands, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants.

16. Yet let not private considerations alone possess our minds; let us remember that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city and of the Roman empire.

CAIUS MARIUS *to the Romans; shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of General, merely on account of his extraction.*

1. **I**T is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behavior of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them.

2. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice.

3. It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times.

4. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be gal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom

may be delicate to offend; to conduct at the same time a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at once, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the cautious, and the disaffected. To do all this, my countrymen, more difficult than is generally thought.

5. But besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case, is, in this respect, peculiarly hard; that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment—my whole safety depends upon myself, which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable.

6. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favor my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me.

7. It is therefore my fixed resolution to use my best endeavors, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their direct designs against me may be defeated.

8. I have from my youth been familiar with toils and with dangers; I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward but that of honor. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit.

9. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where could be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body? a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience.

10. What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your Patrician general would in fact have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian.

11. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself shown those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read

the history of their own country, of which till that time they were totally ignorant ; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

12. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth ; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me ; want of personal worth against them.

13. But are not all men of the same species ? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind ? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia whether if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine ? What would they answer, but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons ? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honors bestowed on me ? Let them envy likewise my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them.

14. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity as if they despised any honors you can bestow ; whilst they aspire to honors as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury, yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers ; whereas they do the very contrary : for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices.

15. The glory of ancestors cast a light indeed, upon their posterity ; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers ; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

16. Observe now my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors on account of

the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. What then? Is it matter of more praise to displace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behavior.

17. What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received, by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honors I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavored by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

DIALOGUES.

SCENE between Gen. SAVAGE and Miss WALSHINGHAM; in which the courtship is carried on in such an ambiguous manner that the General mistakes her consent to marry his son, Capt. SAVAGE, for consent to marry himself.

Miss Wal. **G**ENERAL Savage, your most humble servant.
Gen. Savage. My dear Miss Walsingham, it is rather cruel that you should be left at home by yourself, and yet I am greatly rejoiced to find you at present without company.

Miss. Wal. I can't but think myself in the best company, when I have the honor of your conversation, General.

Gen. You flatter me too much, 'Madam: yet I am come to talk to you on a serious affair: an affair of importance to me and yourself. Have you leisure to favor me with a short audience if I beat a parley?

Miss Wal. Any thing of importance to you, Sir, is always sufficient to command my leisure.

'Tis as the Captain suspected—[*aside.*]

Gen. You tremble my lovely girl, but don't be alarmed; for though my business is of an important nature, I hope it will not be of a disagreeable one.

Miss Wal. And yet I am greatly agitated—[*aside.*]

Gen. Soldiers, Miss Walsingham, are said to be generally favored by the kind protection of the ladies.

Miss Wal. The ladies are not without gratitude, Sir, to those who devote their lives peculiarly to the service of their country.

Gen. Generously said, Madam. Then give me leave without any masked battery, to ask, if the heart of an honest soldier is a prize worthy your acceptance?

Miss Wal. Upon my word, Sir, there is no masked battery in this question.

Gen. I am as fond of a coup-de-main, Madam, in love as in war, and hate the tedious method of sapping a town, when there is a possibility of entering it sword in hand.

Miss Wal. Why really, Sir, a woman may as well know her own mind when she is first summoned by the trumpet of a lover, as when she undergoes all the tiresome formality of a siege. You see I have caught your own mode of conversing, General.

Gen. And a very great compliment I consider it, Madam. But now that you have candidly confessed an acquaintance with your own mind, answer me with that frankness for which every body admires you so much. Have you any objections to change the name of Walsingham?

Miss Wal. Why then, frankly, General, I say, no.

Gen. Ten thousand thanks to you for this kind declaration.

Miss Wal. I hope you won't think it a forward one.

Gen. I'd sooner see my son run away in the day of battle—I'd sooner think Lord Russel was bribed by Lewis XIVth; and sooner vilify the memory of Algernon Sidney.

Miss Wal. How unjust it was ever to suppose the General a tyrannical father! [*aside*].

Gen. You have told me condescendingly, Miss Walsingham, that you have no objections to change your name. I have but one question more to ask.

Miss Wal. Pray propose it, Sir.

Gen. Would the name of Savage be disagreeable to you? speak frankly again, my dear girl.

Miss Wal. Why, then again, I frankly say, no.

Gen. You are too good to me—Torrington thought I should meet with a repulse—[*aside*].

Miss Wal. Have you communicated this business to the plain, Sir?

Gen. No, my dear madam, I did not think that at all ne-

Essay. I propose that he shall be married in a few days.

Miss Wal. What, whether I will or not?

Gen. O, you can have no objection!

Miss Wal. I must be consulted, however, about the day, General; but nothing in my power shall be wanting to make him happy.

Gen. Obliging loveliness!

Miss Wal. You may imagine, that if I had not been previously impress in favor of your proposal, it would not have met my concurrence so readily.

Gen. Then you own I had a previous friend in the garrison.

Miss Wal. I don't blush to acknowledge it, Sir, when I consider the accomplishments of the object.

Gen. O, this is too much, Madam; the principal merit of the object is his passion for Miss Walsingham.

Miss Wal. Don't say that, General, I beg of you; for I don't think there are many women in the kingdom who could behold him with indifference.

Gen. Ah, you flattering angel! and yet, by the memory of Marlborough, my lovely girl, it was the idea of a prepossession on your part, which encouraged me to hope for a favorable reception.

Miss Wal. Then I must have been very indiscreet, for I labored to conceal that prepossession as much as possible.

Gen. You could not conceal it from me; the female heart is a field I am thoroughly acquainted with.

Miss Wal. I doubt not your knowledge of the female heart, General; but as we now understand one another so perfectly, you will give me leave to retire.

Gen. One word, my dear creature, and no more; I shall wait on you sometime to-day about the necessary settlement.

Miss Wal. You must do as you please, General; you are invincible in every thing.

Gen. And if you please we will keep every thing a profound secret, till the articles are all settled, and the definitive treaty ready for execution.

Miss Wal. You may be sure that delicacy will not suffer me to be communicative on the subject, Sir.

Gen. Then you leave every thing to my management.

Miss Wal. I can't trust a more noble negotiator. [goes out.]

Gen. The day is my own. (*Sings.*) Britons, strike home; strike home.

SCENE between General SAVAGE, Captain SAVAGE, Miss WAL-
SINGHAM, and TORRINGTON, a Lawyer, in which the Gen.
discovers his mistake.

Capt. Sav. **N**AY, but my dearest Miss Walsingham, the ex-
tenuation of my conduct to Belville made it
absolutely necessary for me to discover my engagements with
you : and as happiness is now so fortunately within our reach,
I flatter myself you will be prevailed upon to forgive an error
which proceeded only from the extravagance of love.

Miss Wal. To think me capable of such an action, Captain
Savage ! I am terrified with the idea of an union with you ;
and it is better for a woman at any time, to sacrifice an insolent
lover, than to accept of a suspicious husband.

Capt. In the happiest union, my dearest creature, there
must always be something to overlook on both sides.

Miss Wal. Very civil, truly.

Capt. Pardon me, my life, for this frankness ; and recollect,
that if the lover has through misconception, been unhappily
guilty, he brings a husband altogether reformed to your hands.

Miss Wal. Well, I see I must forgive you at last ; so I may
as well make a merit of necessity, you provoking creature.

Capt. And may I indeed hope for the blessing of this hand.

Miss Wal. Why, you wretch, would you have me force it
upon you ? I think after what I have said, a soldier might ven-
ture to take it without further ceremony.

Capt. Angelic creature ! thus I seize it as my lawful prize.

Miss Wal. Well, but now you have obtained this inestima-
ble prize, Captain, give me leave to ask, if you have had a
certain explanation with the General.

Capt. How can you doubt it ?

Miss Wal. And is he really impatient for our marriage ?

Capt. 'Tis incredible how earnest he is.

Miss Wal. What ! did he tell you of his interview with me
this evening when he brought Mr. Torrington ?

Capt. He did.

Miss Wal. O, then I can have no doubt.

Capt. If a shadow of doubt remains, here he comes to re-
move it. Joy, my dear Sir, joy a thousand times !

Enter General SAVAGE and TORRINGTON.

Gen. What my dear boy, have you carried the day ?

Miss Wal. I have been weak enough to indulge him with a
victory, indeed, General.

Gen. Fortune favors the brave, Torrington.

Tor. I congratulate you heartily on this decree, General.

Gen. This had nearly proved a day of disappointment, but the stars have fortunately turned it in my favor, and now I reap the rich reward of my victory.

Capt. And here I take her from you as the greatest good which heaven can send me.

Miss Wal. O Captain!

Gen. You take her as the greatest good which Heaven can send you, Sirrah! I take her as the greatest good which Heaven can send me; and now what have you to say to her?

Miss Wal. General Savage!

Tor. Here will be fresh injunction to stop proceedings.

Miss Wal. Are we never to be done with mistakes?

Gen. What mistakes can have happened now, sweetest? you delivered up your dear hand this moment!

Miss Wal. True, Sir: but I tho't you were going to bestow my dear hand upon this dear gentleman.

Gen. How! that dear gentleman.

Capt. I am thunderstruck!

Tor. Fortune favors the brave, General, none but the brave. [Laughingly.]

Gen. So the covert way is cleared at last; and you have all along imagined that I was negotiating for this fellow, when I was gravely soliciting for myself.

Miss Wal. No other idea, Sir, ever entered my imagination.

Tor. General, noble minds should never despair.

[Laughingly.]

Gen. Well, my hopes are all blown up to the moon at once, and I shall be the laughing stock of the whole town.

SCENE between Mrs. BELVILLE, Miss WALSINGHAM, and Lady RACHEL MILDEW.—On DUELLING.

Mrs. Belv. WHERE is the generosity, where is the sense, [alone.] where is the shame of men, to find pleasure in pursuits which they cannot remember without the deepest horror; which they cannot follow without the meanest fraud; and which they cannot effect without consequences the most dreadful; the greatest triumph which a libertine can ever experience, is too despicable to be envied; 'tis at best nothing but a victory over humanity; and if he is a husband, he must be doubly tortured on the wheel of recollection.

Enter Miss WALSINGHAM and Lady RACHEL MILDEW.

Miss Wal. My dear Mrs. Belville, I am extremely unhappy to see you so distressed.

Lady Rach. Now I am extremely glad to see her so; for if she were not greatly distressed, it would be monstrously unnatural.

Mrs. Belv. O Matilda! my husband! my children!

Miss Wal. Don't weep, my dear, don't weep! pray be comforted; all may end happily. Lady Rachel, beg of her not to cry so.

Lady Rach. Why, you are crying yourself, Miss. Walsingham. And though I think it out of character to encourage her tears, I cannot help keeping you company.

Mrs. Belv. O, why is not some method contrived to prevent this horrible practice of duelling.

Lady Rach. I'll expose it on the stage, since the law now a-days kindly leaves the whole cognizance of it to the theatre.

Miss Wal. And yet, if the laws against it were as well enforced as the laws against destroying the game, perhaps it would be equally for the benefit of the kingdom.

Mrs. Belv. No law will ever be effectual, till the custom is rendered infamous. Wives must shriek! mothers must agonize! orphans must be multiplied! unless some blessed hand strip the fascinating glare from honorable murder, and bravely expose the idol who is worshipped thus in blood. While it is disreputable to obey the laws, we cannot look for reformation. But if the duellist is once banished from the presence of his sovereign; if he is for life excluded the confidence of his country; if a mark of indelible disgrace is stamped upon him, the sword of public justice will be the sole chastiser of wrongs; trifles will not be punished with death, and offences really meriting such punishment, will be reserved for the only proper revenger, the common executioner.

Lady Rach. I could not have expressed myself better on this subject, my dear; but till such a hand as you talk of, is found, the best will fall into the error of the times.

Miss Wal. Yes, and butcher each other like madmen, for fear their courage should be suspected by fools.

COLONEL RIVERS AND SIR HARRY.

Sir Har. COLONEL, your most obedient: I am come upon the old business; for unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, Sir?

Riv. No, Sir; I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney; do you know that, Sir?

Sir Har. I do; but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know—

Riv. So then, you know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir Har. I do; but I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine, therefore—

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honor.

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir, a man of the nicest honor.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly that it is my interest to be a rascal.

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel: I thought I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not signed—

Riv. Why this is mending matters with a witness! And so you think because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honor; they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honor, and I must not be insulted with any further repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Insult you, Colonel! is the offer of my alliance an insult? is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper—

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and

if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she was mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done ; but I believe—

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will if you please, retire to the ladies ; I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son-in-law : for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonor, and consider marriage for money, at best but a legal prostitution.

—*—*—*—
SCENE BETWEEN SHYLOCK AND TUBAL.*

Shy. **H**OW now, Tubal ! what news from Genoa ? Have you heard any thing of my backsliding daughter ?

Tub. I often came where I heard of her, but could not find her.

Shy. Why there, there, a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats at Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon the nation till now ! I never felt it before ! Two thousand ducats, in that and other precious jewels ! I wish she lay dead at my feet ! No news of them ! and I know not what spent in the search. Loss upon loss. The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge ; no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders.

Tub. O yes, other men have ill luck too, Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. (*Interrupting him*) What, has he had ill luck ?

Tub. Has had a ship cast away coming from Tripoli.

Shy. Thank fortune ! Is it true ? is it true ?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped from the wreck.

Shy. I thank you, good Tubal. Good news ! Good news ! What, in Genoa, you spoke with them.

Tub. Your daughter, as I heard, spent twenty ducats in one night.

Shy. You stick a dagger in me, Tubal. I never shall see my gold again. Twenty ducats in one night ! Twenty ducats ! O father Abraham !

Tub. There came several of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, who say he cannot but break.

Shy. I am glad on't ; I'll plague him ; I'll torture him : I am glad on't.

* *Shylock had sent Tubal after his daughter, who had eloped from his house. Antonio was a merchant, hated by Shylock.*

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! You torture me, Tubal. It was my ruby, I would not have given it for as many monkeys as could stand together upon the Realto.

Tub. Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Ay, ay, there is some comfort in that, Go. Tubal, engage an officer. Tell him to be ready; I'll be revenged on Antonio. I'll wash my hands to the elbows in his heart's blood.

* * *

JUBA AND SYPHAX.

Jub. **SYPHAX**, I joy to meet thee thus alone.

I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then, tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thy eyes thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts;
Or carry smiles or sunshine in my face;
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not so much of the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms,
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?
Dost not thou see mankind fall down before them
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric
Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! Where's the worth that sets this people up,
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd with the vigor of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops the embattled elephant,
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves;
A Roman soul is bent on higher views;
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world;

To lay it under the restraint of laws ;
 To make man mild, and sociable to man ;
 To cultivate the wild licentious savage
 With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts ;
 The establishments of life : Virtues like these
 Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
 And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, just Heavens ! Excuse an old man's warpath !
 What are those wondrous civilizing arts,
 This Roman polish, and this smooth behavior,
 That renders man thus tractable and tame ?
 Are they not only to disguise our passions,
 To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
 To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
 And break off all its commerce with the tongue ?
 In short to change us into other creatures,
 Than what our natures and the gods design'd us ?

Jub. To strike thee dumb, turn up thine eyes to Cato !
 There may'st thou see to what a godlike height,
 The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
 While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself ;
 Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
 He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat ;
 And when his fortune sets before him all
 The pomp and pleasure which his soul could wish,
 His rigid virtues will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
 That traverses our vast Numidian deserts,
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
 But better practices these boasted virtues ;
 Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
 Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
 Toils all the day, and at the approach of night,
 On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
 Or rests his head upon a rock till morn ;
 Then rises fresh, pursues the wonted game,
 And if the following day he chance to find
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,
 Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
 -- That virtues grow from ignorance, and what from choice,

Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
 But grant that others could with equal glory
 Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense ;
 Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
 Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato ?
 Heavens ! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
 He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings !
 How does he rise against a load of woes,
 And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him ?

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul,
 [think the Romans call it stoicism.

Had not your royal father thought so highly
 Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
 He had not fallen by a slave's hand inglorious :
 Nor would his slaughtered army now have lain,
 On Afric's sands, disfigured by their wounds,
 To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh ?
 My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ill !

Jub. What wouldst thou have me do ?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan by

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you ! [such a loss.
 (ou long to call him father. Marcia's charms
 Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
 No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate ;
 've hitherto permitted it to rave,
 And talk at large ; but learn to keep it in,
 lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus,
 Alas, he's dead ! but can you e'er forget

The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,
 The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
 Which you drew from him in your last farewell !
 Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
 At once to torture and to please my soul.

The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
 His eyes brim full of tears) then sighing, cry'd,
 pithce be careful of my son !—His grief

Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, the story melts away my soul !
The best of fathers ! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him ?

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions ;
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms ;
Vent all thy passions, and I'll stand the shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas, my prince, I'll guide you to your safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst ; but tell me how.

Syph. Fly from the fate of Cæsar's foes.

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths
Than wound my honor.

Syph. Rather say your love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promised to preserve my temper ;
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame ?
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal ?

Syph. Believe, me prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.

Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame and put out this.

The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms ;

The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and color in their cheeks :

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,
The tincture of the skin that I admire
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eyes, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex ;
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair !)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks ;

While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace,
Softens the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

Wol. **F**AREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his shoot ;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth ; my high blown pride
At length broke under me ; and, now, has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you !
I feel my heart now open'd. Oh ! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to raise again.

[Enter Cromwell.]

Why, how now Cromwell ?

Crom. I have not power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline ? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now, and I feel, within me,

A peace above all earthly dignities ;

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,

I humbly thank his grace ? and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honor ;
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I'm able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas Moore is chosen
 Lord Clancellor, in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——

But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
 For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept over him !
 What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
 Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed !

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open, as the Queen,
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down ; O Cromwell !
 The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories,
 In that one woman, I have lost forever.
 No sun shall ever usher forth my honors,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king,
 That sun I pray may never set) I've told him
 What, and how true thou art ; he will advance thee ;
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 Know his noble nature) not to let

Thy hopeful service perish too. Go, Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thy own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord :
The king shall have my service : but, my prayers,
For ever, and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where mention
Of me must no more be heard, say then, I taught thee :
Say, Wolsey that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though my master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me :
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then
(Tho the image of his Maker) hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that wait thee ?
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king—
And prithee lead me in—
There take an inventory of all I have ;
'To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n, is all
I dare to call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court ! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. **T**HAT you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this.
Or, be assured this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March; the ides of March remember;
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers? shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with these bribes?
And sell the mighty meed of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I would rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away slight man!

Cas. Is it possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak,

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. Must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? aye more. Fret till your proud heart breaks.

Go tell your servants how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?

Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor ? Be assured,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you ; for from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this !

Bru. You say you are a better soldier ;

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For my own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus.

I said an elder soldier, not a better ;

Did I say a better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him !

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

I may do what I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done what you shall be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ?

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me :

For I can raise no money by vile means.

By Heaven, I'd rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hand of peasants, their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me ; was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunder bolts,
 Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
 That bro't my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart;
 A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's world not, though they do
 Appear as huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony and young Octavius, come!
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
 Check'd by a bondman; all his faults observ'd;
 Set in a note book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
 My spirit from my eyes! There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast—within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!
 If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.
 I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart.
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar: for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'd'st him better
 Than ever thou lov'd'st Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire:
 Which much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 In grief, and blood ill temper'd vexeth him?
 When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

—*—

A DIALOGUE, written in the year 1776, by Mr. ANDRUS, of
Yale College, since deceased.

Blithe. **H**OW now, Mr. Hunks? have you settled the con-
troversy with Baxter?

Hunks. Yes, to a fraction, upon condition that he would pay
me six per cent upon all notes and bonds, from the date until
they were discharged.

Blithe. Then it seems you have brought him to your own
terms?

Hunks. Indeed I have: I would settle with him upon no
other. Men now a-days think it a dreadful hardship to pay a
little interest: and will quibble a thousand ways to fool a body
out of his just property: But I've grown too old to be cheated
in that manner. I take care to secure the interest as well as
the principal. And to prevent any difficulty, I take new notes
every year, and carefully exact interest upon interest, and add
it to the principal.

Blithe. You don't exact interest upon interest! this looks a
little like extortion.

Hunks. Extortion! I have already lost more than five hun-
dred pounds, by a number of rascally bankrupts. I won't trust
a farthing of my money without interest upon interest.

Blithe. I see I must humor his foible, there's no other way
to deal with him. [*aside.*]

Hunks. There's no security in men's obligations, in these
times. And if I've a sum of money in the hands of those we
call good chaps, I'm more plagu'd to get it than 'tis all worth.
They would be glad to turn me off with mere rubbish, if they
could. I'd rather keep my money in my own chest, than let
it out for such small interest as I have for it.

Blithe. There's something, I confess, in your observations.

We never know when we are secure, unless we have our property in our chests or in lands.

Hunks. That's true. I'd rather have my property in lands at three per cent, than in the hands of the best man in this town at six—it is a fact. Lands will grow higher when the wars are over.

Blithe. You're entirely right. I believe if I'd as much money as you, I should be of the same mind.

Hunks. That's a good disposition. We must all learn to take care of ourselves, these hard times. But I wonder how it happens, that your disposition is so different from your son's—he's extremely wild and profuse—I should think it was not possible for you, with all your prudence and dexterity, to get money as fast as he would spend it.

Blithe. Oh, he's young and airy: we must make allowance for such things; we used to do so ourselves when we were young men.

Hunks. No, you're mistaken; I never wore a neckcloth nor a pair of shoe-buckles, on a week day, in my life. But that is now become customary among the lowest ranks of people.

Blithe. You have been very singular; there are few men in our age that have been so frugal and saving as you have. But we must always endeavor to conform ourselves a little to the custom of the times. My son is not more extravagant than other young people of his age. He loves to drink a glass of wine sometimes, with his companions, and to appear pretty gaily-drest; but this is only what is natural and customary for every one. I understand he has formed some connexions with your eldest daughter, and I should be fond of the alliance, if I could gain your approbation in the matter.

Hunks. The custom of the times will undo us all—There's no living in this prodigal age. The young people must have their bottles, their tavern dinners and dice, while the old ones are made perfect drudges to support their luxury.

Blithe. Our families, Sir, without doubt, would be very happy in such a connexion, if you would grant your consent.

Hunks. I lose all patience when I see the young beaux and fops, strutting about the streets in their laced coats and ruffled shirts, and a thousand other extravagant articles of expence.

Blithe. Sir, I should be very glad if you would turn your attention to the question I proposed.

Hunks. There's one half of these coxcomical spendthrifts that can't pay their taxes, and yet they are constantly running

into debt, and their prodigality must be supported by poor, honest, laboring men.

Blithe. This is insufferable ; I'm vex'd at the old fellow's impertinence.—[*Aside*].

Hunks. The world has got to a strange pass, a very strange pass indeed ; there's no distinguishing a poor man from a rich one, but only by his extravagant dress and supercilious behavior.

Blithe. I abhor to see a man all mouth and no ears.

Hunks. All mouth and no ears ! Do you mean to instill me to my face ?

Blithe. I ask your pardon, Sir ; but I've been talking to you this hour, and you have paid me no attention.

Hunks. Well, and what is this mighty affair upon which you want my opinion ?

Blithe. It is something you have paid very little attention to, it seems ; I'm willing to be heard in my turn as well as you. I was telling you that my son had entered into a treaty of marriage with your eldest daughter, and I desire your consent in the matter.

Hunks. A treaty of marriage ! Why didn't she ask my liberty before she attempted any such thing ? A treaty of marriage ! I won't hear a word of it.

Blithe. The young couple are very fond of each other, and may perhaps be ruin'd if you cross their inclination.

Hunks. Then let them be ruin'd. I'll have my daughter to know she shall make no treaties without my consent.

Blithe. She's of the same mind, that's what she wants now.

Hunks. But you say the treaty's already made ; however I'll make it over again.

Blithe. Well, Sir, the stronger the better.

Hunks. But I mean to make it void.

Blithe. I want no trifling in the matter ; the subject is not of a trifling nature. I expect you will give me a direct answer one way or the other

Hunks. If that's what you desire, I can tell you at once ; I have two very strong objections against the proposal ; one is, I dislike your son ; and the other is, I have determined upon another match for my daughter.

Blithe. Why do you dislike my son, pray ?

Hunks. Oh, he's like the rest of mankind, running on in this extravagant way of living. My estate was earned too hard to be trifled away in such a manner.

Blithe. Extravagant ! I am sure he's very far from deserving

that character. 'Tis true, he appears genteel and fashionable among people, but he's in good business, and above board, and that's sufficient for any man.

Hunks. 'Tis fashionable, I suppose, to powder and curl at the barber's an hour or two before he visits his mistress : to pay six pence or eight pence for brushing his boots ; to drink a glass of wine at every tavern : to dine upon fowls drest in the richest manner : and he must dirty two or three ruffled shirts in the journey. This is your genteel fashionable way, is it.

Blithe. Indeed, Sir, it is a matter of importance to appear decently at such a time if ever. Would you have him go as you used to do, upon the same business, dress'd in a long ill shapen coat, a greasy pair of breeches, and a flap'd hat ; with your oats, in one side of your saddle-bags, and your dinner in the other ? This would make an odd appearance in the present age.

Hunks. A fig for the appearance, so long as I gain'd my point, and sav'd my money, and consequently my credit. The coat you mention is the same I have on now. 'Tis not so very long as you would represent it to be—[*Measuring the skirts by one leg.*] See, it comes but just below the calf. This is the coat that my father was married in, and I after him. It has been in the fashion five times since it was new, and never was altered, and 'tis a pretty good coat yet.

Blithe. You've a wonderful faculty of saving your money and credit, and keeping in the fashion at the same time. I suppose you mean by saving your credit, that money and credit are inseparably connected.

Hunks. Yes, that they are ; he that has one, need not fear the loss of the other. For this reason, I can't consent to your son's proposal ; he's too much of a spendthrift to merit my approbation.

Blithe. If you call him a spendthrift for his generosity, I desire he may never merit your approbation. A reputation that's gained by saving money in the manner you have mentioned, is at best but a despicable character.

Hunks. Do you mean to call my character despicable ?

Blithe. We won't quarrel about the name, since you are so well contented with the thing.

Hunks. You're welcome to your opinion ; I would not give a fiddlestick's end for your good or ill will ; my ideas of reputation are entirely different from your's, or your son's, which are just the same : for I find you justify him in all his conduct, as I have determined upon another match for my daughter. I shan't trouble myself about his behavior.

Blithe. But perhaps your proposed match will be equally disagreeable.

Hunks. No, I've no apprehension of that. He's a person of a fine genius and an excellent character.

Blithe. Sir, I desire to know who this person is—that is such a genius and character, and is so agreeable to your taste.

Hunks. 'Tis my young cousin Griffin. He's heir to a great estate you know. He discovered a surprising genius almost as soon as he was born. When he was a very child, he made him a box, with one small hole in it, into which he could but just crowd his money, and could not get it out again without breaking his box; by which means he made a continual addition till he filled it, and——

Blithe. Enough! enough! I've a sufficient idea of his character, without hearing another word. But are you sure you shall obtain this excellent match for your daughter?

Hunks. Oh, I'm certain on't, I assure you, and my utmost wishes are gratified with the prospect. He has a large patrimony lying between two excellent farms of mine; which are at least worth two thousand pounds. These I've given to my daughter; and have ordered her uncle to take the deeds into his own hands, and deliver them to her on the day of her marriage.

Blithe. Then it seems you've almost accomplished the business. But have you got the consent of the young gentleman in the affair.

Hunks. His consent! what need I care about his consent, so long as I've his father's, that's sufficient for my purpose.

Blithe. Then you intend to force the young people to marry, if they are unwilling?

Hunks. Those two thousand pounds will soon give them a disposition, I'll warrant you.

Blithe. Your schemes, I confess, are artfully concerted. But I must tell you, for your mortification, that the young gentleman is already married.

Hunks. What do you say! already married? It can't be! I don't believe a syllable on't.

Blithe. Every syllable is true, whether you believe it or not: I received a letter this day from his father: If you wont believe me you may read it. (*Gives him the letter.*) There's the account in the postscript. (*Points to it.*)

Hunks. (*reads*) *I had almost forgot to tell you, that last Thursday my son was married to Miss Clarry Brensford, and that all partic*

are very happy in the connexion. Confusion! (*Throws down the letter.*) What does this mean? Married to Clarry Brentford? This is exactly one of my cousin Tom's villainous tricks. He promised me that his son should marry my daughter, upon condition that I would give her those two farms; but I can't imagine from what stupid motive he has altered his mind.

Blithe. Disappointment is the common lot of all men, even our surest expectations are subject to misfortune.

Hunks. Disappointment! this comes from a quarter from which I least expected one. But there's the deeds, I'll take care to secure them again; 'tis a good hit that I did not give them to the young rogue beforehand.

Blithe. That was well thought of; you keep a good look out, I see, tho' you cannot avoid some disappointments. I see nothing in the way now, to hinder my son's proceeding; you will easily grant your consent now you're cut off from your former expectations.

Hunks. I can't see into this crooked affair—I'm heartily vex'd at it. What could induce that old villain to deceive me in this manner. I fear this was some scheme of my daughter's to prevent the effect of my design. If this is her plan—if she sets so light by two thousand pounds, she shall soon know what it is to want it, I'll promise her.

Blithe. If you had bestowed your gift without crossing her inclination, she would have accepted it very thankfully.

Hunks. O, I don't doubt it in the least; that would have been a pretty story indeed! but since she insists upon gratifying a foolish fancy, she may follow her own inclination, and take the consequences of it; I'll keep the favours I meant to bestow on her, for those that know how to prize them, and that merit them by a becoming gratitude.

Blithe. But you won't reject her, destitute of a patrimony and a father's blessing?

Hunks. Not one farthing shall she ever receive from my hand. Your son may take her, but her person is barely all that I'll give him; he has seduced her to disobey her father, and he shall feel the effects of it.

Blithe. You're somewhat ruffled, I perceive, but I hope you'd recall these rash resolutions in your cooler moments.

Hunks. No, never, I give you my word, and that's as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Blithe. But look ye, Sir, here's another circumstance to be attended to; my son has the deeds already in his own hands.

Hunks. Deeds! what deeds? those I gave to my brother?

Blithe. Yes, the very same.

Hunks. What a composition of villainy and witchcraft is here! What, my deeds given up to your son?

Blithe. Yes: your brother thought that my son had an undoubted title to them now, since his cousin was married, and so he gave them up the next day.

Hunks. This is intolerable! I could tear the scalp from my old brainless scull; why had I not more wit than to trust them with him? I'm cheated every way! I can't trust a farthing with the best friend I have on earth.

Blithe. That is very true, 'tis no wonder you can't trust your best friends. The truth of the case is, you have no friends, nor can you expect any, so long as you make an idol of yourself, and feast your sordid avaricious appetite upon the misfortunes of mankind. You take every possible advantage by the present calamities, to gratify your own selfish disposition. So long as this is the case, depend upon it you will be an object of universal detestation. There is no one on earth that would not rejoice to see how you're brought in. Your daughter now has got a good inheritance, and an agreeable partner, which you were in duty bound to grant her; but instead of that, you were then doing your utmost to deprive her of every enjoyment in life. [*Hunks puts his hand to his breast.*] I don't wonder your conscience smites you for your villainy. Don't you see how justly you have been cheated into your duty?

Hunks. I'll go this moment to an attorney, and get a warrant: I'll put the villain in jail before an hour is at an end. Oh, my deeds! my farms! what shall I do for my farms!

Blithe. Give yourself no further trouble about them, there's no evidence in the case: you must be sensible therefore, an action can't lie. I would advise you to rest contented, and learn from disappointments, not to place such an exorbitant value upon wealth. In the mean time I should be very glad of your company at the wedding. My son and his wife would be very happy to see you.

Hunks. The dragon fly away with you, and your son, and your son's wife. O my farms! what shall I do for my farms!

BEVIL AND MYRTLE.

Bev. SIR, I am extremely obliged to you for this honor.

Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaintance,

and many other circumstances, which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without ceremony or conference, to desire, that you will comply with the request in my letter, of which you have already acknowledged the receipt.

Bev. Sir, I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style. But as I am conscious of the integrity of my behavior with respect to you, and intend that every thing in this matter shall be your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleased to confirm face to face. You are therefore to take it for granted, that I have forgot the contents of your epistle.

Myrt. Your cool behavior, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the unworthy use you have made of my simplicity and frankness to you. And I see your moderation tends to your own advantage, not mine; to your own safety, not to justice for the wrongs you have done your friend.

Bev. My own safety! Mr. Myrtle.

Myrt. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, there is no disguising any longer that I understand what you would force me to. You know my principle upon that point; and you have often heard me express my disapprobation of the savage manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws, both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil! Mr. Bevil! It would be a good first principle, in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence at doing injuries, as——[*Turns away abruptly.*]

Bev. As what?

Myrt. As fear of answering them.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, I have no fear of answering any injury I have done you: because I have meant you none; for the truth of which I am ready to appeal to any indifferent person, even of your own choosing. But I own I am afraid of doing a wicked action: I mean of shedding your blood, or giving you an opportunity of shedding mine, cold. I am not afraid of you, Mr. Myrtle. But I own I am afraid of Him, who gave me this life in trust, on other conditions and with other designs than that I should hazard, or throw it away, because a rash inconsiderate man is pleased to be offended, without knowing whether he is injured or not. No, I will not for you or any man's humor, commit a known crime; a crime which I can at-
tend.

not repair, or which may in the very act, cut me off from all possibility of repentance.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this moralizing, shall not cheat me of my love. You may wish to preserve your life, that you may possess Lucinda. And I have reason to be indifferent about it, if I am to lose all that from which I expect any joy in life. But I shall first try one mean towards recovering her, I mean, by shewing her what a dauntless hero she has chosen for her protector.

Bev. Shew me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authorized to contend with you at the peril of the life of one of us; and I am ready upon your own terms.—If this will not satisfy you, and you will make a lawless assault upon me, I will defend myself as against a ruffian. There is no such terror, Mr. Myrtle, in the anger of those who are quickly hot and quickly cold again, they know not how or why. I defy you to shew wherein I have wrong'd you.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk coolly on this occasion. You know not, I suppose, what it is to love, and from your large fortune, and your specious outward carriage, have it in your power to come, without any trouble or anxiety, to the possession of a woman of honor; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, distracted with the terror of losing what is dearer than life. You are happy; your marriage goes on like common business; and in the interim, you have for your soft moments of dalliance, your rambling captive, your Indian princess, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and the defence of spotless innocence, will, I hope, excuse my accepting your challenge, or at least obliging you to retract your infamous aspersions. I will not, if I can avoid it, shed your blood, nor shall you mine. But Indiana's purity I will defend. Who waits?

Servt. Did you call, Sir?

Bev. Yes, go call a coach.

Servt. Sir—Mr. Myrtle—gentlemen—you are friends—I am but a servant—but—

Bev. Call a coach.

[Exit Servant.]

[A long pause. They walk sullenly about the room.]

[Aside] Shall I (though provoked beyond sufferance) recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too; and shall I not have a due respect for the dictates

of my own conscience ; for what I owe to the best of fathers, and to the defenceless innocence of my lovely Indiana, whose very life depends on mine ?

[*To Mr. Myrtle,*] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and have determined to convince you, by means I would willingly have avoided, but which yet are preferable, to murderous duelling, that I am more innocent of nothing than of rivalling you in the affections of Lucinda. Read this letter and consider what effect it would have had upon you, to have found it about the man you had murdered.

Myrtle [reads.] "I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge, that your manner of declining what has been proposed, of a treaty of marriage in our family, and, deeming that the refusal might come from me, is more engaging than the Smithfield courtship of him whose arms I am in danger of being thrown into, unless your friend exerts himself for our common safety and happiness."—O, I want no more, to clear your innocence, my injured worthy friend—I see her dear name at the bottom,—I see that you have been far enough from designing any obstacle to my happiness, while I have been treating my benefactor as my betrayer—O Bevil, with what words shall I—

Bev. There is no need of words. To convince is more than to conquer. If you are but satisfied, that I meant you no wrong, all is as it should be.

Myrt. But can you—forgive—such madness ?

Bev. Have not I myself offended ? I had almost been as guilty as you, tho I had the advantage of you, by knowing what you did not know.

Myrt. That I should be such a precipitate wretch.

Bev. Prithee no more.

Myrt. How many friends have died by the hands of friends, merely for want of temper ! what do I not owe to your superiority of understanding ! what a precipice have I escaped ! O, my friend !—Can you ever—forgive—can you ever again look upon me with an eye of favor ?

Bev. Why should I not ? Any man may mistake. Any man may be violent, where his love is concerned. I was myself.

Myrt. O, Bevil ! you are capable of all that is great, all that is heroic.

P O E T R Y.

CONTEMPT OF THE COMMON OBJECTS OF PURSUIT.

HONOR and shame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part ; there all the honor lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made ;
 One flaunts in rags ; one flutters in brocade ;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd ;
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 " What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ?"
 I'll tell you friend ! A wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the wise man acts the monk,
 Or cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk ;
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
 That thou mayst be by kings ; or w——s of kings ;
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race
 In quiet flow Lucrece to Lucrece ;
 But by your father's worth, if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood,
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood ;
 Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sets, or slaves, or cowards ;
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness. Say where greatness lies ?
 Where, but among the heroes and the wise.
 Heroes are all the same, it is agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
 Or make—an enemy of all mankind.
 Not one looks backward ; onward still he goes ;
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise ;
 All sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes :
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take ;
 Not that themselves are wise ; but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer ; these can cheat :
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or, falling, smiles in exile, or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign; or bleed
 Like Socrates; that man is great indeed!
 What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath;
 A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
 Just what you hear's your own; and what's unknown,
 The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
 All that we feel of it, begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes and friends;
 To all besides as much an empty shade,
 As Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike, or when or where, they shone, or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame, but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what t' oblivion better were consign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head; but comes not to the heart.
 One self approving hour, whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud buzzers;
 And more true joy, Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar, with a senate at his heels.
 In parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
 'Tis but to know, how little can be known;
 To see all others faults and feel our own;
 Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, and without a judge.
 Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful pre-eminence yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
 Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions: see to what they mount.
 How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;

How sometimes life is risk'd, and always e'en;
 Think—and if still such things thy envy eall,
 Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribbons, if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they gaze Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy,
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus wife.
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest—meanest of mankind;
 Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame;
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

'TIS from high life high characters are drawn;
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
 A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still;
 A gownman learn'd; a bishop—what you will;
 Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
 More wise, more just, more learn'd, more every thing.
 'Tis education forms the common mind;
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire:
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave;
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
 Is he a churchman? Then he's fond of power:
 A quaker? Sly: A presbyterian? Sour:
 A smart freethinker? All things in an hour.

Manners with fortune, humors turn with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.
 Search then the ruling passion. There alone
 The wild are constant; and the cunning known.

THE WORLD COMPARED TO A STAGE.

ALL the world's a stage:
 And all the men and women merely players.
 They have their exits and their entrances:
 And one man, in his time, plays many parts;
 His acts being seven ages.—At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.—
 And then the wining school-boy, with his satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
 Unwillingly to school.—And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow.—Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
 Jealous in honor; sudden and quick in quarrel;
 Seeking the bubble reputation,
 Even in the cannon's mouth.—And then the justice,
 In fair round body, with good capon lined:
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut:
 Full of wise laws and modern instances:
 And so he plays his part.—The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side:
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound.—Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

COLUMBUS TO FERDINAND.

COLUMBUS was a considerable number of years engaged in soliciting the court of Spain to fit him out, in order to discover a new continent, which he imagined existed somewhere in the western parts of the ocean. During his negotiation, he is supposed to address King FERDINAND in the following stanzas:

ILLUSTRIOUS monarch of Iberia's soil,
 Too long I wait permission to depart;
 Sick of delays, I beg thy list'ning ear—
 Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.
 While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,
 Grant his request to pass the western main;
 Reserve this glory for thy native soil,
 And what must please thee more—for thy own reign.
 Of this huge globe how small a part we know—
 Does heaven their worlds to western suns deny?
 How disproportion'd to the mighty deep
 The lands that yet in human prospect lie!
 Oes Cynthia, when to western skies arriv'd,
 Send her sweet beam upon the barren main?
 And ne'er illumine with midnight splendor, she,

The native, dancing on the lightome green?
 Should the vast circuit of the world contain
 Such wastes of ocean, and such scanty land?
 'Tis reason's voice that bids me think not so;
 I think more nobly of the Almighty hand.
 Does yon fair lamp trace half the circle round
 To light the waves and monsters of the seas?
 No—be, there must, beyond the billowy waste,
 Islands, and men, and animals, and trees.
 An unremitting flame my breast inspires,
 To seek new lands amidst the barren waves,
 Where falling low, the source of day descends,
 And the blue sea his evening visage laves.
 Hear, in this tragic lay, Cordova's sage;*
 "The time shall come, when numerous years are past,
 The ocean shall dissolve the bands of things,
 And an extended region rise at last;
 And Typhis shall disclose the mighty land,
 Far, far away, where none have rovd before;
 Nor shall the world's remotest regions be
 Gibraltar's rock, or Thule's savage shore."
 Fir'd at the theme, I languish to depart,
 Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail;
 He fears no storms upon the untravell'd deep;
 Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale:
 Nor does he dread to lose the intended course,
 Though far from land the reeling galley stray,
 And skies above, and gulfy seas below,
 Be the sole object seen for many a day.
 Think not that nature has unvail'd in vain
 The mystic magnet to the mortal eye,
 So late have we the guiding needle plac'd
 Only to sail beneath our native sky?
 Ere this was found the Ruling Power of all,
 Found for our use an ocean in the land,
 Its breadth so small we could not wander long,
 Nor long be absent from the neighboring strand.
 Short was the course and guided by the stars;
 But stars no more shall point our daring way;
 The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drown'd,
 And great Arcturus scarce escape the sea,
 When southward we shall steer—O grant my wish,

* Seneca, the poet, native of Cordova, in Spain.

Shone queen amid the silver host of night,
 High in the heavens, thou reign'st superior Lord,
 By suppliant angels worship'd and ador'd.
 With the celestial choir then let me join,
 In cheerful praises to the Power Divine.
 To sing thy praise, do thou, O God! inspire
 A mortal breast, with more than mortal fire.
 In dreadful majesty thou sit'st enthron'd,
 With light encircled, and with glory crown'd :
 Through all infinitude extends thy reign ;
 For thee nor heaven, nor heaven of heavens contain ;
 But though thy throne is fix'd above the sky,
 Thy omnipresence fills immensity.
 Saints, robd in white, to thee their anthems bring,
 And radiant martyrs hallelujahs sing :
 Heaven's universal host their voices raise
 In one eternal concert to thy praise ;
 And round thy awful throne, with one accord,
 Sing holy, holy, holy is the Lord.
 At thy creative voice, from ancient night
 Sprang smiling beauty, and yon worlds of light :
 Thou spak'st—the planetary chorus roll'd,
 Stupendous worlds ! unmeasur'd and untold !
 Let there be light, said God—light instant shone,
 And from the orient burst the golden sun ;
 Heaven's gazing hierarchs, with glad surprise,
 Saw the first morn invest the recent skies,
 And strait the exulting troops thy throne surround,
 With thousand, thousand, harps of rapt'rous sound :
 Thrones, powers, dominions, (ever shining trains !)
 Shouted thy praises in triumphant strains :
 Great are thy works, they sing, and all around,
 Great are thy works, the echoing heaven's resound.
 Th' effulgent sun, unsufferably bright,
 Is but a ray of thy o'erflowing light ;
 The tempest is thy breath—the thunder hur'd
 Tremendous, roars thy vengeance o'er the world :
 Thou bow'st the heav'ns, the smoking mountains nod,
 Rocks fall to dust, and nature owns her God !
 Pale tyrants shrink, the atheist stands aghast,
 And impious kings in horror breathe their last.
 To this great God, alternately, I'd pay,
 The evening anthem, and the morning lay.

A MORNING HYMN.

FROM night, from silence, and from death,
 Or death's own form, mysterious sleep,
 I wake to life, to light and health :
 Thus me doth Israel's Watchman keep.
 Sacred to him, in grateful praise,
 Be this devoted tranquil hour,
 While him, supremely good and great,
 With rapt'rous homage I adore.
 What music breaks from yonder copse ?
 The plummy songsters artless lay ;
 Melodious songsters, nature taught !
 That warbling hail the dawning day.
 Shall man be mute while instinct sings ?
 Nor human breast with transports rise ?
 O ! for an universal hymn,
 To join the chorals of the skies !
 See yon refulgent lamp of day,
 With unabating glory crown'd,
 Rejoicing in his giant strength,
 To run his daily destin'd round.
 So may I still perform thy will,
 Great Sun of Nature and of Grace !
 Nor wander devious from thy law ;
 Nor faint in my appointed race.
 What charms display the unfolding flowers ?
 How beauteous glows the enamell'd mead ?
 More beauteous still the heaven wrought robe,
 Of purest white and fac'd with red.
 The sun exhales the pearly dews,
 Those brilliant sky shed tears that mourn
 His nightly loss : till from earth's cheek
 They're kiss'd away by pitying morn.
 For laps'd mankind what friendly tears,
 Bent on our weal, did angels shed ?
 Bound, bound our hearts, to think those tears
 Made frustrate all when Jesus bled !
 Arabia wafts from yonder grove
 Delicious odors in the gale ;
 And with her breeze borne fragrance greets,
 Each circumjacent hill and dale.
 As incense, may my morning song

A sweetly smelling savor rise,
 Perfum'd with Gilead's precious balm,
 To make it grateful to the skies.
 And when from death's long sleep I wake,
 To nature's renovating day,
 Clothe me with thy own righteousness,
 And in thy likeness, Lord, array.

HYMN TO PEACE.

HAIL, sacred Peace, who claim'st thy bright abode
 Mid circling saints that grace the throne of God.
 Before his arm, around this shapeless earth,
 Stretch'd the wide heavens and gave to nature birth ;
 Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
 Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue ;
 Veil'd in the brightness of the Almighty's mind,
 In blest repose thy placid form reclin'd ;
 Borne thro' the heaven with his creating voice,
 Thy presence bade the unfolding world rejoice ;
 Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,
 Their joy to angels, and to men their praise.
 From scenes of blood, these beauteous shores that stain,
 From gasping friends that press the sanguin'd plain,
 From fields, long taught in vain thy flight to mourn,
 I rise, delightful power, and greet thy glad return.
 Too long the groans of death and battle's bray
 Have rung, discordant, thro' th' unpleasing lay ;
 Let pity's tear its balmy fragrance shed,
 O'er heroes wounds, and patriot warriors dead.
 Accept, departed shades, those grateful sighs,
 Your fond attendants to th' approving skies.
 But now the untuneful trump shall grate no more,
 Ye silver streams, no longer swell with gore ;
 Bear from your beauteous banks the crimson stain,
 With you retiring navies to the main :
 While other views, unfolding on my eyes,
 And happier themes, bid bolder numbers rise.
 Bring, bounteous peace, in thy celestial throng,
 Life to my soul, and rapture to my song ;
 Give me to trace, with pure unclouded ray,
 The arts and virtues that attend thy sway ;
 To see thy blissful charms that here descend,
 Thro' distant realms and endless years extend.

PROLOGUE.

AS when some peasant, who to treat his lord,
 Brings out his little stocks, and decks his board,
 With what his ill stor'd cupboard will afford,
 With awkward bows, and ill plac'd rustic airs,
 To make excuses for his feast, prepares ;
 So we, with tremor, mix'd with vast delight,
 View the bright audience which appear to-night ;
 And conscious of its meanness, hardly dare
 To bid you welcome to our homely fare.
 Should your applause a confidence impart,
 To calm the fears that press the timid heart,
 Some hopes I cherish, in your smiles I read 'em,
 Whate'er our faults your candor can exceed 'em.

 ADDITIONAL DIALOGUES.

SCENE BETWEEN CECILIA BEVERLY AND HENRIETTA BELFIELD.

Cecilia. **M**Y dear Henrietta, you seem to be overjoyed—
 May I know the cause?

Henrietta. My dear, dear Miss Beverly, I have such a thing
 to tell you—you would never guess it—I don't know how to
 believe it myself—Mr. Delvill has written to me ? he has in-
 deed ! here is the note ! *(holding out a letter.)*

Cec. Indeed I long to know the contents. Pray read it.

Hen. *(reads it.)*

“ To Miss Belfield.

“ Mr. Delvill presents his compliments to Miss Belfield and
 begs to be permitted to wait on her for a few minutes, at any
 time in the afternoon she will please to appoint.”

Only think ! it is *me*, poor simple *me*, of all people, that he
 wants to speak with. But what can he want ! My dearest Ce-
 cilia, tell me what you think he can have to say to me ?

Cec. Indeed it is impossible for me to conjecture.

Hen. If you can't I am sure there is no wonder I can't. I
 have thought of a million of things in a minute. It can't be
 about business—It can't be about my brother—It can't be a-
 bout my dear Miss Beverly—I suspect—*(A servant enters's*
with a message.)

Servt. A gentleman in the parlor desires to speak with Miss
 Belfield. *(Servant goes out.)*

Hen. My dear Miss Beverly, what shall I say to him? Pray advise me. I am so confused I can't say a single word.

Cec. I can't advise you, Miss Belfield, for I don't know what he will say to you.

Hen. But I can guess, I can guess! And I shan't know what in the world to answer. I shall behave like a simpleton and disgrace myself.

(Cecilia leaves her, and Mr Delvill enters the room.)

Delvill. Good-morrow, Miss Belfield. I hope I have the pleasure to see you well to day. Is Miss Beverly at home? I have a message for her from my mother.

Hen. *(With a look of disappointment)* Yes, sir, she is at home. I will call her. *(goes out)* *(Cecilia enters.)*

Delv. Good-morrow, Madam. I have presumed to wait on you this morning, by permission of my mother. But I am afraid that permission is so late, that the influence I hoped from it is past.

Cec. I had no means, Sir, of knowing you came from her. Otherwise I should have received her commands without hesitation.

Delv. I would thank you for the honor you do her, was it less pointedly exclusive. Yet I have no right to reproach you. Let me ask, Madam, could you, after my solemn promise at our last parting, to renounce all future claim upon you, in obedience to my mother's will, could you think me so dishonorable as to obtrude myself into your presence, while that promise was in force?

Cec. I find I have been too hasty. I did indeed believe Mrs. Delvill would never authorise such a visit; but as I was much surprised, I hope I may be pardoned for a little doubt.

Delv. There spoke Miss Beverly! the same, the unaltered Miss Beverly I hoped to find. Yet is she unaltered? Am I not too hasty? And is the story I have heard about Belfield a dream? an error? a falsehood?

Cec. If it was not that such a quick succession of quarrels would be endless perplexity, I would be affronted that you can ask me such a question.

Delv. Had I thought it a question, I should not have asked it. But never for a moment did I credit it, till the rigor of your repulse alarmed me. But as you are good enough to account for that, I am encouraged to make known the design of my present visit. Yet with confidence I cannot speak; hardly with hope.

Cec. One thing, Sir, let me say before you proceed; if your purpose has not the sanction of Mrs. Delvill, as well as your visit, I would be excused from hearing it, for I shall most certainly refuse it.

Delv. I would mention nothing without her concurrence, she has given it; and my father has also consented to my present application.

Cec. (*clashing her hands in joy.*) Is it possible?

Delv. Is it possible? With what emotions do I hear these words? Ah, Miss Beverly! once my own Cecilia! do you, can you wish it possible?

Cec. No, no, I wish nothing about it. Yet tell me how it has happened—I am curious (*smiling*) tho not interested in it.

Delv. What hope would this sweetness give me, was my scheme any other than it is! But you cannot—no, it would be unreasonable—it would be madness to expect your compliance! It is next to madness in me to wish it! But how shall a man who is desperate be prudent and circumspect?

Cec. Spare yourself, Sir, this unnecessary pain. You will find in me no unnecessary scruples.

Delv. You know not what you say, Madam. All noble as you are, the sacrifice I have to propose—

Cec. Name it, Sir, with confidence, I will not disguise—but frankly own that I will agree to any sacrifice you will mention, provided it has Mrs. Delvill's approbation.

Delv. What words are these? Is it Miss Beverly that speaks?

Cec. What can I say more? Must I offer this pledge too? (*holding out her hand.*)

Delv. My dear Cecilia, how happy this makes me (*taking her hand*) for my life I would not resign it. Yet how soon will you withdraw it, when you know that the only terms on which I can hold it are, that this hand must sign away your inheritance.

Cec. I do not comprehend this, Sir.

Delv. Can you for my sake make such a sacrifice as this? I am not permitted to give up my name for yours; can you renounce your uncle's fortune, as you must if you renounce your name, and consent to such settlements as I can make upon you? Will these, and your own paternal inheritance of ten thousand pounds, satisfy your expectations of living?

Cec. (*Turning pale and drawing back her hand*) O, Mr. Delvill, your words pierce me to the soul.

Delv. Have I offended you, Madam? Pardon me, then, for indulging a romantic whim which your better judgment disapproves. My presumption deserves this mortification.

Cec. You know not then my inability to comply?

Delv. Your ability or inability, I presume, depends on your own will.

Cec. No, Sir, by no means, my *power* is lost—my fortune alas, is gone.

Delv. *Impossible!* utterly impossible!

Cec. Would to heaven it were otherwise! But it is too true, and your father knows it!

Delv. My father!

Cec. Did he never hint it to you?

Delv. Distraction! what horrible confirmation is coming! (*pausing*) You only, Miss Beverly, could have made this credible!

Cec. Had you then actually heard it!

Delv. I had indeed heard it, as the most infamous falsehood. My heart swelled with indignation at such slander.

Cec. Oh, Sir, the fact is undeniable; though the circumstances you may have heard with it may be exaggerated.

Delv. That indeed must have been the case. I was told that your parental fortune was totally exhausted, and that during your minority you had been a dealer with Jews! All this I was told from my father, or I could not have been made to hear it.

Cec. Thus far he told you nothing but truth.

Delv. Truth! (*starting*) Never then was truth so scandalously wronged! I denied the whole report! I disbelieved every syllable! I pledged my own honor to prove every assertion false.

Cec. Generous Delvill; this is what I might expect from you. (*Weeping*)

Delv. Why does Miss Beverly weep? Why has she given me this alarm? These things must at least have been misrepresented. Will you condescend to unravel to me this mysterious affair?

Cec. Alas, Sir, the unfortunate Mr. Harrel! He has been the cause of my losses. You know his love of gaming, a passion which led him to his fatal end. In his embarrassments came to me for assistance. He was my guardian; what did I do? I yielded to his entreaties, and repeatedly took up my of a Jew, upon the credit of my estate, until the whole

was pledged. If it was a fault, I know you will ascribe it to the real motive and pardon it.

Delv. My dear Cecilia, I thank you sincerely for this account of your misfortunes; altho' it fills my heart with anguish. How will my mother be shocked to hear a confirmation of the the report she had heard! how irritated at your injuries from Harrel! how grieved that your generosity should bring upon your character so many vile aspersions!

Cec. I have been of too easy a disposition—too unguarded—yet always, at the moment, I seemed guided by common humanity. But I thought myself secure of wealth; and while the revenue of my uncle ensured me prosperity, I thought little of my own fortune. Could I have foreseen this moment—

Delv. Would you then have listened to my romantic proposal?

Cec. Could I have hesitated?

Delv. Most generous of beings, still then be mine! By our economy, we will make savings to pay off our mortgages, and clear our estates. I will still keep my name, to which my family is bigoted, and my gratitude for your compliance shall make you forget what you lose by the change of yours.



SCENE BETWEEN CECILIA BEVERLY AND A GENTLEMAN.

Gent. I PRESUME, Madam, you are the lady of this house. May I take the liberty to ask your name?

Cec. My name, Sir?

Gent. You will do me a favor by telling it me.

Cec. Is it possible, Sir, you are come hither, without already knowing it?

Gent. I know it only by common report, Madam.

Cec. Common report, Sir, I believe is seldom wrong in a matter where it is so easy to be right.

Gent. Have you any objection, Madam, to telling me your name?

Cec. No, Sir, but your business can hardly be very important, if you are yet to learn whom you are to address. It will be time enough, therefore, for us to meet, when you have elsewhere learnt my name. (going)

Gent. I beg, Madam, you will have patience! It is necessary, before I can open my business, that I should hear your name from yourself.

Cec. Why, Sir, I think you can scarcely have come to this house, without knowing that its owner is Cecilia Beverly.

Gent. That, Madam, is your maiden name.

Cec. My maiden name! (*surprised.*)

Gent. Are you not married, Madam?

Cec. Married, Sir!

Gent. It is more properly, Madam, the name of your husband that I mean to ask.

Cec. And by what authority, Sir, do you make these extraordinary enquiries?

Gent. I am deputed, Madam, by Mr. Eggleston, who is next heir to your uncle's estate, if you die without children, or change your name when you marry. I am authorised by letter of attorney from him to make these enquiries, and I presume, Madam, you will not deny his authority. He has been credibly informed you are married; and as you continue to be called Miss Beverly, he wishes to know your intentions, as he is deeply interested in knowing the truth.

Cec. This demand, Sir, is so extremely—(*stammering*)—so—so little expected—

Gent. The better way, Madam, in these cases, is to keep close to the point—Are you married, or are you not?

Cec. This is dealing very plainly, indeed, Sir. But—

Gent. It is, Madam, and very seriously too; but it is a business of no slight concern. Mr. Eggleston has a large family and a small fortune, and that very much encumbered. It cannot, therefore, be expected that he will see himself wronged, by your enjoying an estate to which he is entitled.

Cec. Mr. Eggleston, Sir, has nothing to fear from imposition. Those with whom he has or may have any transactions in this affair, are not used to practice fraud.

Gent. I am far from meaning any offence, Madam; my commission from Mr. Eggleston is simply this; to beg you will satisfy him upon what ground you now evade the will of your late uncle; which, till explained, appears to be a point much to his prejudice.

Cec. Tell him then, Sir, that whatever he wishes to know, shall be explained in about a week. At present I can give no other answer.

Gent. Very well, Madam, he will wait till that time, I am sure; for he does not wish to put you to any inconvenience. But when he heard the gentleman was gone abroad without owning his marriage, he thought it high time to take some notice of the matter.

Cec. Pray, Sir, let me ask, how you came to the knowledge of this affair?

Gent. I heard it, Madam, from Mr. Eggleston himself, who has long known it.

Cec. Long, Sir?—impossible!—it is not yet a fortnight—not ten days, or not more, that—

Gent. That, Madam, may perhaps be disputed; for when this business comes to be settled, it will be very essential to be exact as to the time, even to the very hour; for the income of the estate is large, Madam, and if your husband keeps his own name, you must not only give up your uncle's inheritance, from the time of changing your name, but refund the profits from the very day of your marriage.

Cec. There is not the least doubt of that, nor will the least difficulty be made.

Gent. Please then to recollect, Madam, that the sum to be refunded is every hour increasing, and has been ever since last September, which made half a year to be accounted for last March. Since then there is now added—

Cec. For mercy's sake, Sir, what calculations are you making out? Do you call last week, last September?

Gent. No, Madam; but I call last September the month in which you were married.

Cec. You will then find yourself extremely mistaken; and Mr. Eggleston is preparing himself for much disappointment, if he supposes me so long in arrears with him.

Gent. Mr. Eggleston, Madam, happens to be well informed of this transaction, as you will find, if any dispute should arise in the case. He was the next occupier of the house you hired last September; the woman who kept it, informed him that the last person who hired it was a lady who stayed one day only, and came to town, she found, merely to be married. On enquiry, he discovered that this lady was Miss Beverly.

Cec. You will find that all this, Sir, will end in nothing.

Gent. That, Madam, remains to be proved. If a young lady is seen—and *she was* seen, going into church at eight o'clock in the morning, with a young gentleman and one female friend; and is afterwards seen coming out of it followed by a clergyman and one other person—and is seen to get into a coach with the same young gentleman and female friend; why, the circumstances are pretty strong!

Cec. They may seem so, Sir; but all conclusions drawn from them will be erroneous: I was not married then, upon my honor.

Gent. We have little to do, Madam, with professions; the

circumstances are strong enough to bear a trial—and—

Cec. A trial !

Gent. We have found many witnesses to prove a number of particulars, and eight months share of such an estate as this, is well worth a little trouble.

Cec. I am amazed, Sir, surely Mr. Eggleston never authorized you to make use of such language to me.

Gent. Mr. Eggleston, Madam, has behaved very honorably; though he knew the whole affair, he supposed Mr. Delvill had good reasons for a short concealment, and expected every day when the matter would become public. He therefore did not interfere. But on hearing that Mr. Delvill had set out for the continent, he was advised to claim his rights.

Cec. His claims, Sir, will doubtless be satisfied without threatening or law suits.

Gent. The truth is, Madam, Mr. Eggleston is a little embarrassed for want of some money. This makes it a point with him, to have the affair settled speedily, unless you chose to compromise, by advancing a particular sum, till it suits you to refund the whole that is due to him and quit the premises.

Cec. Nothing, Sir, is due to him ; at least nothing worth mentioning. I will enter into no terms ; I have no compromise to make. As to the premises, I will quit them as soon as possible.

Gent. You will do well, Madam, for the truth is, it will not be convenient for him to wait any longer. [Goes out]

Cec. How weak and blind have I been, to form a secret plan of defrauding the heir to my uncle's estate ! I am betrayed—and I deserve it. Never, never more will I disgrace myself by such an act.

—•—•—•—

SCENE BETWEEN CECILIA AND HENRIETTA.

Cecilia. **W**HAT is the matter with my dear Henrietta ? Who is it that has already afflicted that kind heart, which I am now compelled to afflict for myself ?

Hen. No, Madam, not afflicted for you ! it would be strange, if I was while I think as I now do.

Cec. I am glad you are not, for, was it possible, I would give you nothing but pleasure and joy.

Hen. Ah, Madam, why will you say so, when you don't care what becomes of me ! When you are going to cast me off !—and when you will soon be too happy to think of me more !

Cec. If I am never happy till then, sad indeed will be my

Wife ! no, my gentlest friend, you will always have your share in my heart ; and to me would always have been the welcomest guest in my house, but for those unhappy circumstances which make our separating inevitable.

Hen. Yet you suffered me, Madam, to hear from any body that you was married and going away ; and all the common servants in the house knew it before me.

Cec. I am amazed ! How and which way can they have heard it ?

Hen. The man that went to Mr. Eggleston brought the first news of it, for he said all the servants there talked of nothing else, and that their master was to come and take possession here next Thursday.

Cec. Yet you envy me, though I am forced to leave my house ! though I am not provided with any other ! and though he for whom I relinquished it is far off, without the means of protecting me, or the power of returning home.

Hen. But you are married to him, Madam !

Cec. True, my love, but I am also parted from him.

Hen. O, how differently, do the *great* think from the *little* ! Was I married—and so married, I should want neither house nor fine cloaths, nor riches, nor any thing—I should not care where I lived—Every place would be a paradise to me !

Cec. O, Henrietta ! Should I ever repine at my situation, I will call to mind this heroic declaration of yours, and blush for my own weakness.

SCENE between DR. LYSTER, MR. DELVILL, MR. MORTIMER DELVILL and CECILIA his wife, and LADY HONORIA.

Dr. Lyster. MY good friends, in the course of my long practice, I have found it impossible to study the human frame, without looking a little into the mind ; and from all that I have yet been able to make out, either by observation, reflection or comparison, it appears to me at this moment, that Mr. Mortimer Delvill has got the best wife, and you, Sir, [*To Mr. Del.*] the most faultless daughter-in-law, that any husband or any father-in-law in the kingdom can have or desire.

Lady Hon. When you say the *best* and most *faultless*, Dr. Lyster, you should always add, *the rest of the company excepted*.

Dr. Lys. Upon my word, I beg your Ladyship's pardon ; but sometimes an unguarded warmth comes across a man that drives ceremony from his head and makes him speak truth before he well knows where he is.

Lady Hon. Oh terrible ! this is sinking deeper and deeper ; I had hopes the town air had taught you better things ; but I find you have visited Delvill castle, till you are fit for no other place.

Del. [offended] Whoever, lady Honoria, is fit for Delvill castle, must be fit for every other place : though every other place may by no means be fit for him.

Lady Hon. O yes, Sir, every possible place will be fit for him if he can once bear with that. Don't you think so, Dr. Lyster?

Dr. Lys. Why, when a man has the honor to see your Ladyship, he is apt to think too much of the *person* to care about the *place*.

Lady Hon. Come, I begin to have some hopes of you, for I see, for a Doctor, you really have a very pretty notion of a compliment. Only you have one great fault still ; you look the whole time as if you said it for a joke.

Dr. Lys. Why, in fact, Madam, when a man has been a plain dealer both in word and look for fifty years, 'tis expecting too quick a reformation to demand ductility of voice and eye from him at a blow. However, give me a little time and a little encouragement, and with such a tutoress, 'twill be hard, if I do not, in a few lessons, learn the right method of seasoning a simper, and the newest fashion of twisting words from their meaning.

Lady Hon. But pray, Sir, always remember on these occasions to look serious. Nothing sets off a compliment so much as a long face. If you are tempted to an unseasonable laugh, think of Delvill castle ; 'tis an expedient I commonly make use of myself, when I am afraid of being too frolicsome ;—and it always succeeds, for the very thought of it gives me the headache in a moment. I wonder, Mr. Delvill, you keep your health so good ; after living in that horrible place so long. I have expected to hear of your death at the end of every summer, and I assure you, I was once very near buying mourning.

Del. The estate which descends to a man from his ancestors, Lady Honoria, will seldom be apt to injure his health, if he is conscious of committing no misdemeanor which has degraded their memory.

Lady Hon. [in a low voice to Cecilia] How vastly odious is his new father of yours ! What could ever induce you to give up your charming estate for the sake of coming into his

fusty old family ? I would really advise you to have your marriage annulled. You know, you have only to take an oath that you were forcibly run away with ; and as you are an heiress and the Delvill's are all so violent, it will easily be believed. And then, as soon as you are at liberty, I would advise you to marry my little Lord Derford.

Cec. Would you only then have me regain my freedom in order to part with it ?

Lady Hon. Certainly, for you can do nothing at all without being married. A single woman is a thousand times more shackled than a wife ; for she is accountable to every body ; and a wife you know has nothing to do but just to manage her husband.

Cec. [*Smilingly*] And that you consider as a trifle !

Lady Hon. Yes, if you do but marry a man you don't care for.

Cec. You are right then, indeed, to recommend to me my Lord Derford.

Lady Hon. O yes, he will make the prettiest husband in the world ; you may fly about yourself as wild as a lark, and keep him the whole time as tame as a jack-daw. And though he may complain of you to your friends, he will never have the courage to find fault to your face. But as to Mortimer, you will not be able to govern him as long as you live ; for the moment you have put him upon the fret, you will fall into the dumps yourself, hold out your hand to him and losing the opportunity of gaining some material point, make up with him at the first soft word.

Cec. You think then the quarrel more amusing than the recollection ?

Lady Hon. O, a thousand times ! for while you are quarrelling you may say any thing, and demand any thing, but when you are reconciled, you ought to behave pretty, and seem contented.

Cec. If any gentleman has any pretensions to your ladyship, he must be made very happy indeed to hear your principles.

Lady Hon. O, it would not signify at all ; for one's fathers and uncles and such people always make connexions for one ; and not a soul thinks of our principles till they find them out by our conduct ; and no body can possibly find them out till we are married, for they give us no power before hand. The men know nothing of us in the world, while we are single, but how we can dance a minuet or play a lesson upon the harpsichord.

Delv. And what else need a young lady of rank desire to be known for : your ladyship surely would not have her degrade herself by studying like an artist or professor.

Lady Hon. O, no, Sir, I would not have her study at all : it's mighty well for children : but really after sixteen, and when one is come out, one has quite fatigue enough in dressing and going to public places, and ordering new things, without all the torment of first and second position, and *E* upon the first line, and *F* upon the first space.

Del. But pardon me, madam, for hinting that a young lady of condition, who has a proper sense of her dignity, cannot be seen too rarely or known too little.

Lady Hon. O, but I hate dignity ! for it is the dullest thing in the world. I have always thought, Sir, it was owing to that you was so little amusing—really I beg your pardon, I meant so little talkative.

Del. I can easily believe your ladyship spoke hastily : for it will hardly be supposed that a person of my family came into the world for the purpose of amusing it.

Lady Hon. O, no, Sir, nobody, I am sure, ever knew you to have such a thought, [*turning to Cecilia with a low voice.*] You cannot imagine, my dear Mrs. Mortimer, how I detest this old cousin of mine ! Now, pray tell me honestly, if you don't hate him yourself.

Cec. I hope, Madam to have no reason to hate him.

Lady Hon. La, how you are always upon your guard ! If I were half as cautious, I should die of the vapors in a month ; the only thing that keeps me at all alive, is now and then making people angry ; for the folks at our house let me go out so seldom, and then send me with such stupid company, that giving them a little torment is really the only entertainment I have. O—but I had almost forgot to tell you a most delightful thing !

Cec. What is it ?

Lady Hon. Why you must know I have the greatest hopes in the world that my father will quarrel with old Mr. Delvill !

Cec. And is that such a delightful thing ?

Lady Hon. O yes ; I have lived upon the very idea this fortnight ; for then you know, they'll both be in a passion, and I shall see which of them looks the frightfullest.

Mortimer Del. When lady Honoria talks aside, I always suspect some mischief.

Lady Hon. No, no, I was only congratulating Mrs. Morti-

mer about her marriage. Tho really upon second thought, I don't know but I ought to condole with her, for I have long been convinced she has a prodigious antipathy to you. I saw it the whole time I was at Delvill Castle, where she used to change color at the very sound of your name; a symptom I never perceived when I talked to her of Lord Derford, who would certainly have made her a thousand times better husband.

Del. If you mean on account of his title, Lady Honoria, your ladyship must be strangely forgetful of the connexions of your family: for Morthner, after the death of his uncle, and myself, must inevitably inherit a title far more honorable than any which can be offered by a new sprung up family, like my Lord Ernsf's.

Lady Hon. Yes, Sir; but then you know she would have kept her estate, which would have been a vastly better thing than an old pedigree of new relation. Besides I don't find that any body cares for the noble blood of the Delvill's but themselves; and if she had kept her fortune, every body, I fancy, would have cared for *that*.

Del. Every body then, must be highly mercenary and ignoble, or the blood of an ancient and honorable house, would be thought contaminated by the most distant hint of so degrading a comparison.

Lady Hon. Dear Sir, what should we all do with *birth* if it was not for *wealth*? It would neither take us to Ranelagh nor the Opera; nor buy us caps nor wigs, nor supply us with dinners nor bouquets.

Del. Caps and wigs, dinners and bouquets! Your ladyships estimate of wealth is extremely minute indeed.

Lady Hon. Why you know, Sir, as to caps and wigs, they are very serious things, for we should look mighty droll figures to go about bareheaded; and as to dinners, how would the Delvills have lasted all these thousand centuries, if they had disdained eating them?

Del. Whatever may be your Ladyship's satisfaction in depreciating a house that has the honor of being nearly allied to your own, you will not, I hope at least, instruct this lady [*turning to Cecilia*] to imbibe a similar contempt of its antiquity and dignity.

Mort. Del. This lady, by becoming one of it, will at least secure us from the danger that such contempt will spread further.

Cec. Let me only be as secure from *envying* as I am from *feeling* contempt, and I can wish no more.

Dr. Lys. Good and excellent young lady; the first of blessings indeed is yours in the temperance of your own mind. When you began your career in life, you appeared to us short-sighted mortals, to possess more than your share of good things. Such a union of riches, beauty, independence, talents, education, virtue, seemed a monopoly to raise general envy and discontent—But mark with what exactness the good and the bad is ever balanced! You have had a thousand sorrows to which those who have looked up to you, have been total strangers, and which balance all your advantages for happiness.—There is a levelling principle in the world, at war, with pre-eminence, which finally puts us all upon a footing.

Del. Not quite. I think an ancient and respectable family—

Lady Hon. With a handsome income and high life gives one a mighty chance for happiness. Don't you think so Mortimer?

Mort. Del. I do, indeed; but add, a connexion with an amiable woman, and I think the chances for happiness are more than doubled.

Dr. Lys. Right Mortimer; we are well agreed.

ADDITIONAL LESSONS.

DIRECTIONS HOW TO SPEND OUR TIME.

1. **W**E all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

2. I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, to arrive at honors, then to retire. Thus, although the : of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several ons of it appear long and tedious.

3. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time.

4. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay, we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wilds and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down in it.

5. If we may divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find, that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not alway engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow:

6. The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptance of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives.

7. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

8. There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left

to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation: I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the Author of his being.

9. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys, every moment, the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him; it is impossible for him to be alone.

10. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most inactive; he no sooner steps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

11. I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its color from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

12. When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervor, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

13. The next method, therefore, that I would propose to fill up our time, would be useful and innocent diversion. I must confess, I think it below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them.

14. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense, passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game

phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots, ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short?

15. The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

16. But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is in any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution; soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

17. Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one should endeavor after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

18. There are many other useful amusements of life, which one should endeavor to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run a drift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

19. A man that has a taste in music, painting or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardner, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

Spectator, No. 23.

MODESTY.

1. **M**ODESTY is the citadel of beauty and virtue. The first of all virtues is innocence: the second is modesty.

2. Modesty is both in its source, and in its consequence, a very great happiness to the fair possessor of it; it arises from a fear of dishonor, and a good conscience, and is followed immediately, upon its first appearance, with the reward of honor and esteem, paid by all those who discover it in any body living.

3. It is indeed, a virtue in a woman (that might otherwise be very disagreeable to one) so exquisitely delicate, that it excites in any beholder, of a generous and manly disposition, almost all the passions, that he would be apt to conceive for the mistress of his heart, in a variety of circumstances.

4. A woman that is modest, creates in us an awe in her company, a wish for her welfare, a joy in her being actually happy, a sore and painful sorrow if distress should come upon her, a ready and willing heart to give her consolation, and a compassionate temper towards her in every little accident of life she undergoes ; and to sum up all in one word, it causes such kind of angelical love, even to a stranger, as good natured brothers and sisters usually bear towards one another.

5. It adds wonderfully to the make of a face ; and I have seen a pretty well turned forehead, fine set eyes, and what your poets call, a row of pearl set in coral, shewn by a pretty expansion of two velvet lips that covered them (that would have tempted any sober man living of my own age, to have been a little loose in his thoughts and to have enjoyed a painful pleasure, amidst his impotency,) lose all their virtue, all their force and efficacy, by having an ugly cast of boldness very discernibly spread out at large over all those alluring features.

6. At the same time modesty will fill up the wrinkles of old age with glory ; make sixty blush itself into sixteen ; and help a green-sick girl to defeat the satire of a false waggish lover, who might compare her color, when she looked like a ghost, to the blowing of the rose-bud, by blushing herself into a bloom of beauty ; and might make what he meant a reflection, a real compliment, at any hour of the day, in spite of his teeth.—It has a prevailing power with me whenever I find it in the sex.

* 7. I, who have the common fault of all men, to be very sour and humorsome, when I drank my water gruel in a morning, fell into a more than ordinary pet with a maid, whom I call my nurse, from a constant tenderness that I have observed her to exercise, towards me beyond all my other servants ; I perceived her flush and glow in the face, in a manner which I could plainly discern proceeded not from anger or resentment of my correction, but from a good natured regret, upon a fear that she had offended her grave old master.

8. I was so heartily pleased, that I eased her of the honest trouble she underwent inwardly for my sake ; and giving her half a crown, I told her it was a forfeit due to her, because I was out of humor with her without any reason at all. And as she is so gentle hearted, I have diligently avoided giving her one harsh word ever since ; and I find my own reward in it ; for not being so testy as I used, has made me much halter and stronger than I was before.

9. The pretty, and witty, and virtuous *Simplicia*, was, the other day, visiting an old aunt of hers, that I verily believe has read the *Atalantis*: She took a story out there, and dressed up an honest old neighbor in the second-hand clothes of scandal. The young creature hid her face with her fan at every burst and peal of laughter, and blushed for her guilty parent; by which she atoned, methought, for every scandal that ran round the beautiful circle.

10. As I was going home to bed that evening, I could not help thinking of her all the way I went. I represented her to myself as shedding holy blood every time she blushed, and as being a martyr in the cause of virtue. And afterwards, when I was putting on my night cap, I could not drive the tho't out of my head, but that I was young enough to be married to her; and that it would be an addition to the reputation I have in the study of wisdom, to marry to so much youth and modesty, even in my old age.

11. I know there have not been wanting many wicked objections against this virtue; one is grown insufferably common. The fellow blushes, he is guilty. I should say rather, he blushes, therefore he is innocent. I believe the same man that first had that wicked imagination of a blush being the sign of guilt, represented good nature to be folly; and that he himself was the most inhuman and impudent wretch alive.

12. The author of *Cato*, who is known to be one of the most modest and most ingenious persons of the age we now live in, has given this virtue a delicate name in the tragedy of *Cato*; where the character of *Marcia*, is first opened to us. I would have all ladies who have a mind to be thought well bred, to sink seriously on this virtue, which he so beautifully calls the *modesty of manners*.

13. Modesty is a polite accomplishment, and generally an attendant upon merit. It is engaging to the highest degree, and wins the hearts of all our acquaintance. On the contrary, one are more disgustful in company than the impudent and presuming.

14. The man who is, on all occasions, commending and speaking well of himself, we naturally dislike. On the other hand, he who studies to conceal his own deserts, who does justice to the merit of others, who talks but little of himself, and at with modesty, makes a favorable impression on the persons he is conversing with, captivates their minds, and gains their esteem.

15. Modesty, however, widely differs from an awkward bashfulness, which is as much to be condemned as the other is to be applauded. To appear simple is as ill-bred as to be impudent. A young man ought to be able to come into a room and address the company without the least embarrassment. To be out of countenance when spoken to, and not to have an answer ready, is ridiculous to the last degree.

16. An awkward country fellow, when he comes into company better than himself, is exceedingly disconcerted. He knows not what to do with his hands or his hat, but either puts one of them in his pocket, and dangles the other by his side ; or perhaps twirls his hat on his fingers, or fumbles with the button. If spoken to he is in a much worse situation ; he answers with the utmost difficulty, and nearly stammers ; whereas a gentleman who is acquainted with life, enters a room with gracefulness and a modest assurance, addresses even persons he does not know, in an easy and natural manner, and without the least embarrassment.

17. This is the characteristic of good breeding, a very necessary knowledge in our intercourse with men : for one of inferior parts, with the behavior of a gentleman, is frequently better received than a man of sense, with the address and manners of a clown. Ignorance and vice are the only things we need be ashamed of ; steer clear of these, and you may go into any company you will ; not that I would have a young man throw off all dread of appearing abroad, as a fear of offending, or being disesteemed, will make him preserve a proper decorum.

18. Some persons, from experiencing false modesty, have run into the other extreme, and acquired the character of impudent. This is as great a fault as the other. A well bred man keeps himself within the two, and steers the middle way. He is easy and firm in every company ; is modest, but not bashful ; steady, but not impudent. He copies the manners of the better people, and conforms to their customs with ease and attention.

19. Till we can present ourselves in all companies with coolness and unconcern, we can never present ourselves well ; nor will a man ever be supposed to have kept good company, or ever be acceptable in such company, if he cannot appear there easy and unembarrassed. A modest assurance, in every part of life, is the most advantageous qualification we can possibly acquire.

20. Instead of becoming insolent, a man of sense, under a consciousness of merit, is more modest. He behaves himself indeed with firmness, but without the least presumption. The man who is ignorant of his own merit, is no less a fool than he who is constantly displaying it. A man of understanding avails himself of his abilities, but never boasts of them; whereas, the timid and bashful man can never push himself in life, be his merit as great as it will; he will be always kept behind by the forward and the bustling.

21. A man of abilities, and acquainted with life, will stand as firm in defence of his own rights, and pursue his plans as steadily and unmoved as the most impudent man alive; but then he does it with a seeming modesty. Thus, manners is every thing; what is impudence in one, is only proper assurance in another; for firmness is commendable, but an overbearing conduct is disgusting.

22. Forwardness being the very reverse of modesty, follow rather than lead the company; that is, join in discourse upon their subjects, rather than start one of your own; if you have parts, you will have opportunities enough of shewing them on every topic of conversation; and if you have none, it is better to expose yourself upon a subject of other people's, than on one of your own.

23. But be particularly careful not to speak of yourself, if you can help it. An impudent fellow lugs in himself abruptly upon all occasions, and is ever the hero of his own story. Others will cover their arrogance with 'it may seem strange indeed that I should talk in this manner of myself; it is what I by no means like, and should never do if I had not been cruelly and unjustly accused; but when my character is attacked it is a justice I owe to myself to defend it.' This veil is too thin not to be seen through on the first inspection.

24. Others again, with more art, will *modestly* boast of all the principal virtues, by calling these virtues weaknesses, and saying, they are so unfortunate as to fall into those weaknesses. 'I cannot see persons suffer,' says one of this cast, 'without relieving them, though my circumstances are very unable to afford it—I cannot avoid speaking truth, though it is often very imprudent'—and so on.

25. This angling for praise is so prevailing a principle, that it frequently stoops to the lowest object. Men will often boast of doing that, which, if true, would be rather a disgrace to them than otherwise. One man affirms that he rode twenty

miles within the hour: 'tis probably a lie; but suppose he did, what then? he had a good horse under him, and is a good jockey. Another swears he has often, at a sitting, drank five or six bottles to his own share. Out of respect to him, I will believe *him* a liar; for I would not wish to think him a beast.

26. These, and many more, are the follies of idle people, which, while they think they procure them esteem, in reality make them despised.

27. To avoid this contempt, therefore, never speak of yourself at all, unless necessity obliges you; and even then, take care to do it in such a manner, that it may not be construed into fishing for applause. Whatever perfections you may have, be assured, people will find them out; but whether they do or not, nobody will take them upon your own word. The less you say of yourself, the more the world will give you credit for; and the more you say, the less they will believe you.

OF CHEERFULNESS.

1. **I** HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment: cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

2. Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart, that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the Sacred Person, who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

3. Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; It is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathen, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

4. If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul; his imagination is always clear and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

5. If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him; a cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humor in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sun-shine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person, who has so kindly an effect upon it.

6. When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in his conduct towards man.

7. There are but two things which in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effects of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

8. Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particular-

ly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought.

9. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen and cavil ; it is indeed no wonder, that men who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world ; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping in to nothing ?

10. The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavor after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humor and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation ; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

11. After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish their happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils.

12. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with composure, and with cheerfulness of heart—the tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, when he is sure it will bring him to a joyful harbor.

13. A man who uses his best endeavors to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature and of that Being on whom he has a dependence.

14. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that stence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, millions of ages will be still new, and still in its beginning. many self congratulations naturally arise in the mind, n it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it sa view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years,

and even at its first setting out have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness.

15. The consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

16. The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is, its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded by an immensity of love and mercy.

17. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

18. Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart, which unthinking men are subject to when they pretend no real affliction: all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us; to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we are made to please.

DISCRETION.

1. **I** HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open we should see but little difference between that of the wise man, and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities, which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out into words. This sort of discretion however, has no place in private conversation, between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is but thinking aloud.

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2. *Fully* has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner as might leave him no room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behavior towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable as well as prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behavior towards a friend favors more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides, that when a friend is turned into an enemy, and (as the son of *Sirach* calls him) a betrayer of secrets, the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

3. Discretion does not only shew itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action: and is like an under agent of Providence to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

4. There are many more shining qualities in the minds of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them to work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

5. Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe, that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight, is of no use to him.

6. Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his station of life.

7. At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discre-

tion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of obtaining them : cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed.

8. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon : cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life : cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare.

9. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding : cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

10. The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present.

11. He knows, that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach-nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures, which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being.

12. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supercedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct

suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

13. I have in this essay upon discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of discretion, and sometimes under that of wisdom.

14. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy; or, to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer, "Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her."

15. "She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early shall have no great travel: for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her is perfection of wisdom, and who-so watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favorable unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought."

ON CLEANLINESS.

Spectator, No. 651.

1. **I** HAD occasion to go a few miles out of town, some days since, in a stage coach, where I had for my fellow travellers, a dirty beau, and a pretty young quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a speculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my attention.

2. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat; his perriwig, which cost no small sum, was affixed slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712; his linen which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button, and the diamond upon his

finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine where it was first discovered.

3. On the other hand, the pretty quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found on her. A clear, clean, oval face, just edged about with little thin plates of the purest cambric, received great advantages from the shade of her black hood; as did the whiteness of her arms from that sober-colored stuff in which she had clothed herself. The plainness of her dress was very well suited to the simplicity of her phrases, all which put together, tho' they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

4. This adventure occasioned me throwing together a few hints upon *cleanliness*, which I shall consider as one of the half virtues, as Aristotle calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following heads: As it is a mark of politeness: as it produceth love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

5. First, it is a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionably—The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female *Hottentot* with an *English* beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

6. In the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster mother of love. Beauty, indeed, most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in a perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty slattern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and uncullied: like a piece of metal, constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is cankered with rust.

7. I might observe further, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservation of health; and that several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. But these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers, and shall observe, in the third place, that it bears a great analogy to purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

8. We find, from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighborhood of good examples, fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner as our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them; so that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

9. In the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the Jewish law (and the Mahometan, which, in some things, copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications and other rites of the like nature. Tho' there is in the above named covenant reasons to be assigned for these ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanliness of heart by those outward washings.

10. We read several injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth, and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the desert, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many years.

11. I shall conclude this essay with a story which I have somewhere read, in an account of Mahomedan superstition. A Dervise, of great sanctity, one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and dash it in pieces. His son coming in some time after, he stretched out his hand to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out, stumbled over the threshold, and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way from Mecca. The Dervise approached it to beg a blessing; but as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast, that sorely bruised him. His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, till he recollected, that through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come broad without washing his hands.

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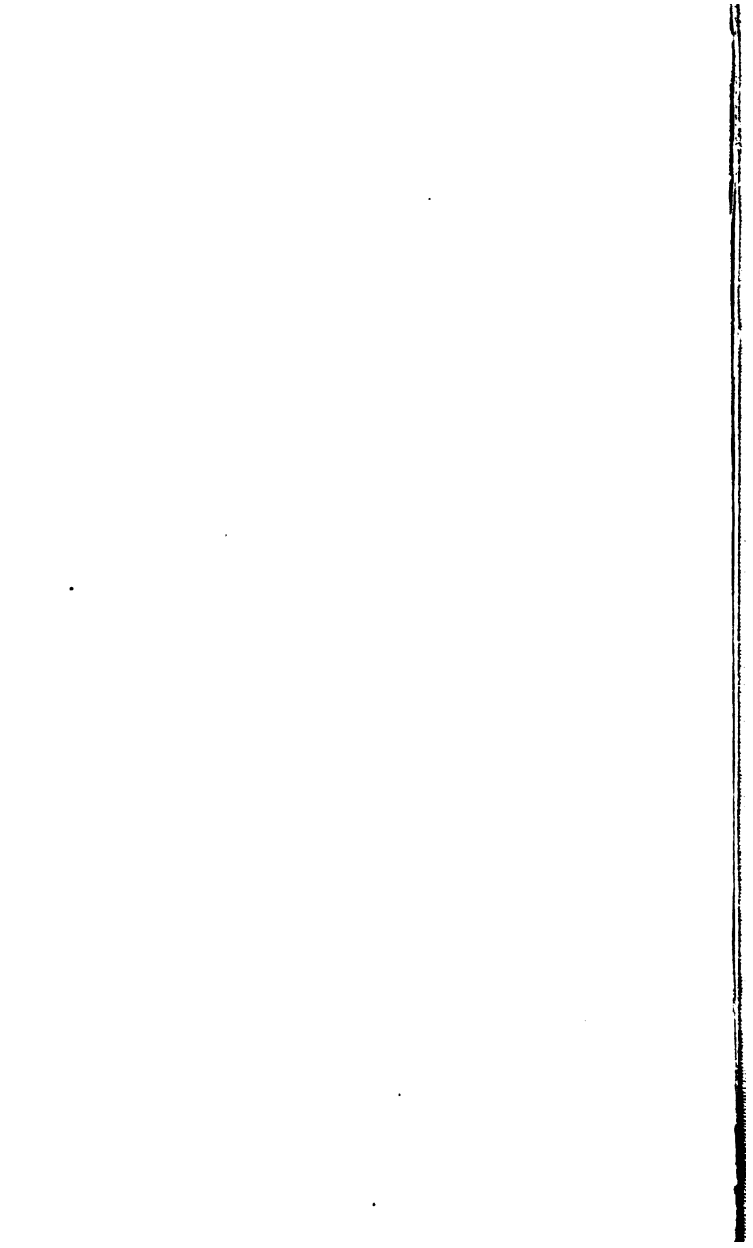
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